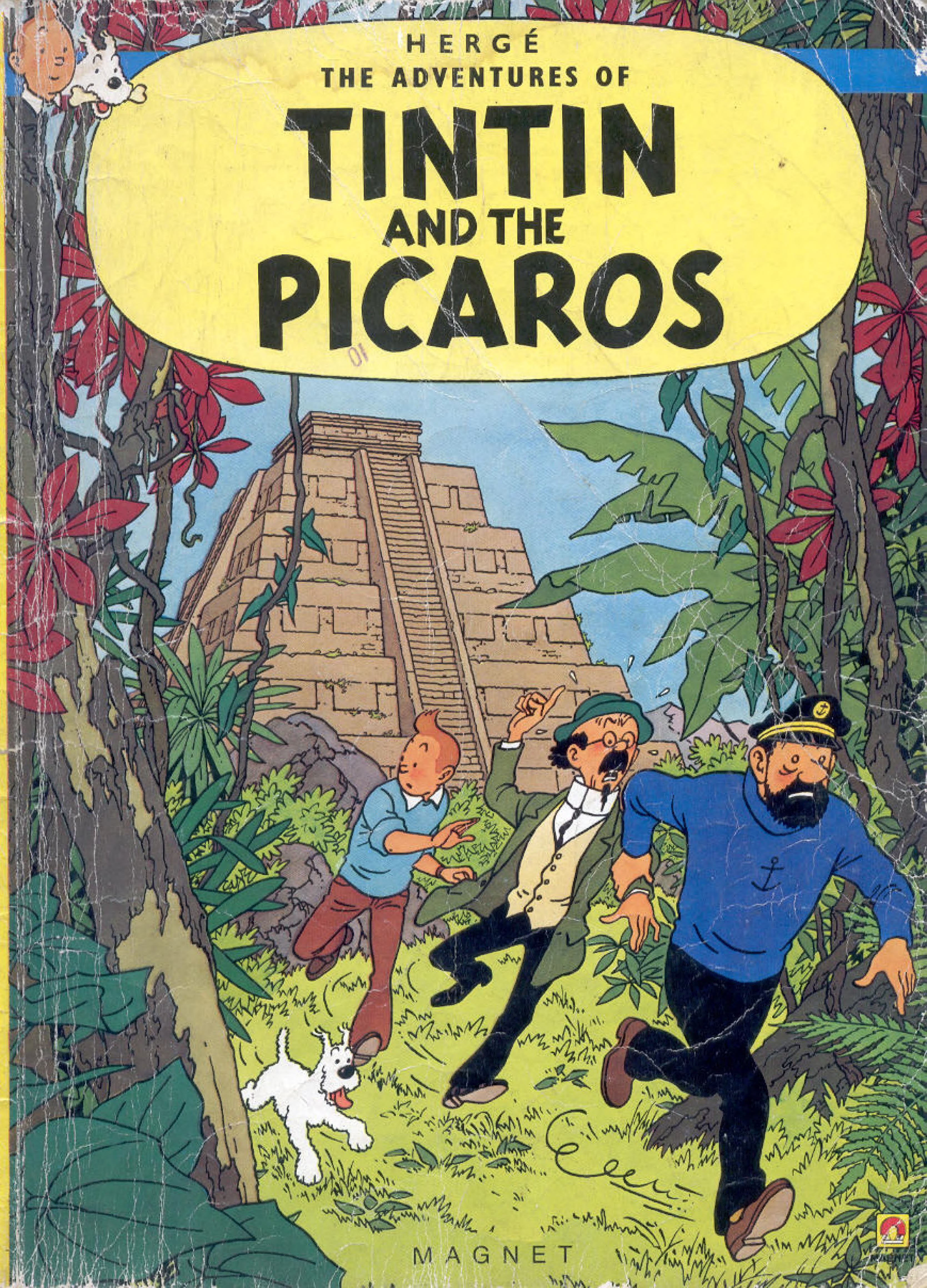


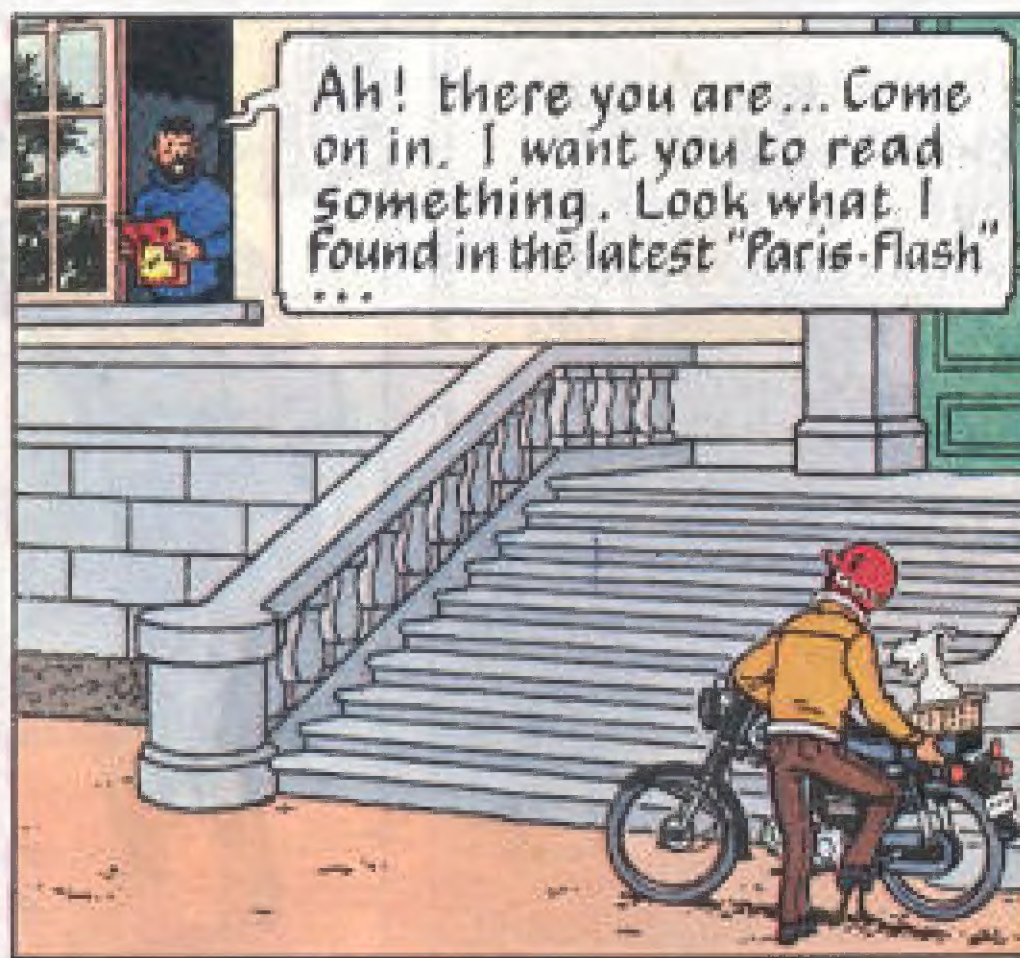
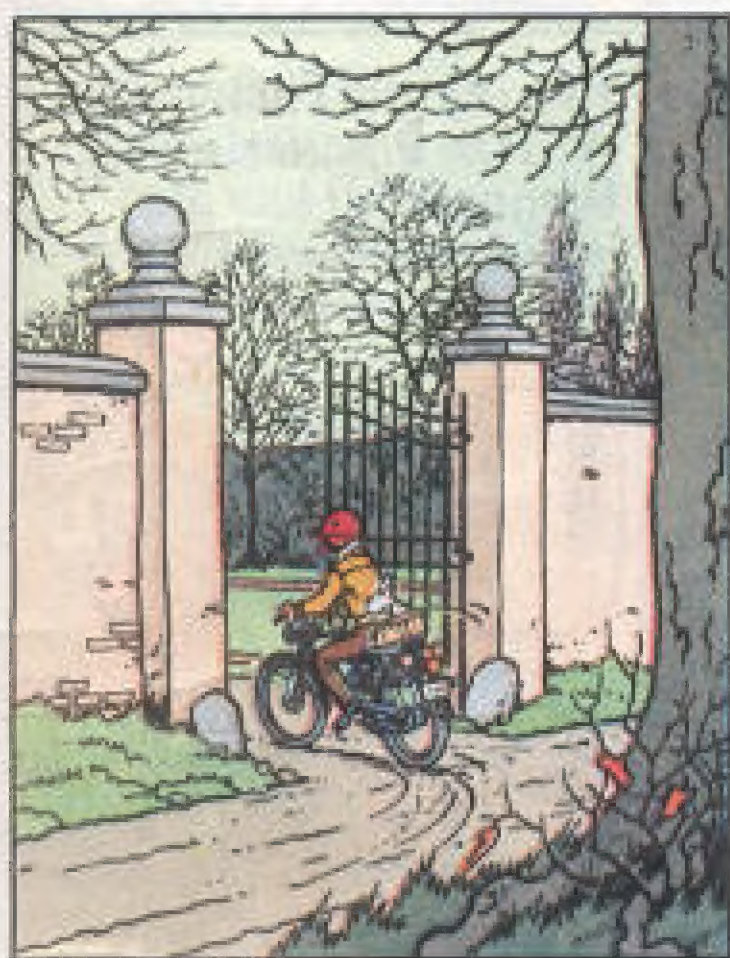
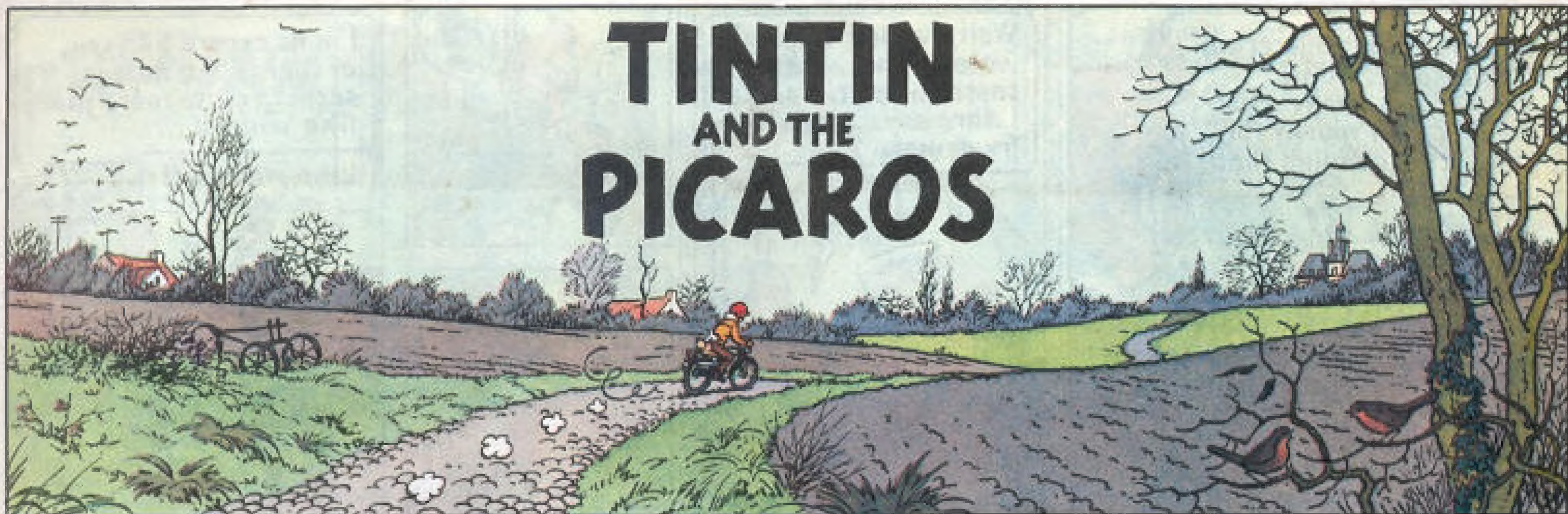
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
AND THE
PICAROS



MAGNET



TINTIN AND THE PICAROS



Ah! there you are... Come on in. I want you to read something. Look what I found in the latest "Paris-Flash" ...

"Opera star Bianca Castafiore continues her brilliant progress through South America. After triumphs in Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, she visits San Theodoros, where she will be received by General Tapioca."



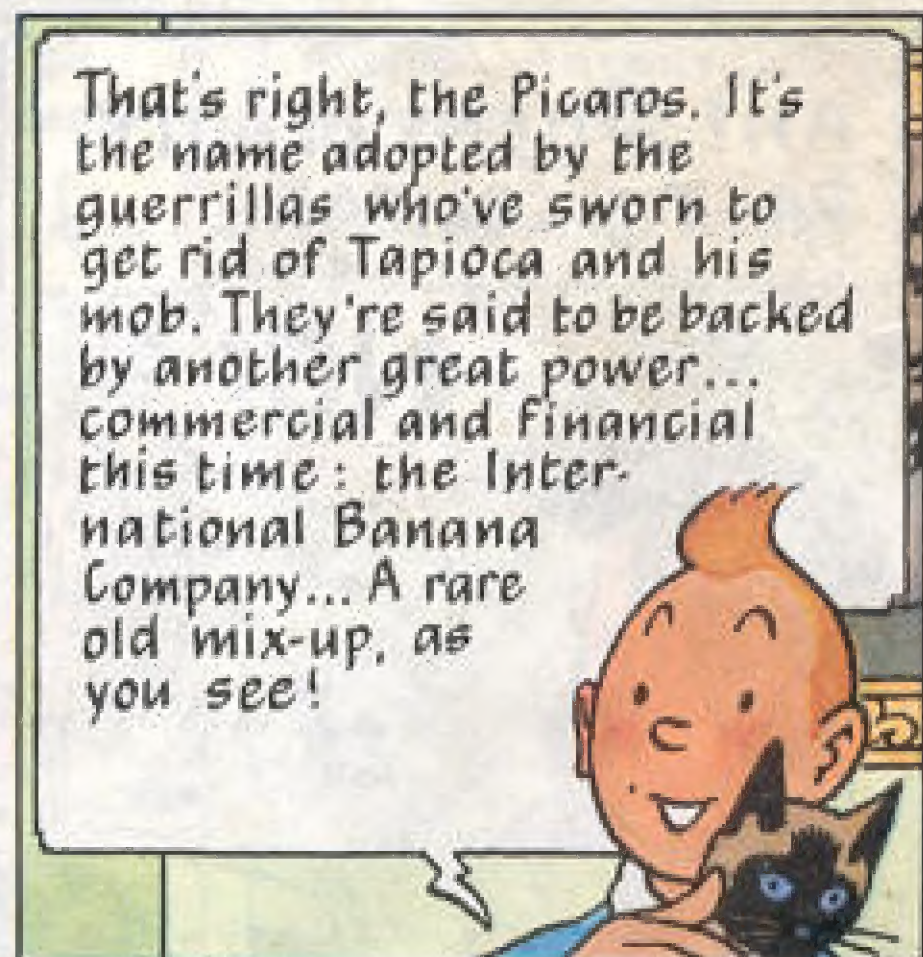
General Tapioca... Didn't he topple our old friend Alcazar?

Yes, with the help of the Kûrvi-Tasch regime in Borduria. They say Tapioca's a real tyrant... he's cruel and he's vain...



... In fact he's so vain he changed the name of the capital from Los Dopicos. He called it Tapiopolis after himself. As for poor old Alcazar, he's gone underground with a band of partisans.

Oh, yes: the famous Picaros.



That's right, the Picaros. It's the name adopted by the guerrillas who've sworn to get rid of Tapioca and his mob. They're said to be backed by another great power... commercial and financial this time: the International Banana Company... A rare old mix-up, as you see!

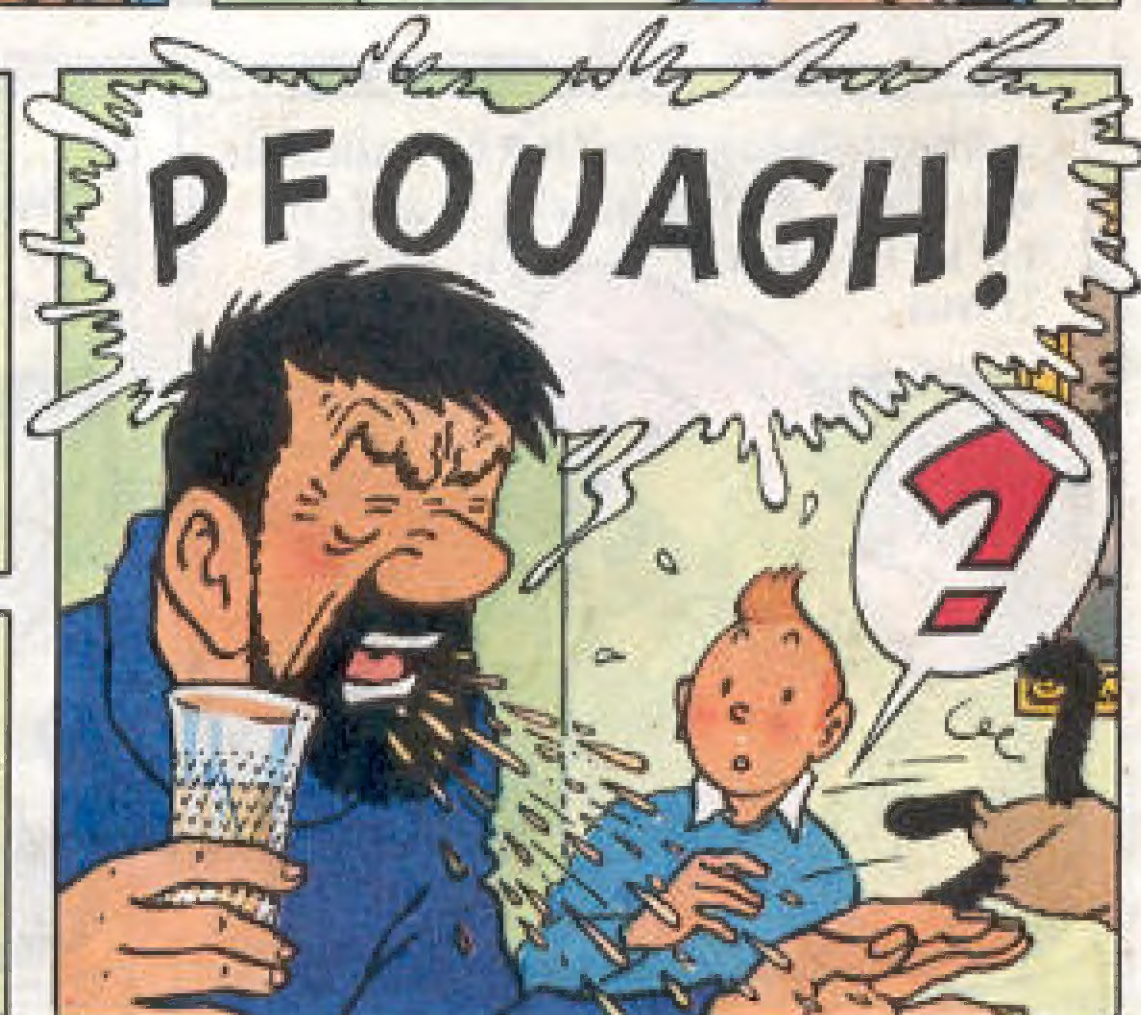


Blistering barnacles, Tintin! What a lecture! ... All that talking makes me thirsty... Here, have a whisky ...

No, thanks. Not for me... You know that.



Oh well... Cheers!



PFOUAGH!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Some anamorphic aardvark switched my whisky for this... this cleaning fluid!

Cleaning Fluid?!?



Well, bottled bilgewater, then... it all tastes much the same, I dare say... Here! Try some!

I...



I'm no expert like you, of course, but it does seem to me to taste just like whisky ...

Like whisky?!

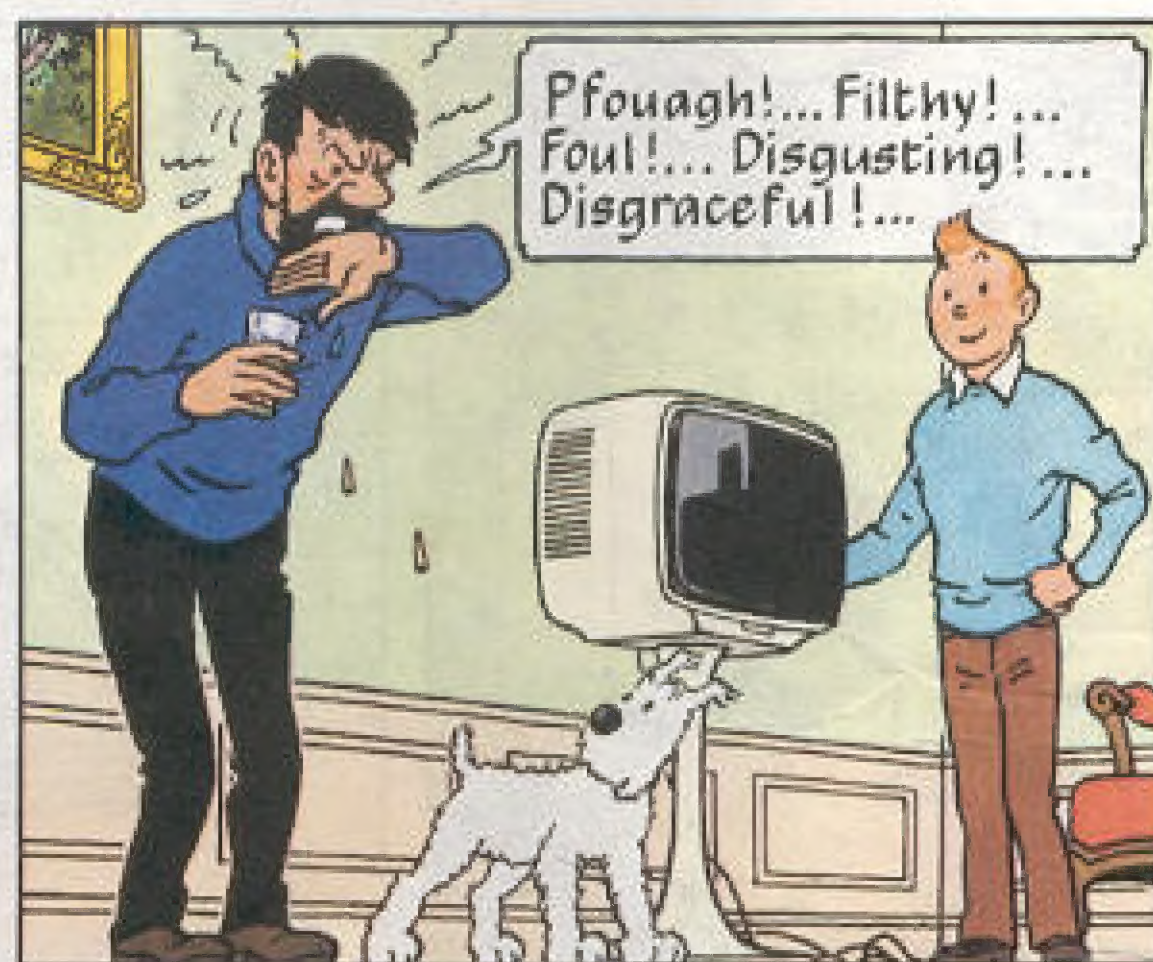


My poor young friend, if that's a glass of whisky, I'm a jellied eel! And as you so rightly pointed out, I'm an expert and I know a bit about it!

Of course, of course... But still...



I don't know what that hogwash is, but it certainly isn't whisky. However, just to please you, I'm prepared to give it another try...



Pfouagh!... Filthy!... Foul!... Disgusting!... Disgraceful!...



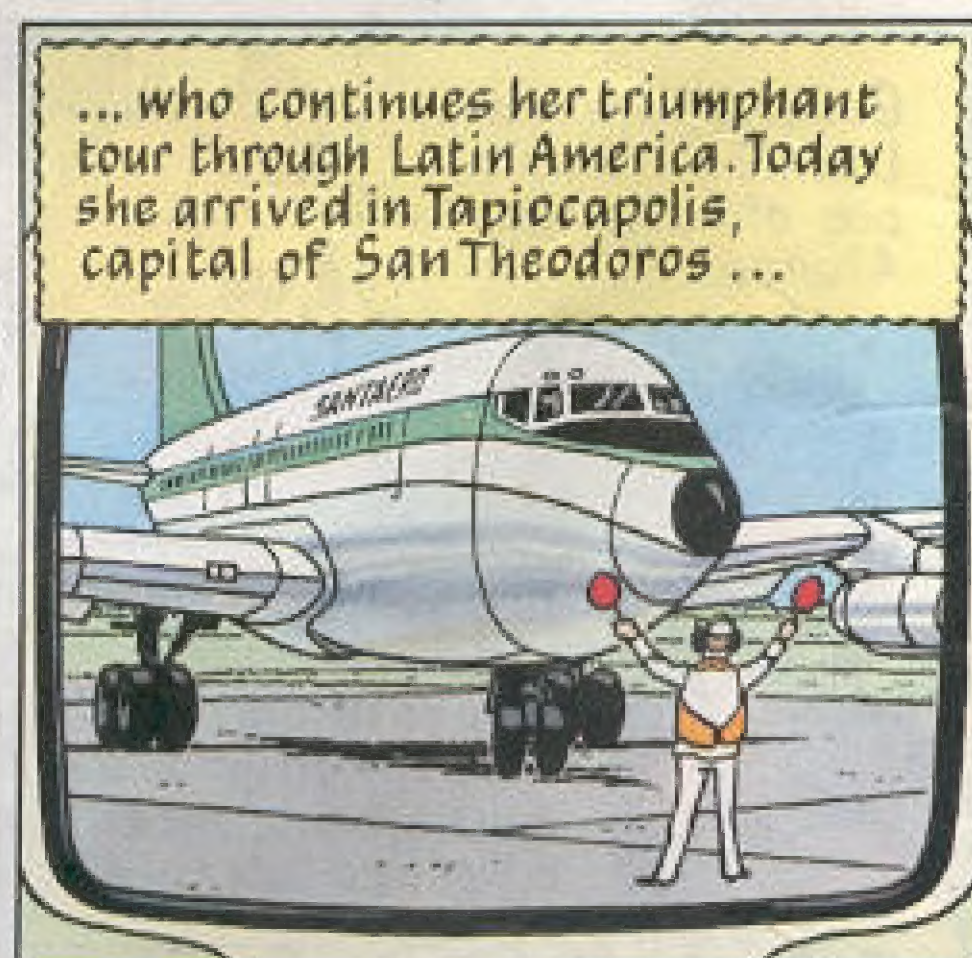
AH! MY BEAUTY PAST COMPARE ...

NO!

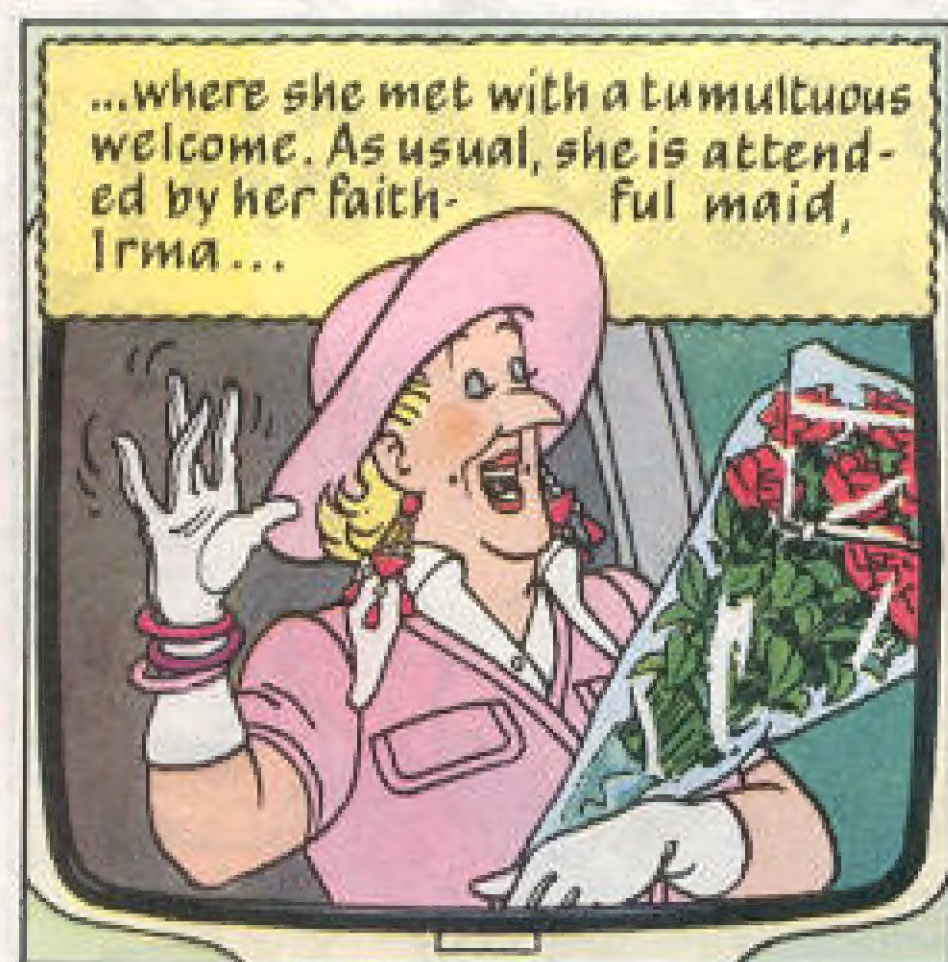


...THESE JEWELS BRIGHT I WEAR! ...Everyone knows the golden voice of the famous Bianca Castafiore...

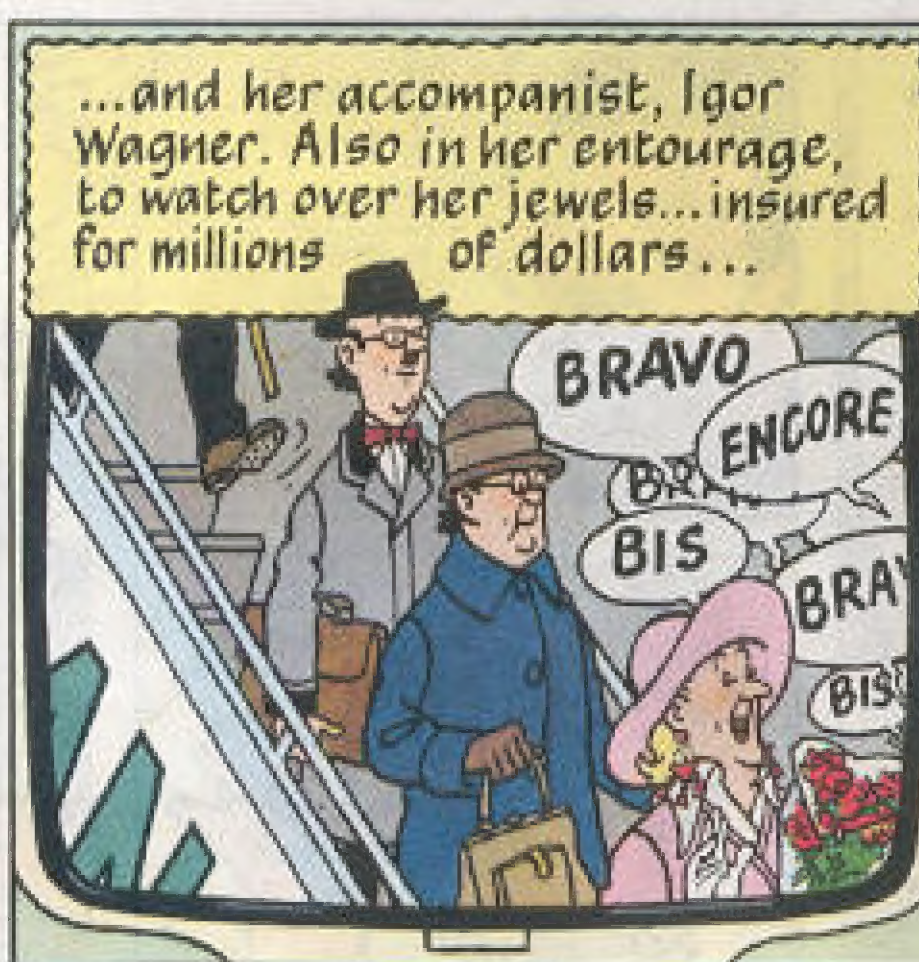
Oh yes! We know it all right!



... who continues her triumphant tour through Latin America. Today she arrived in Tapiacapolis, capital of San Theodoros ...



...where she met with a tumultuous welcome. As usual, she is attended by her faithful maid, Irma...



...and her accompanist, Igor Wagner. Also in her entourage, to watch over her jewels... insured for millions of dollars...

BRavo

ENCORE

BRavo

BIS

BRavo

BIS



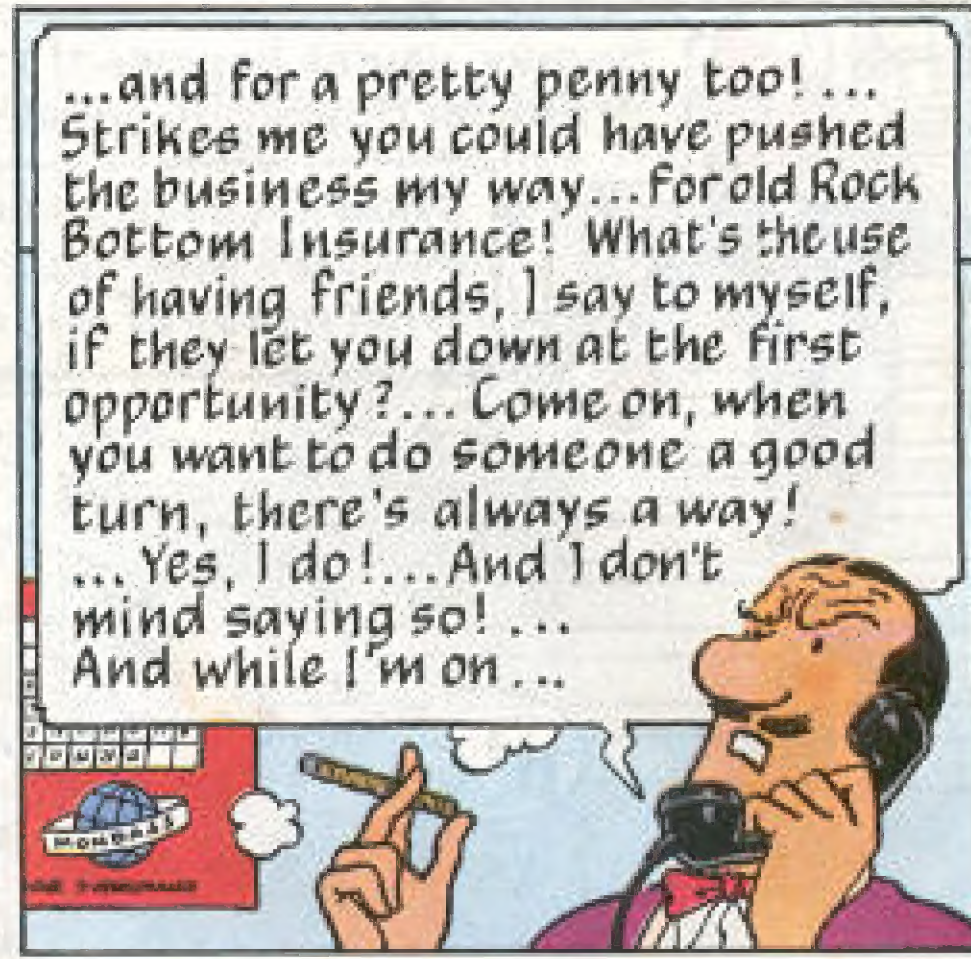
...are two certified detectives, always on the alert, always following discreetly in her footsteps.



Hello?... Yes...
WHO?



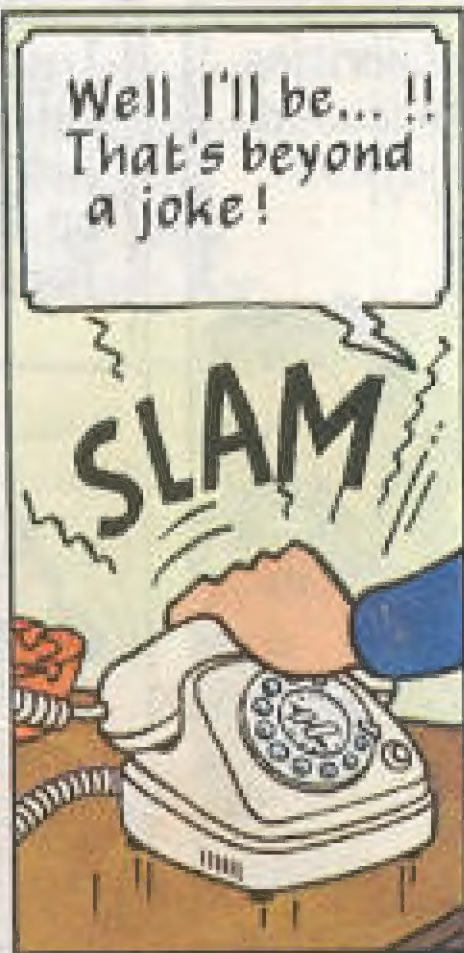
Jolyon Wagg, yes!...
Hi!... Now look here,
I just saw old
Castanette on the
te... And what do
I hear? Blow me
if she hasn't got her
knick-knacks
insured
now...



...and for a pretty penny too!...
Strikes me you could have pushed
the business my way... For old Rock
Bottom Insurance! What's the use
of having friends, I say to myself,
if they let you down at the first
opportunity?... Come on, when
you want to do someone a good
turn, there's always a way!
... Yes, I do!... And I don't
mind saying so! ...
And while I'm on...



What?... But I...
How... Well I'm...
I tell you I...
But... Excuse me
... Look here...



Well I'll be... !!
That's beyond
a joke!

SLAM



In fact it's the thundering limit!
... I'm taken to task by that weevil
Wagg because he wasn't asked to
insure Castanette's jewellery!



PFOUAGH!



Billions of bilious blue
blistering barnacles!...
PFFFF!... It's poi... son!



POISON
???

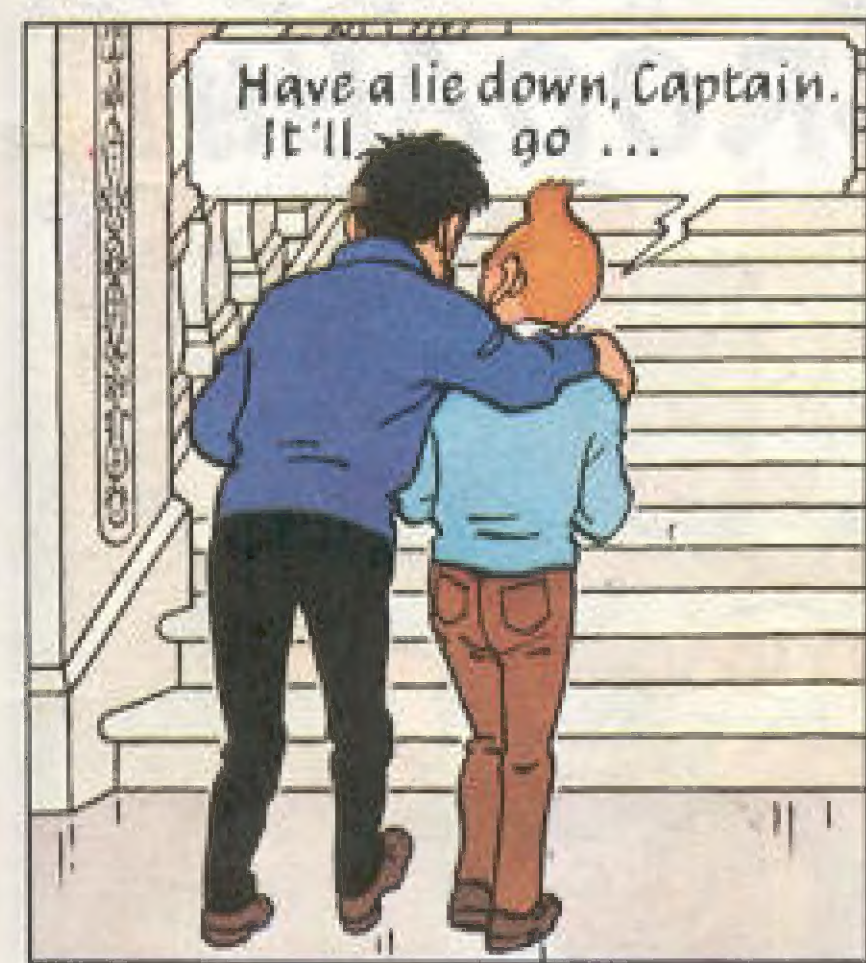


Nonsense, Captain! Who on earth
would want to poison you? I know
you've got a few enemies, but
not as deadly as that.

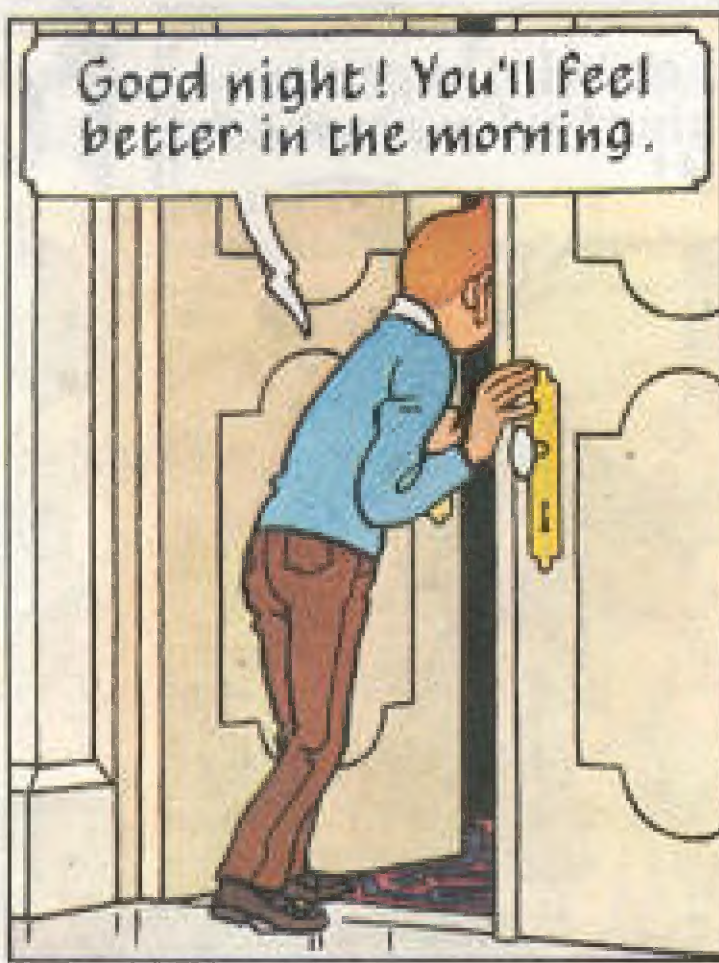


Maybe... Anyway, I don't
feel at all well.

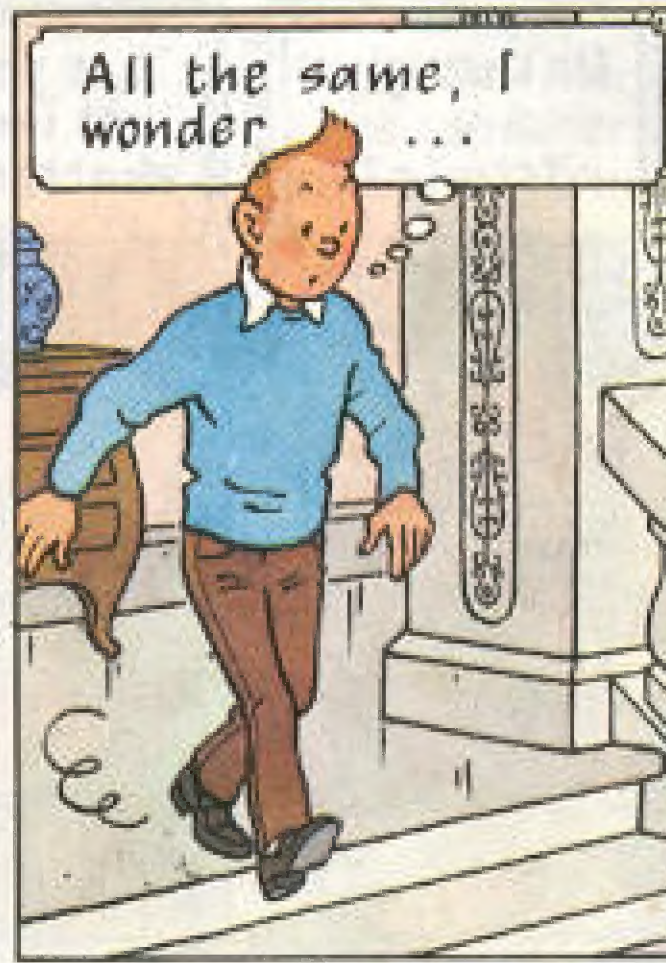
Something wrong
with this whisky?
It tastes
pretty good to me!



Have a lie down, Captain.
It'll go ...



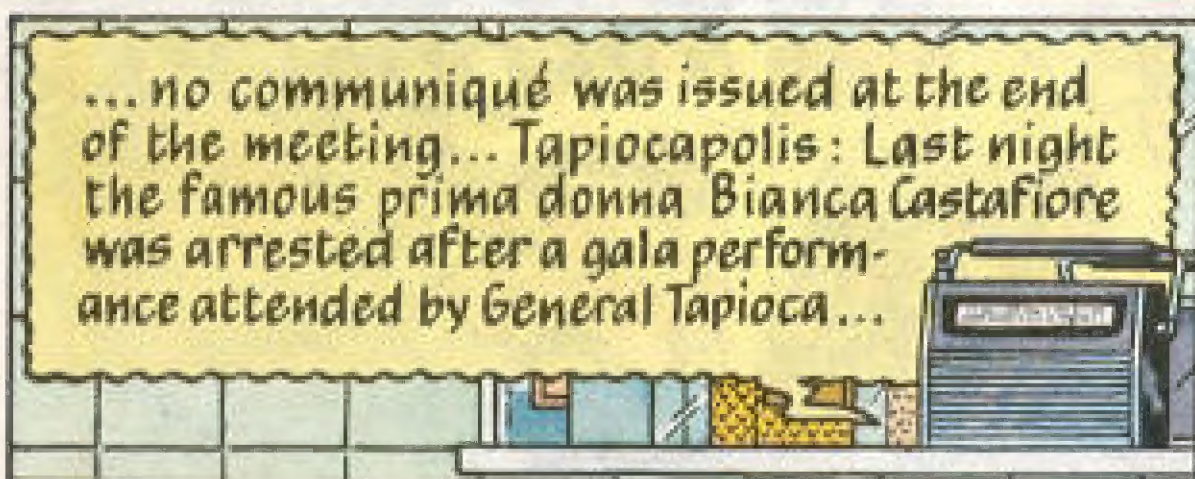
Good night! You'll feel
better in the morning.

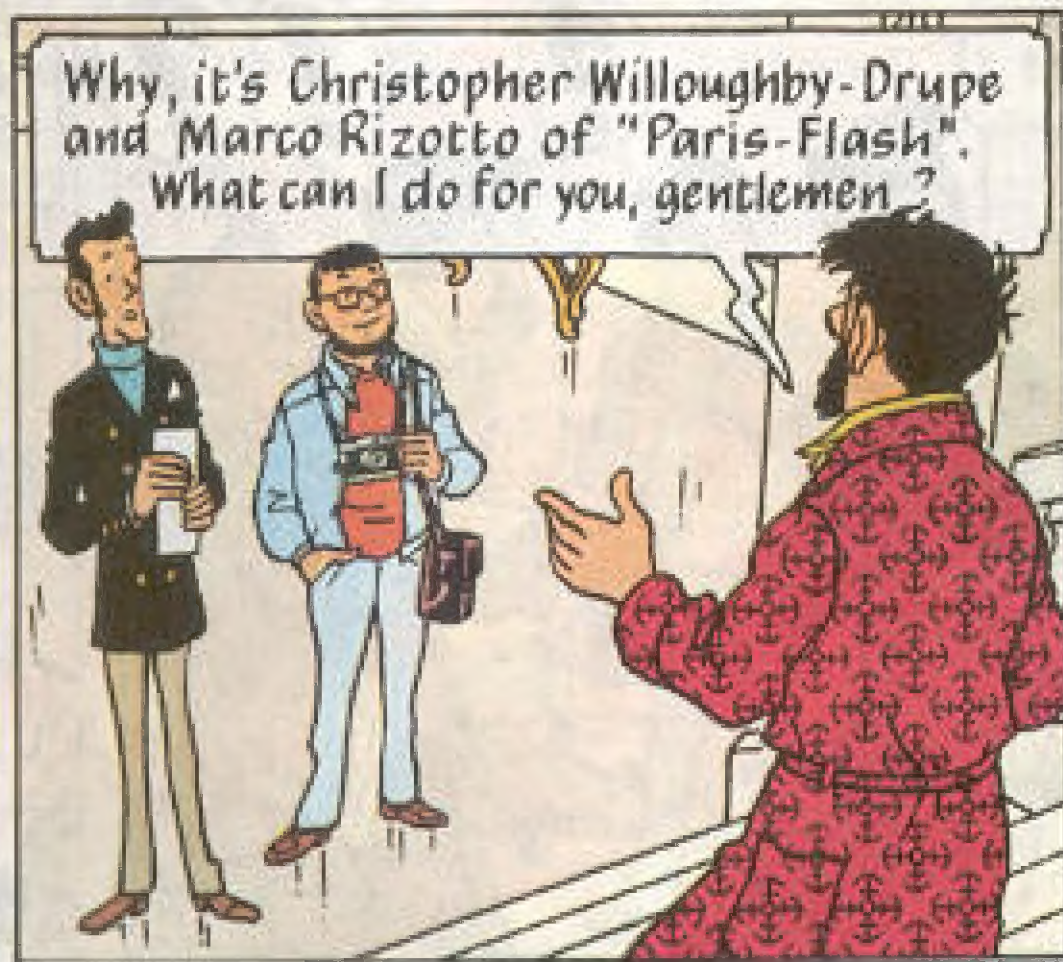
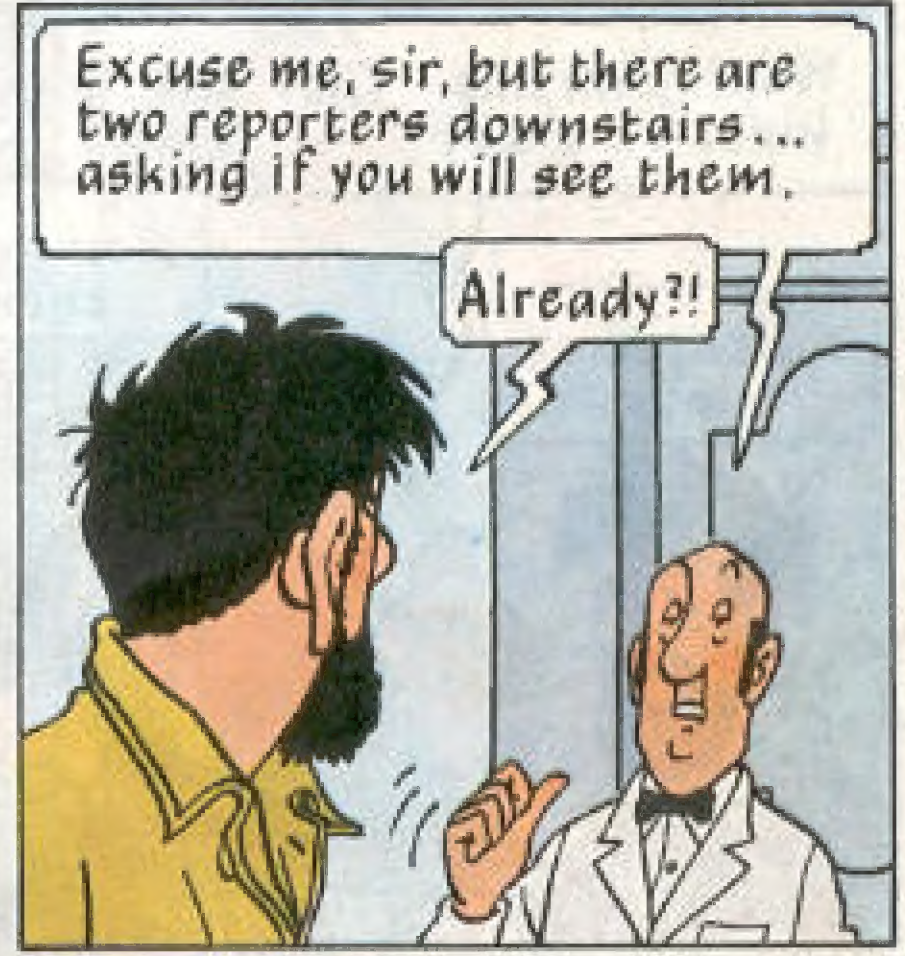
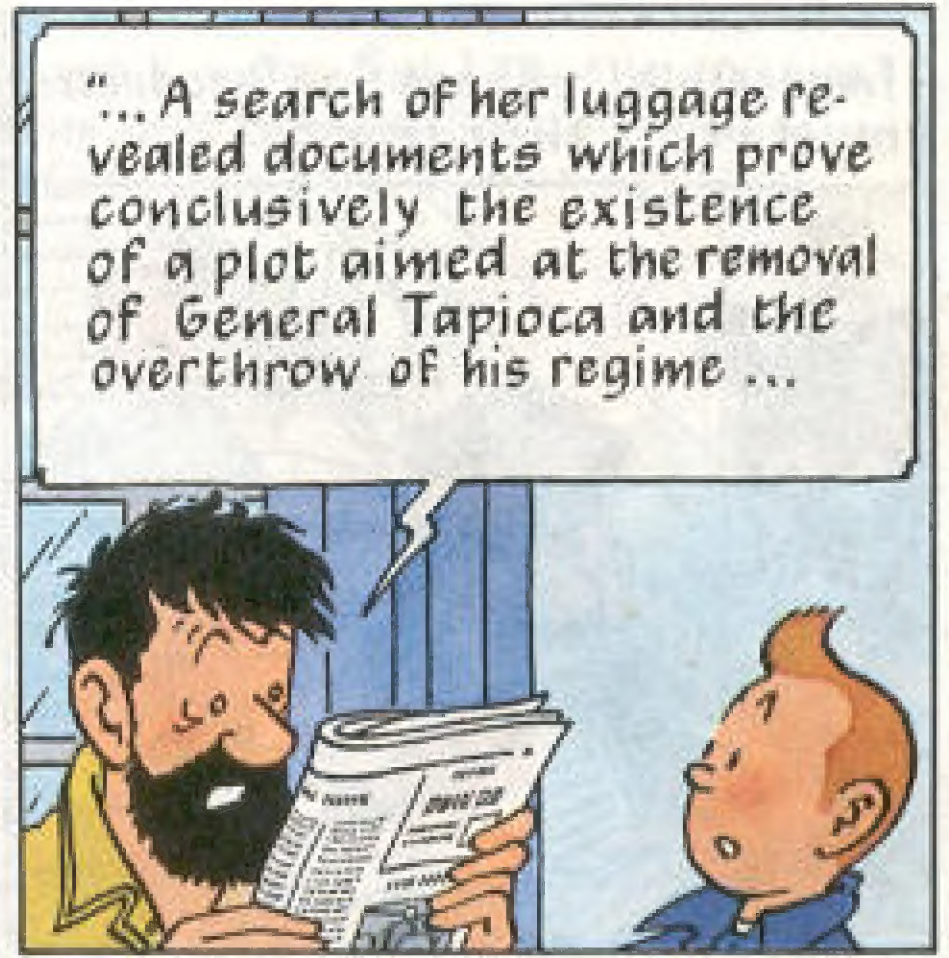


All the same, I
wonder ...



SNOWY!





Impossible!... Those SanTheodolites must be off their tripods!

Oh, it's you. Here, read this. It concerns you, too.

Me?

Yes, you! Read it!...

courageous action which will bring widespread benefits.

CASTAFIORE CONSPIRACY TAPIOCA GOVERNMENT MAKES NEW CHARGES

Tapiocapolis: The Castafiore conspiracy was masterminded from Marlinspike in Western Europe, claimed a government spokesman today. He accused supporters of General Alcazar, and named as principal figures in the plot: Captain Haddock, Tintin the reporter, and Professor Cuthbert Calculus. All three are long-standing friends of General Alcazar. It is known that Signora Bianca Castafiore was recently a guest at Marlinspike Hall, country home of Captain

What is all this? They must be crazy!

You're telling me!

You deny it then?

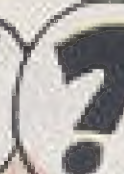
I'll say we do! The whole story is bilge! Bilge from stem to stern!

DONG



'Morning squire!

"Daily Reporter"! Hi!



A few words for "Radio-Round", Captain...

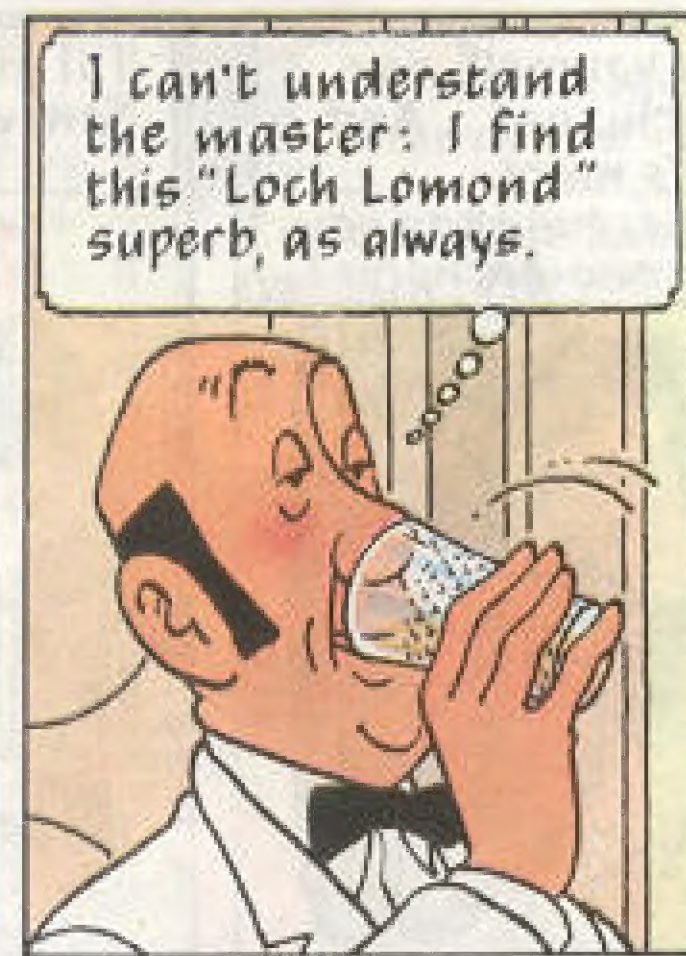
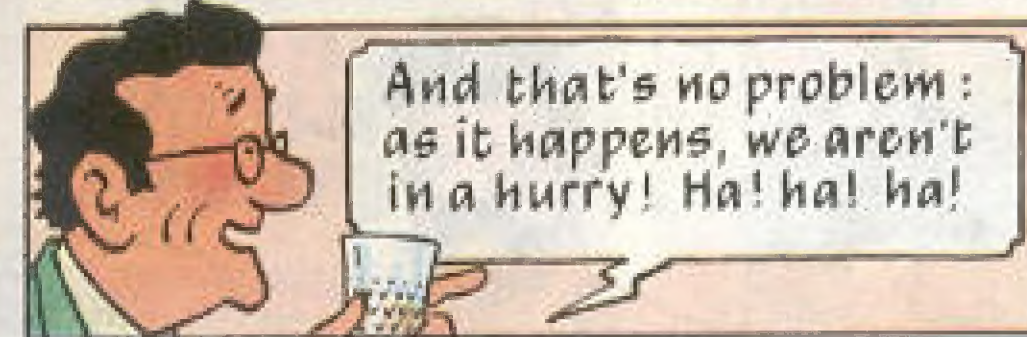
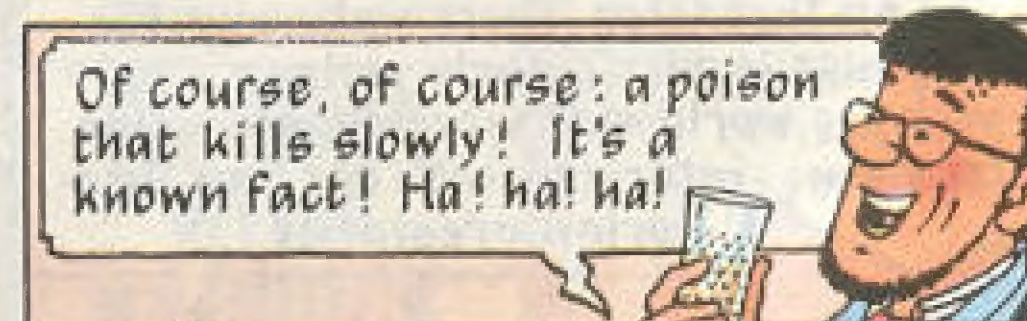
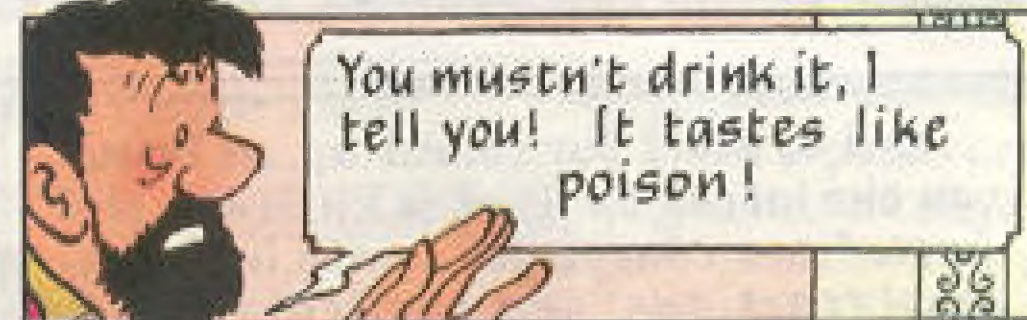
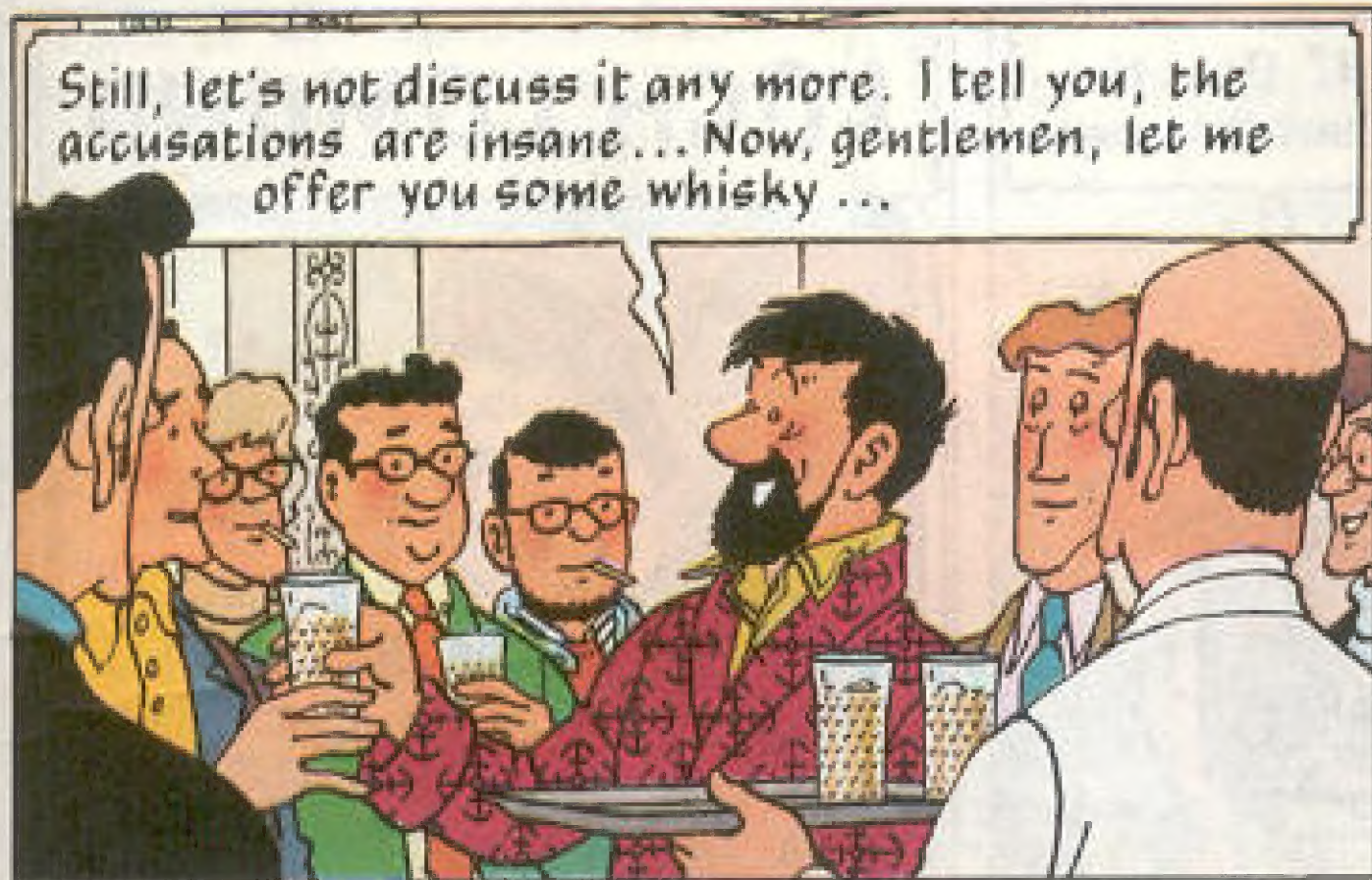
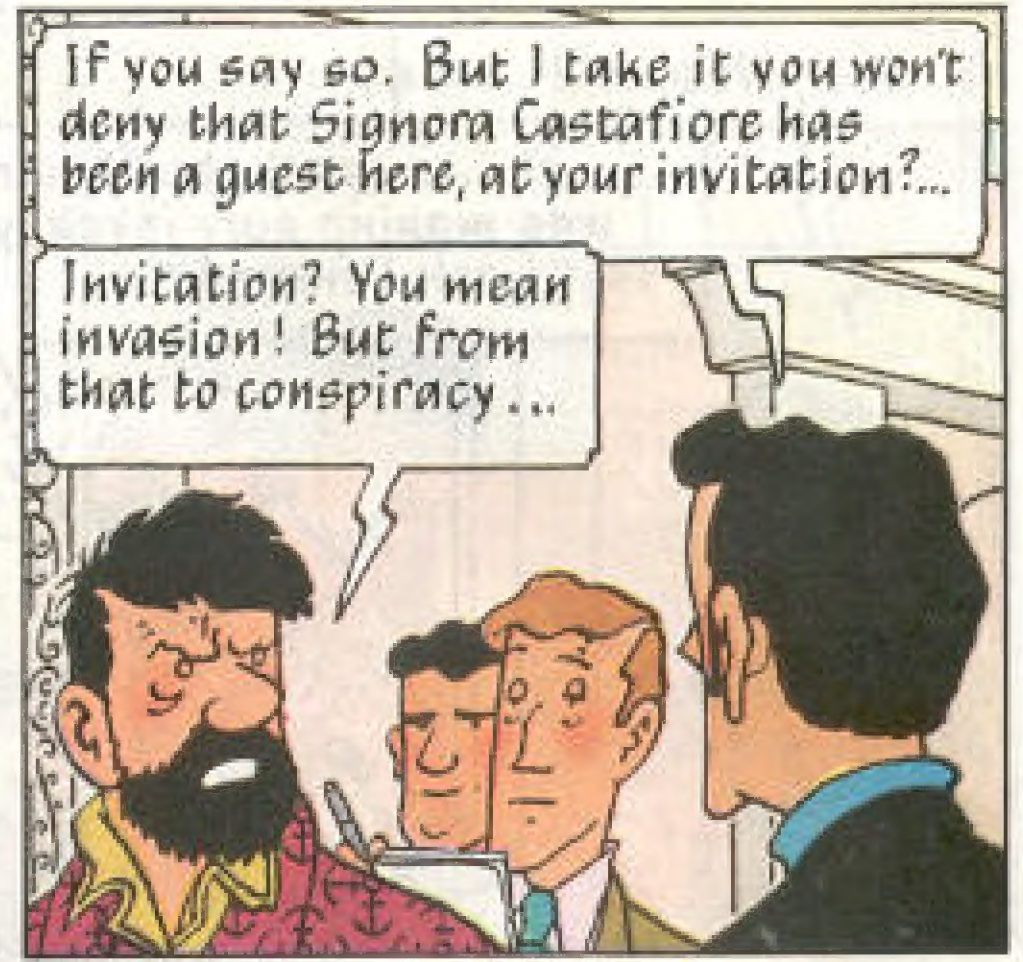
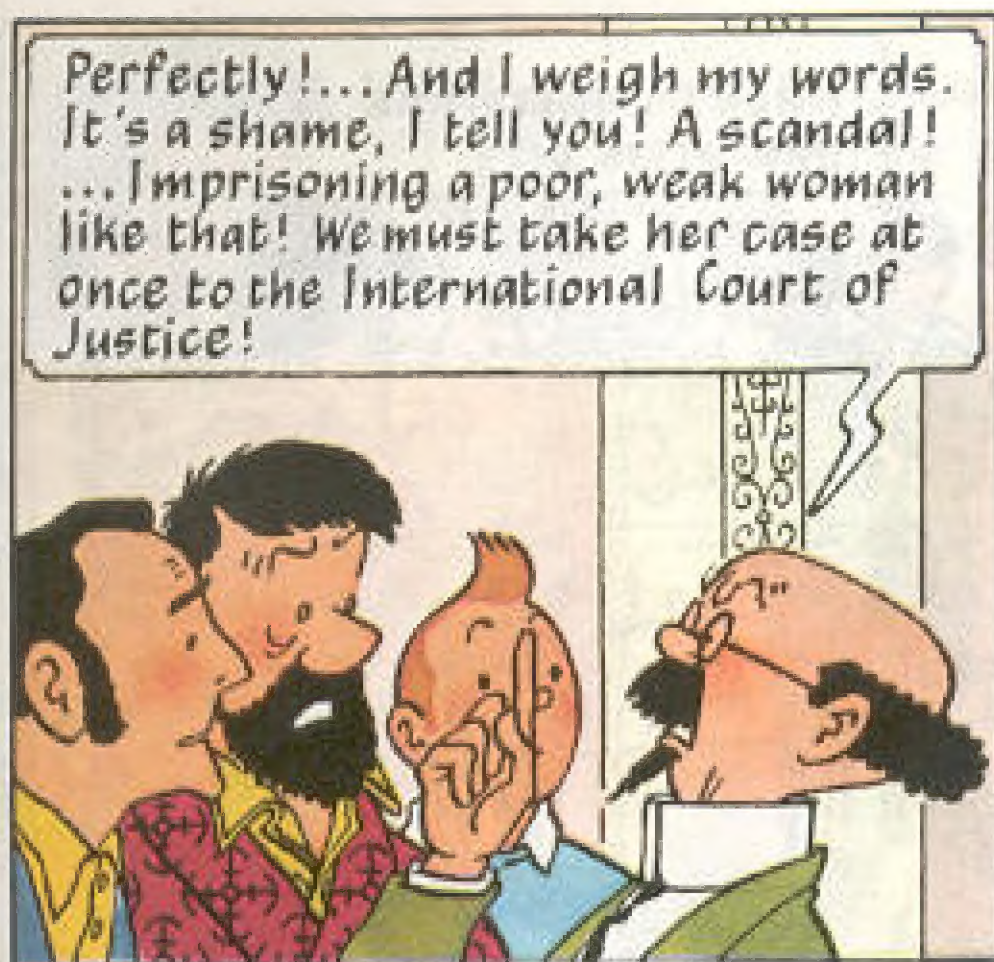
... and for "Radio Rave-Up"...

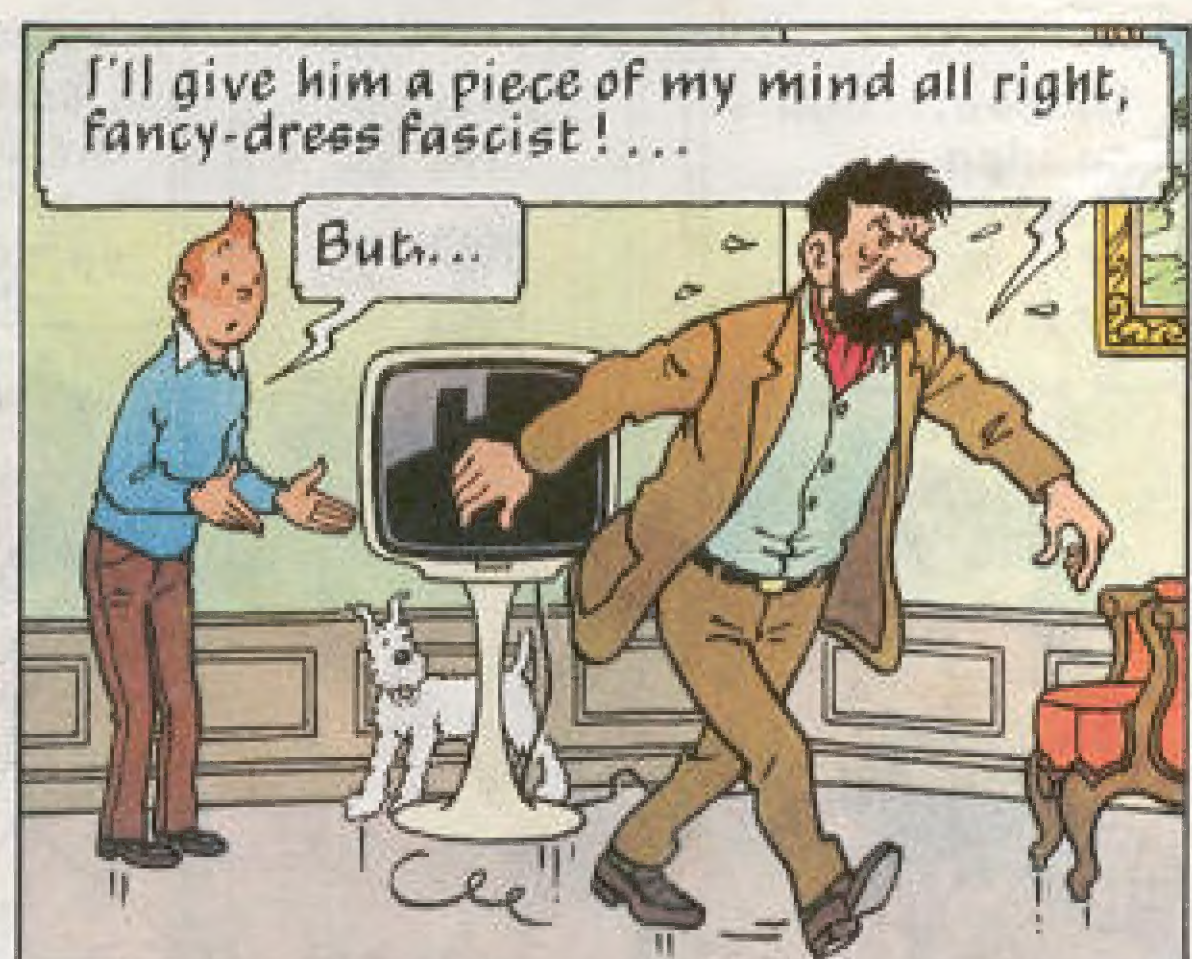
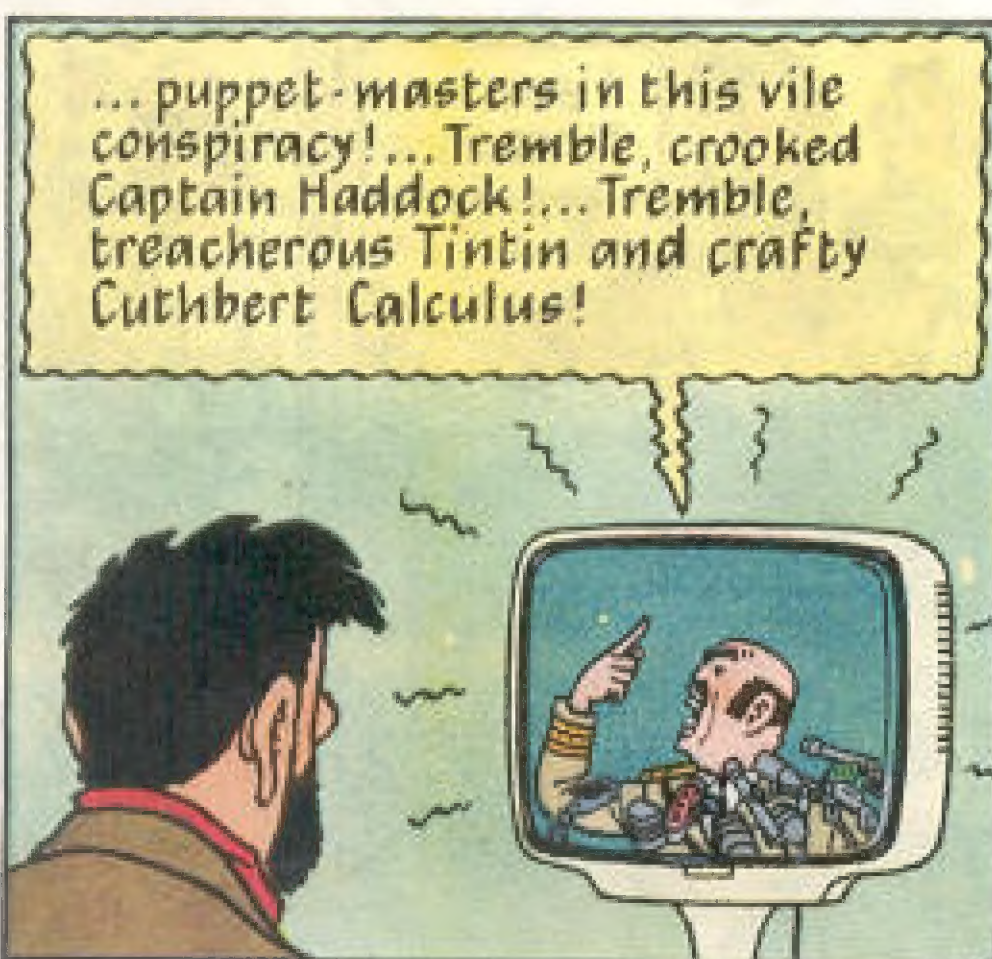
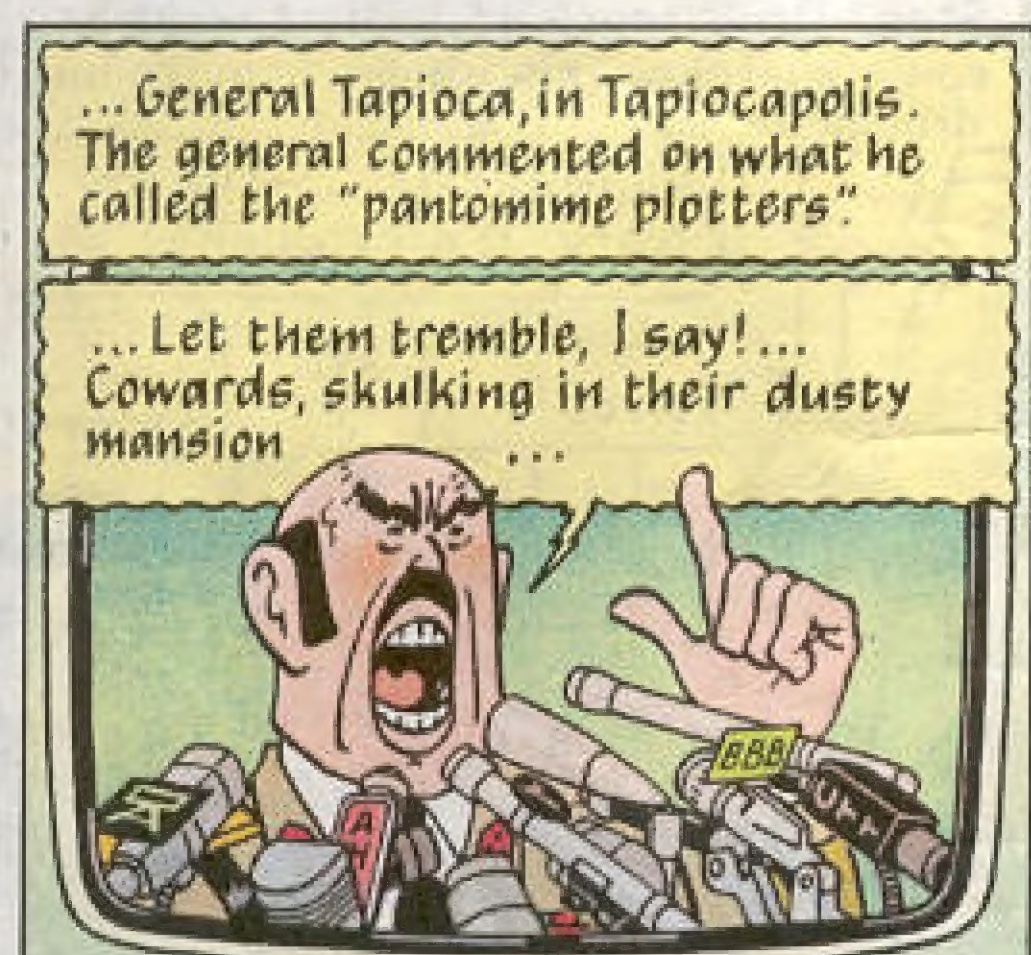
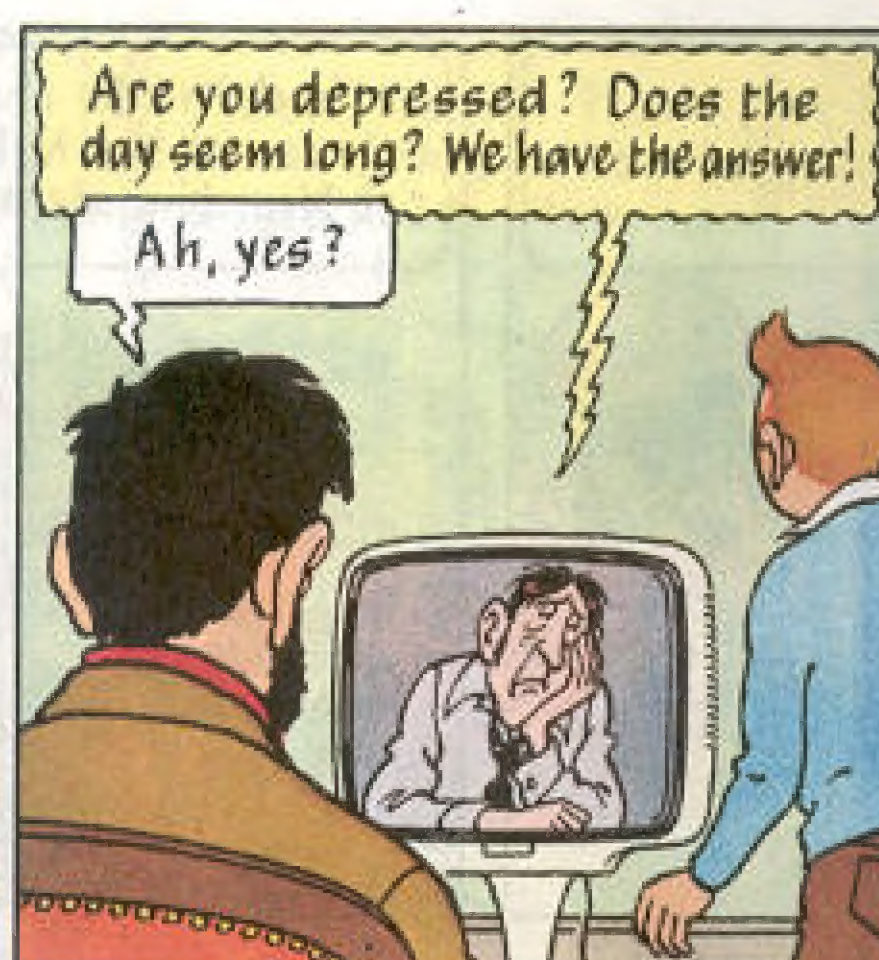
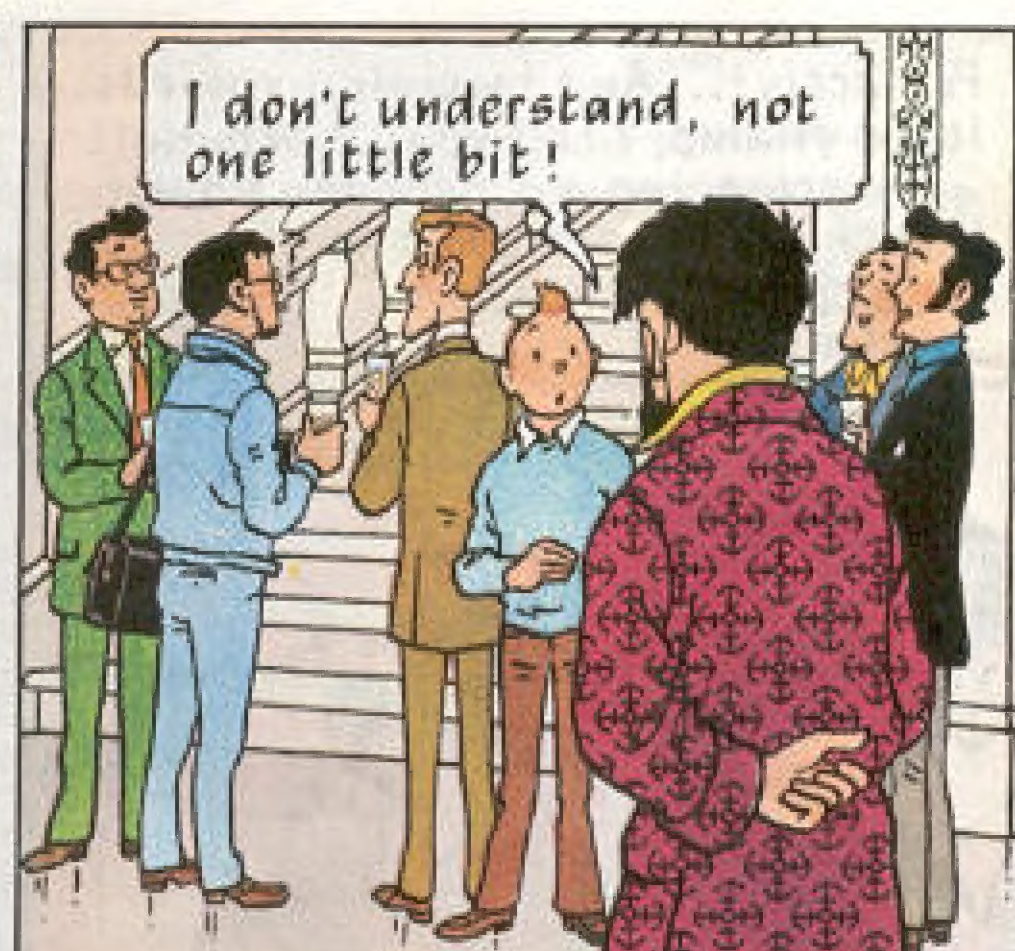
Gentlemen, these accusations are as grotesque as they are false! Us? Conspirators? ... Blue blistering bell-bottomed balderdash!

Seriously... Here comes Professor Calculus. Look at him, then tell me whether you think he's capable of taking part in a conspiracy!



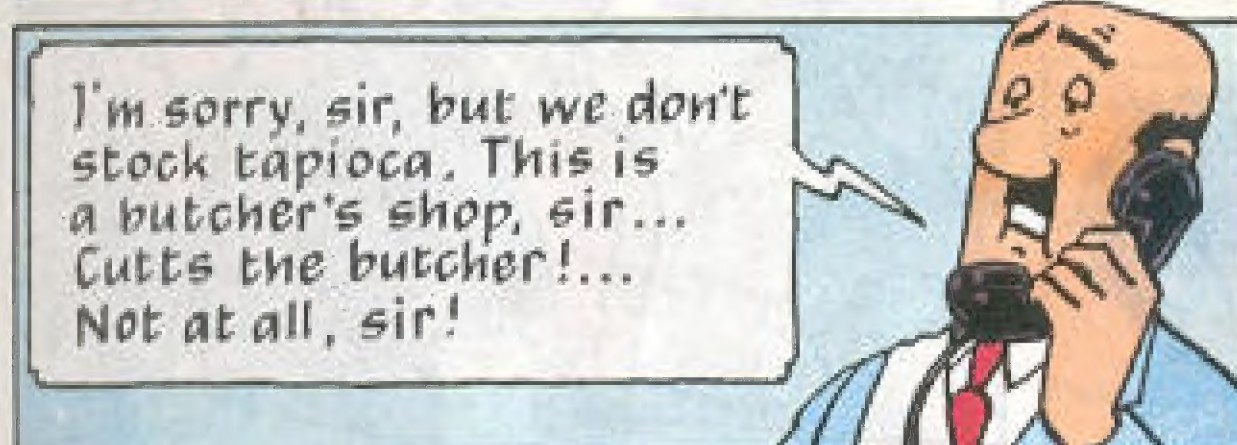
Perfectly, my dear sirs! And proud of it!







Hello, International? ...
Give me South America...
Tapiocapolis... General
Tapioca!... What?... Tapioca,
yes, as in tapioca...
exactly!



I'm sorry, sir, but we don't
stock tapioca. This is
a butcher's shop, sir...
Cutts the butcher!...
Not at all, sir!



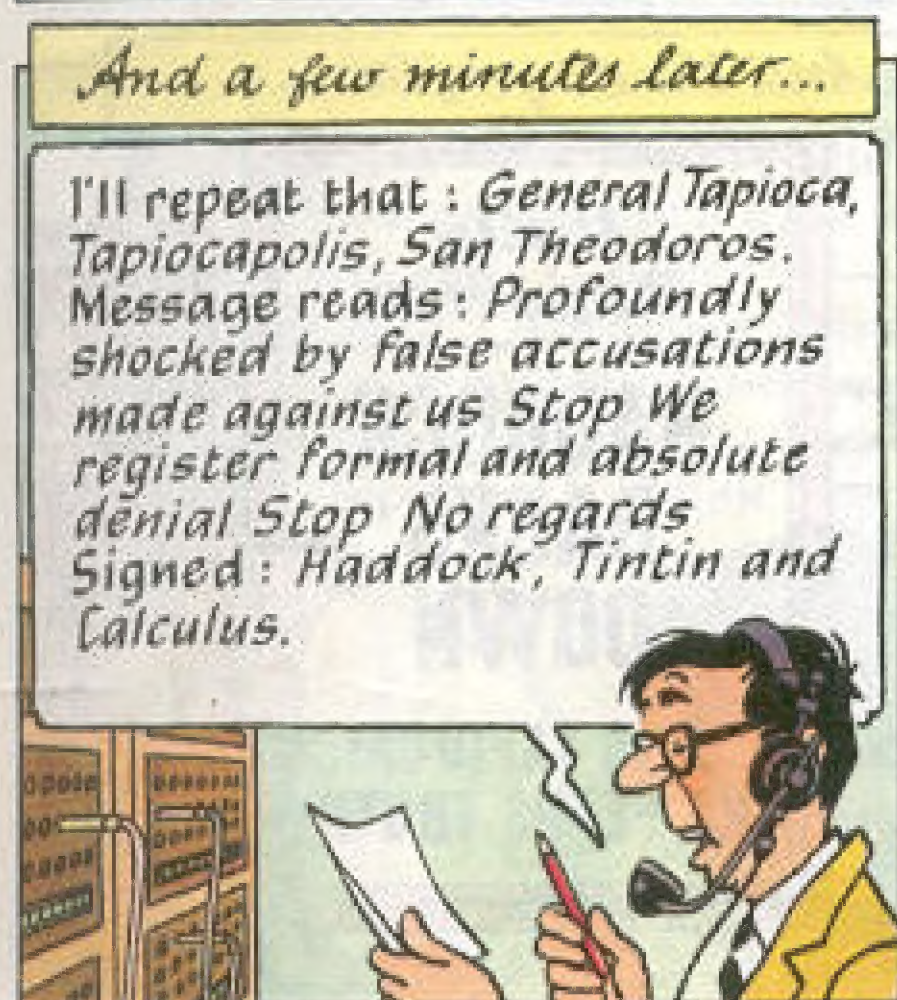
Thundering typhoons!
Cutts again! Why do
I always get him?

Why not send
a telegram,
anyway?



A telegram... You're right!...
That's a very good idea:
a telegram!

Wait, I'll give you
the number ...



And a few minutes later...

I'll repeat that : General Tapioca,
Tapiocapolis, San Theodoros.
Message reads: Profoundly
shocked by false accusations
made against us Stop We
register formal and absolute
denial Stop No regards
Signed: Haddock, Tintin and
Calculus.

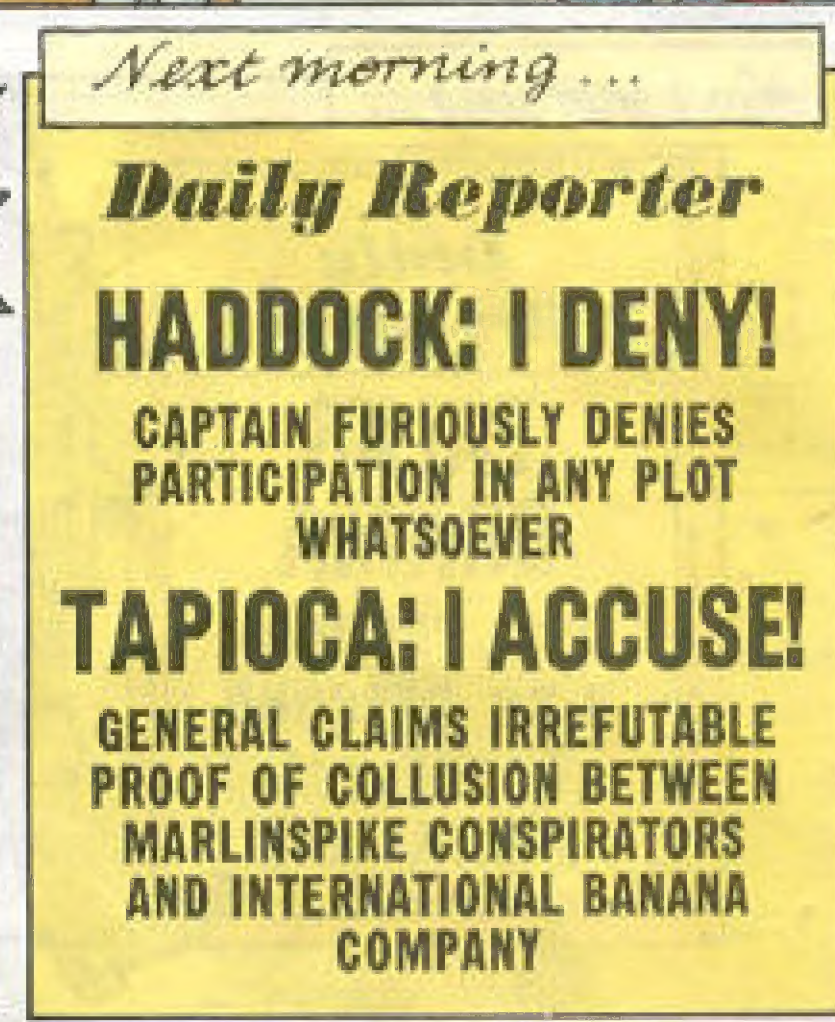


Good! Thank you
very much.

A greetings
telegram,
sir?



ARE YOU
MAD?



Next morning ...

Daily Reporter

HADDOCK: I DENY!

CAPTAIN FURIOUSLY DENIES
PARTICIPATION IN ANY PLOT
WHATSOEVER

TAPIOCA: I ACCUSE!

GENERAL CLAIMS IRREFUTABLE
PROOF OF COLLUSION BETWEEN
MARLINSPIKE CONSPIRATORS
AND INTERNATIONAL BANANA
COMPANY



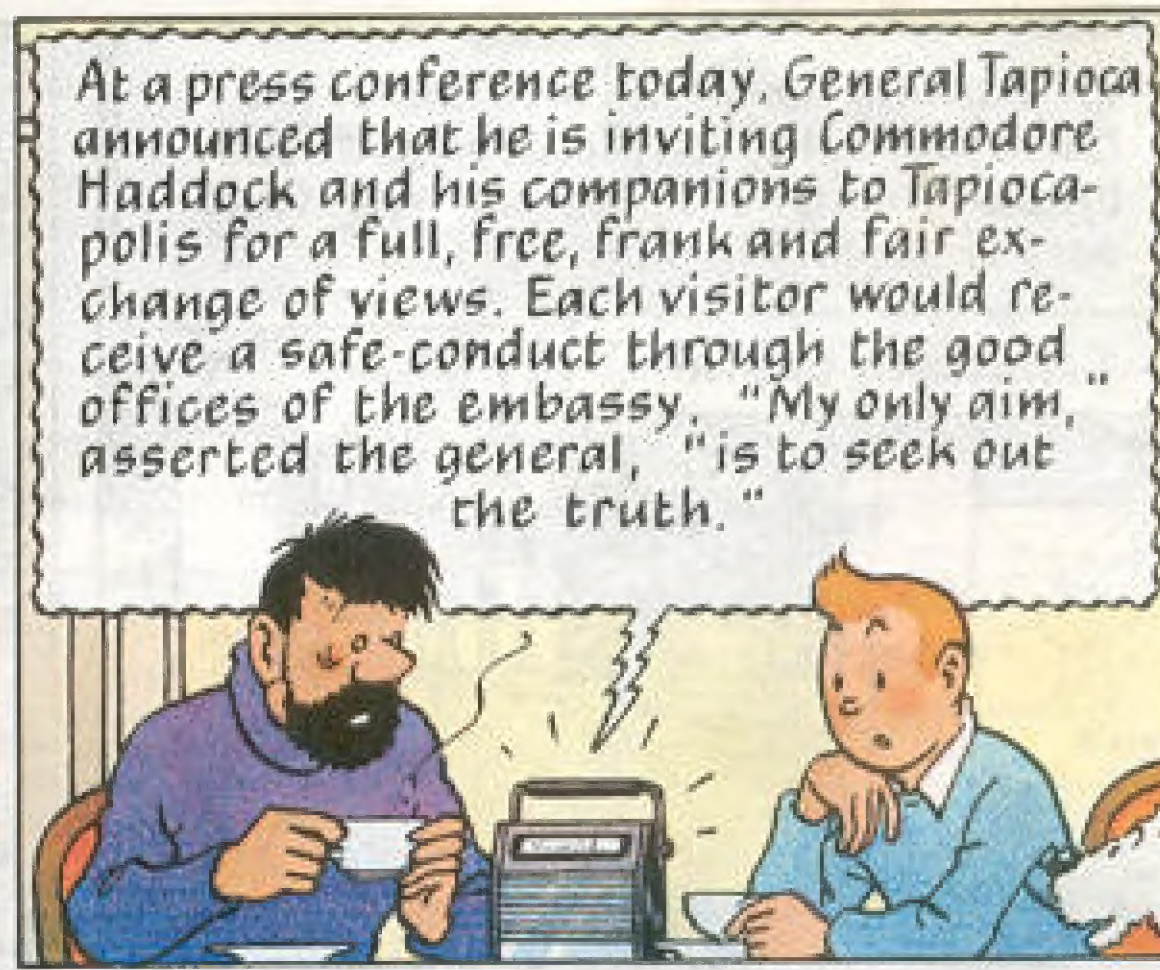
General Tapioca, Tapiocapolis.
Oh! You know that... Good.
Message reads... er... Downright
lies Stop Will make you swallow
false allegations... Yes, in the plural
...one day Stop You will end up
hanging from yardarm. Yes, y as in
yashmak... Stop.



Two days later ...

**Daily
Reporter**

**TAPIOCA
OFFERS
HADDOCK
ROUND TABLE
TALKS IN
TAPIOCAPOLIS**

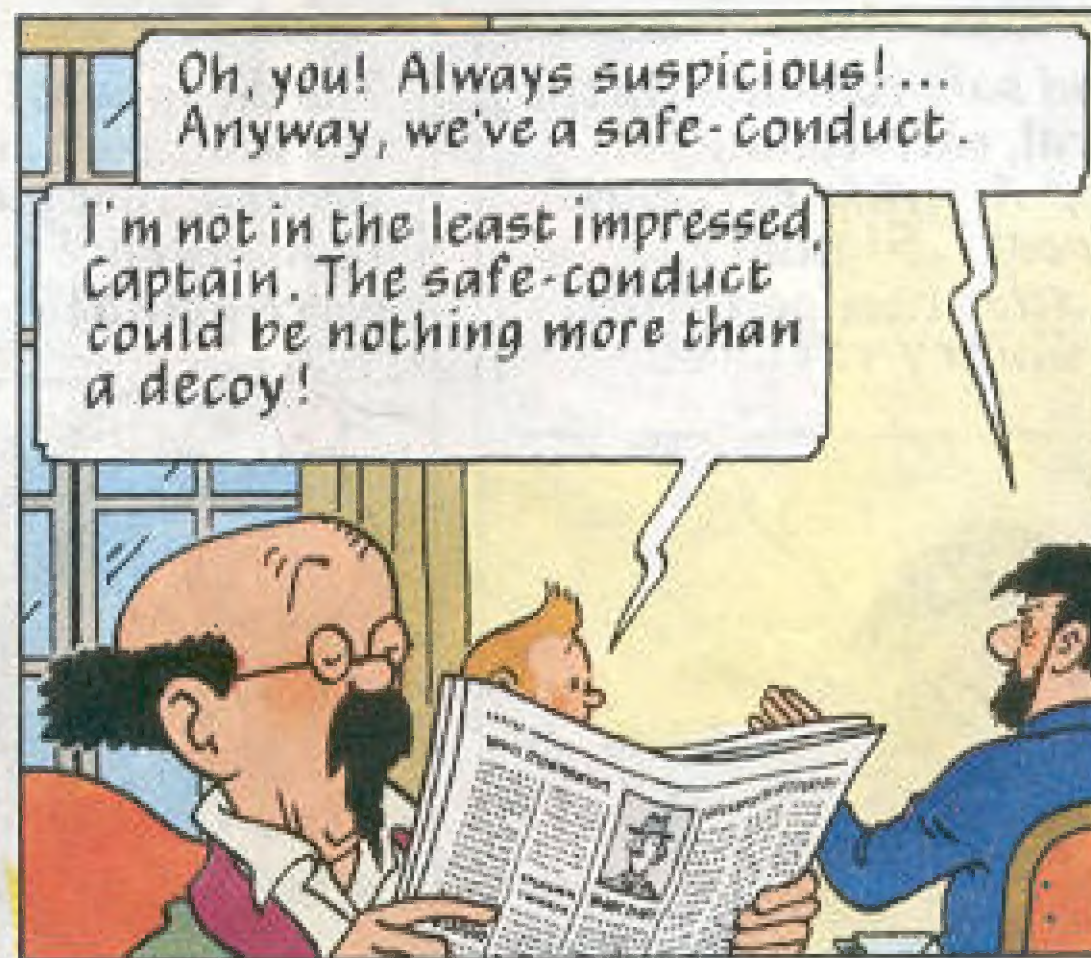


At a press conference today, General Tapioca
announced that he is inviting Commodore
Haddock and his companions to Tapioca-
polis for a full, free, frank and fair ex-
change of views. Each visitor would re-
ceive a safe-conduct through the good
offices of the embassy. "My only aim,"
asserted the general, "is to seek out
the truth."



You know, he isn't a bad old stick really...
I've a good mind to accept his invitation.
That way, we'd show everyone our good
faith.

Or else we'll find ourselves in
prison, like Bianca
Castafiore.
Thanks very much!



Oh, you! Always suspicious!...
Anyway, we've a safe-conduct.

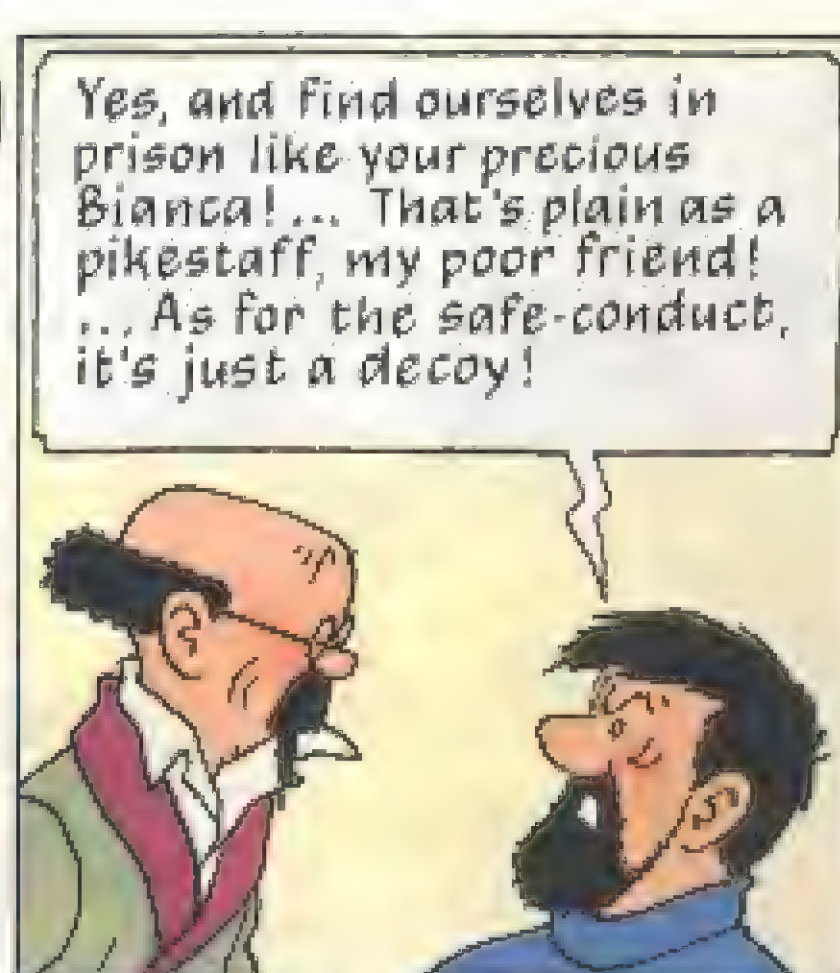
I'm not in the least impressed,
Captain. The safe-conduct
could be nothing more than
a decoy!



OOOH!



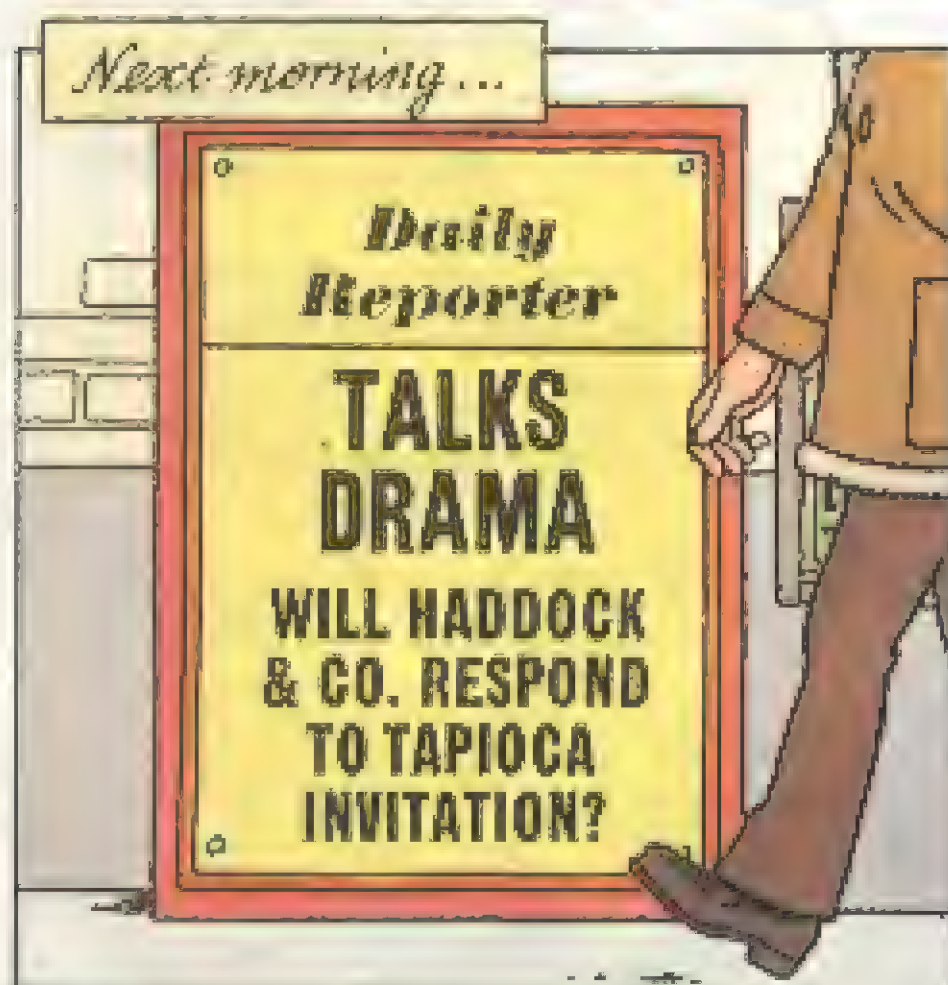
Have you seen? We've been invited there. We must go, Captain.



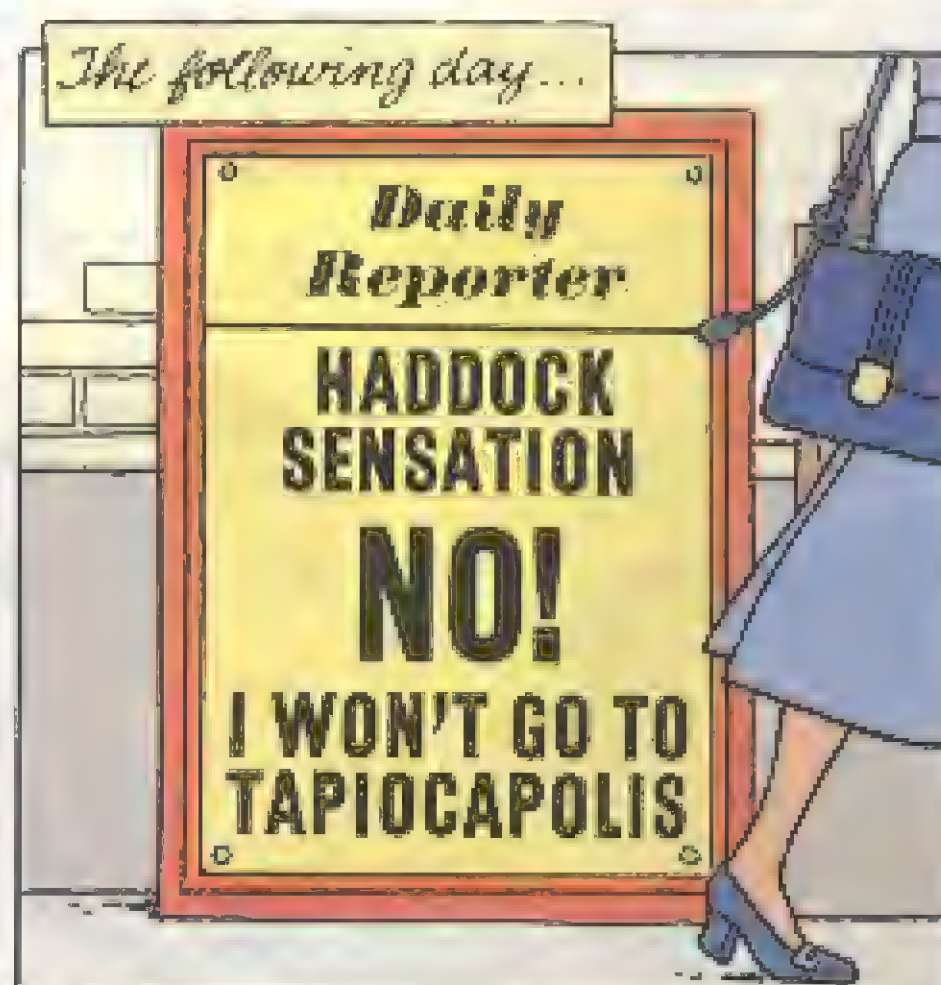
Yes, and find ourselves in prison like your precious Bianca!... That's plain as a pikestaff, my poor friend!... As for the safe-conduct, it's just a decoy!



Bravo! Well spoken! I'll pack my things and we'll go!



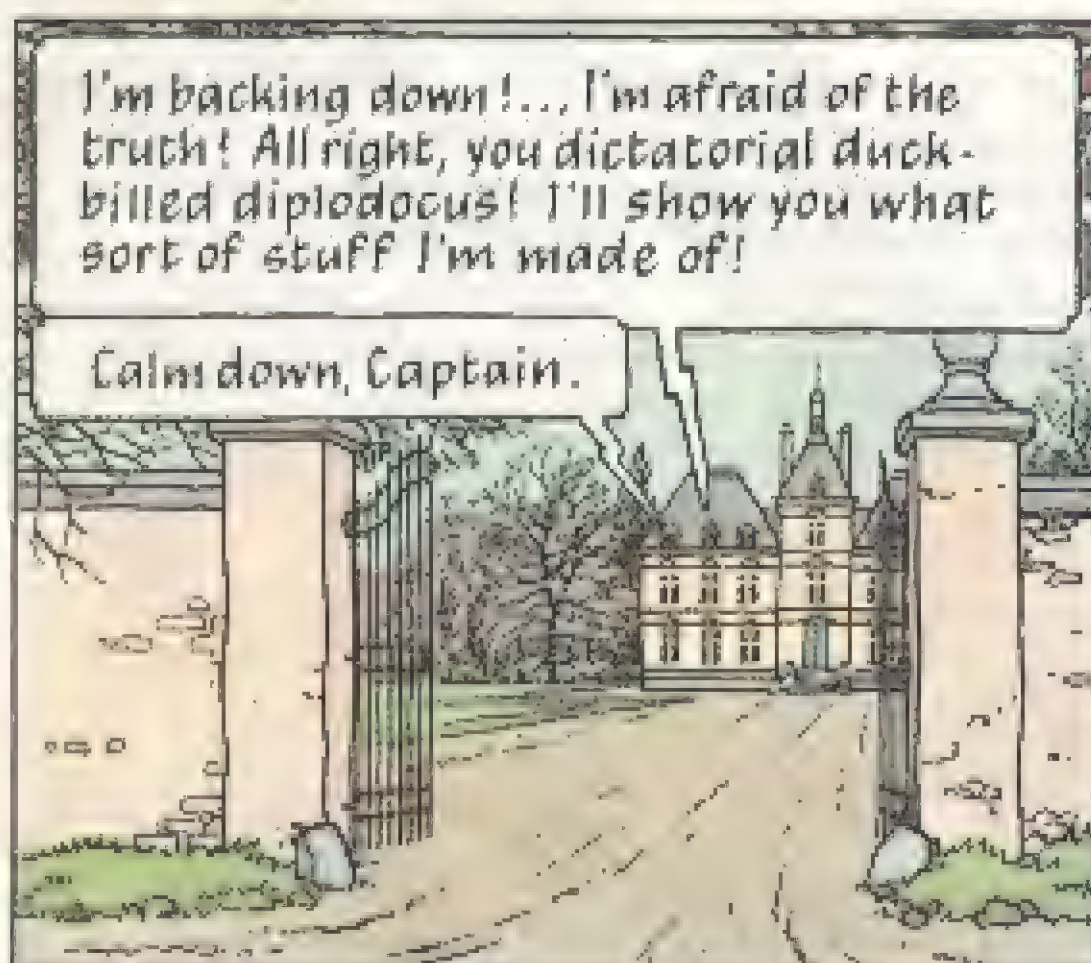
Next morning...



The following day...



And the day after...



I'm backing down!... I'm afraid of the truth! All right, you dictatorial duck-billed diplodocus! I'll show you what sort of stuff I'm made of!

Calm down, Captain.



Calm down! Calm down!... I'm as cool as a cucumber!



He'd challenge me... that ostrogoth! All right, we shall see what we shall see!



Hello, Telegrams? ...Yes...yes, naturally, for General Tapioca. Message reads..



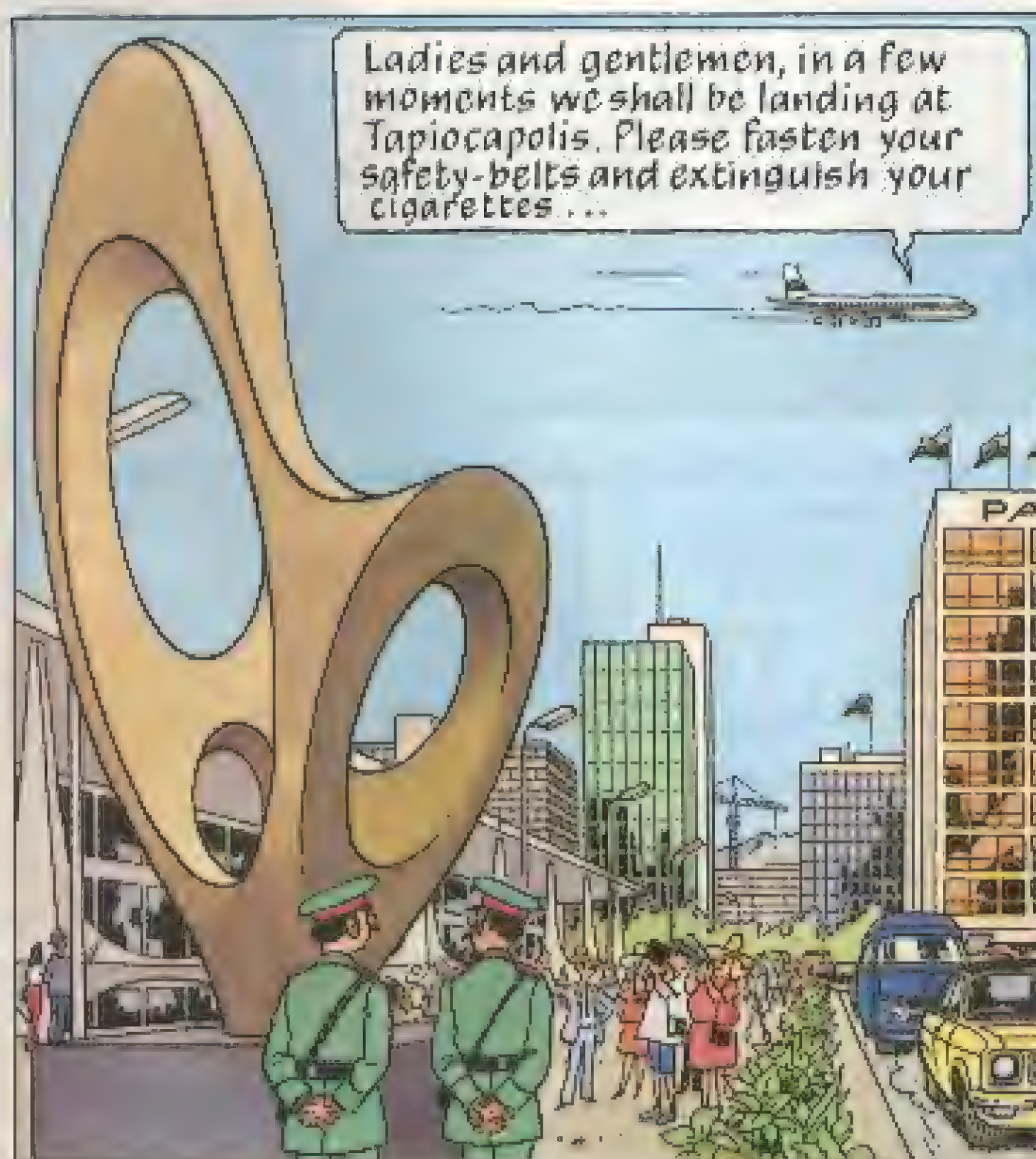
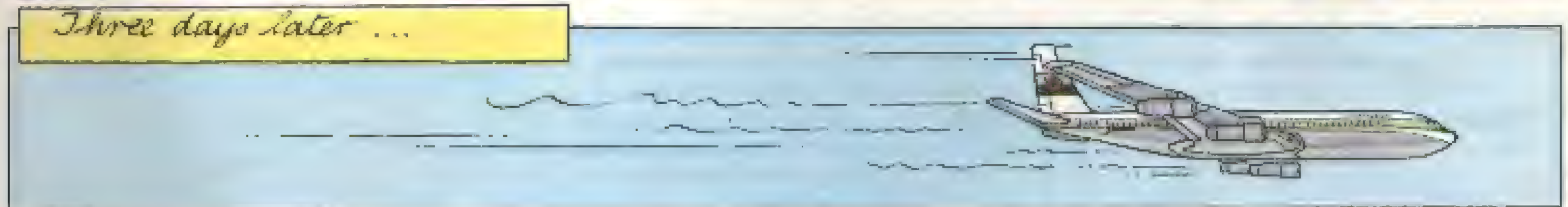
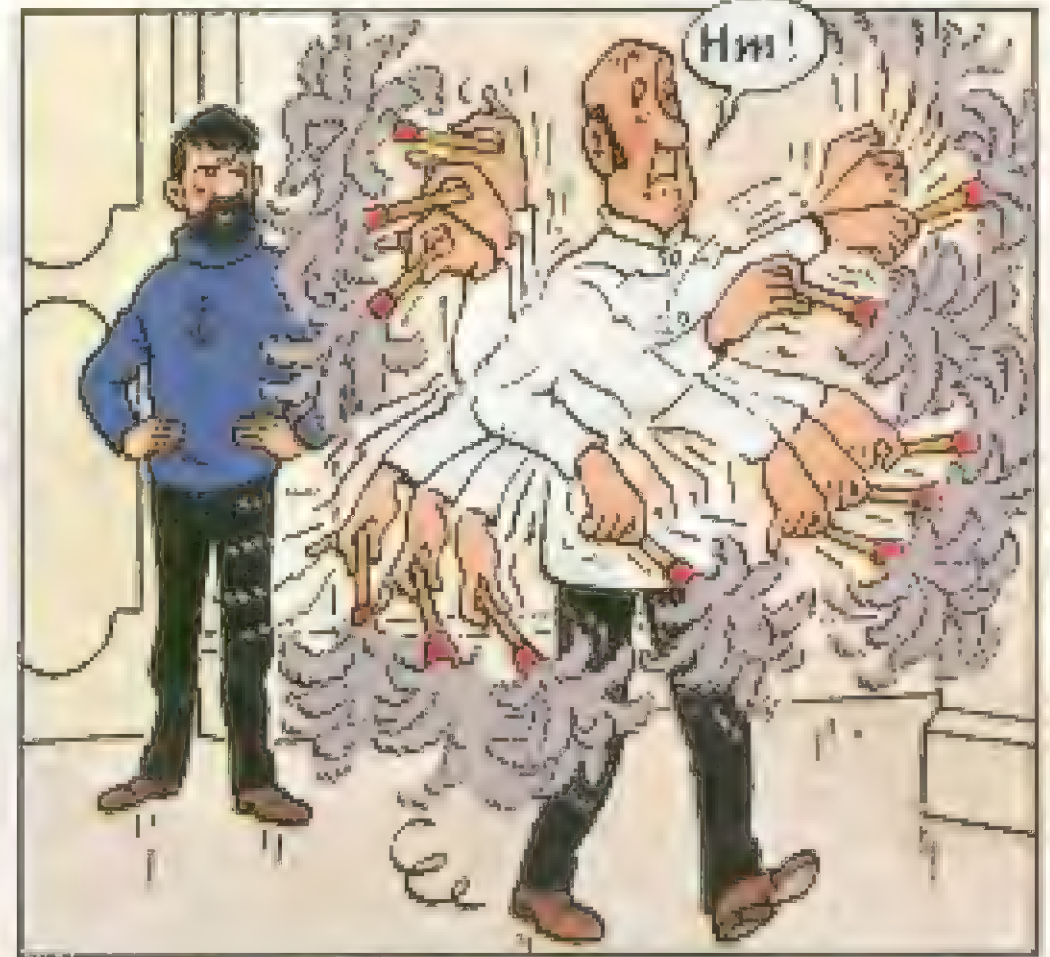
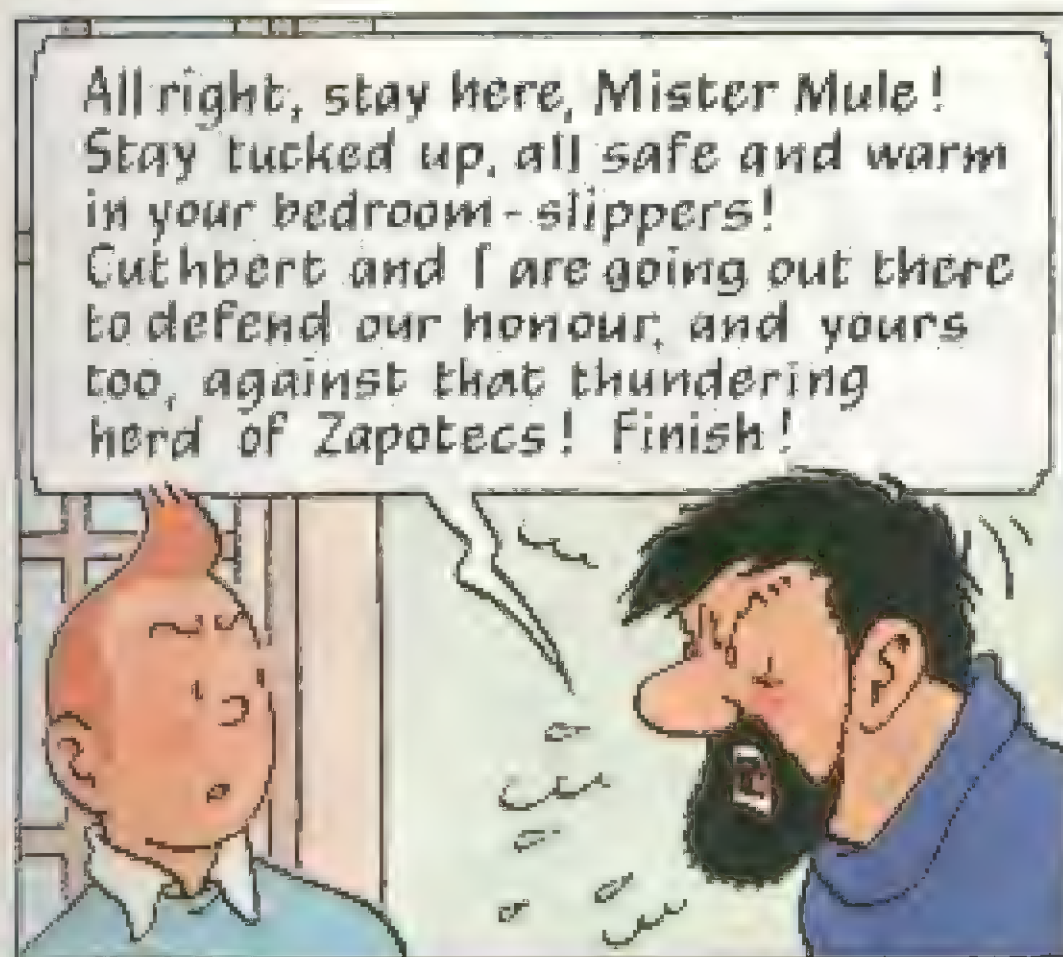
Send safe-conducts (in the plural, safe-conducts) Stop Arriving by return of post...Signed: Haddock... Good. No! Ordinary rate!!!

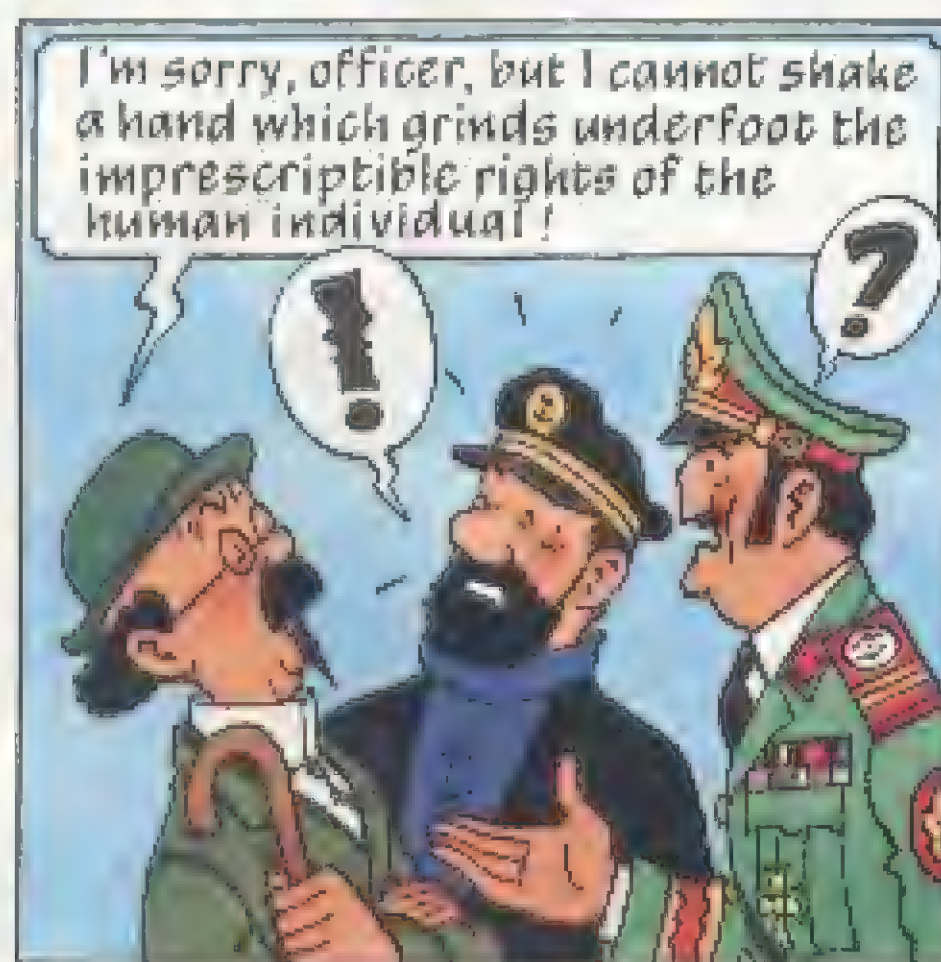
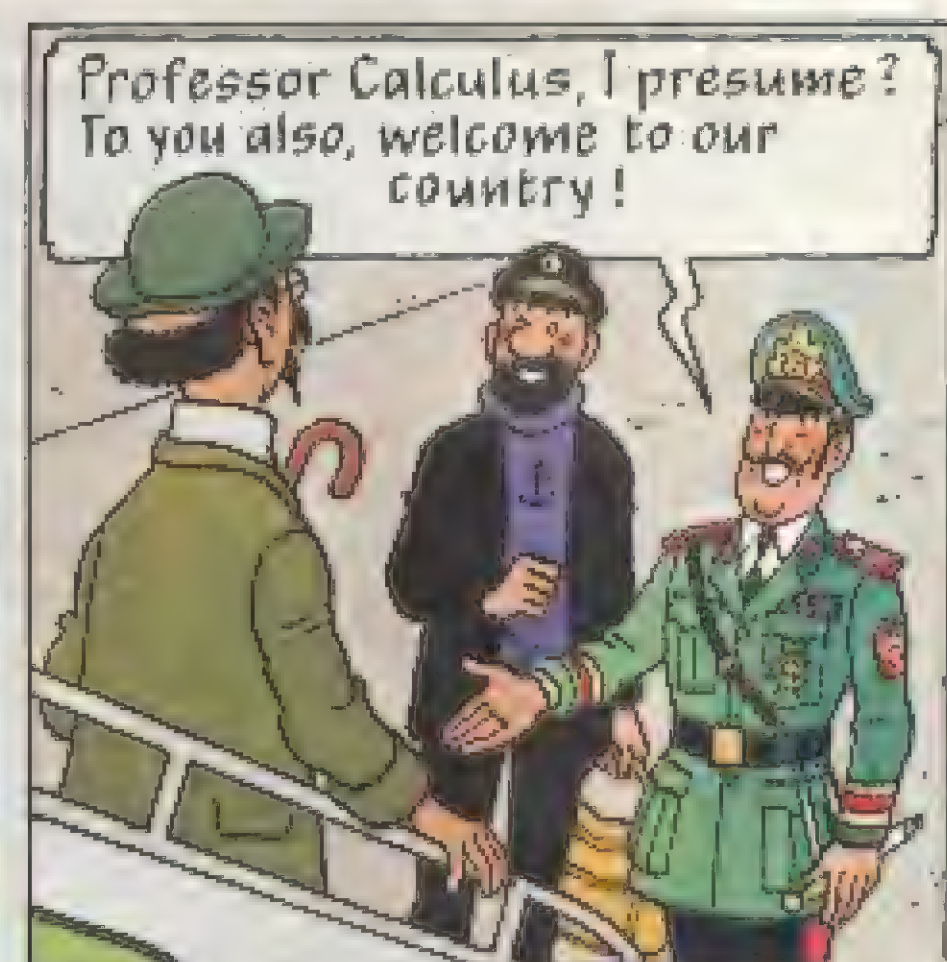
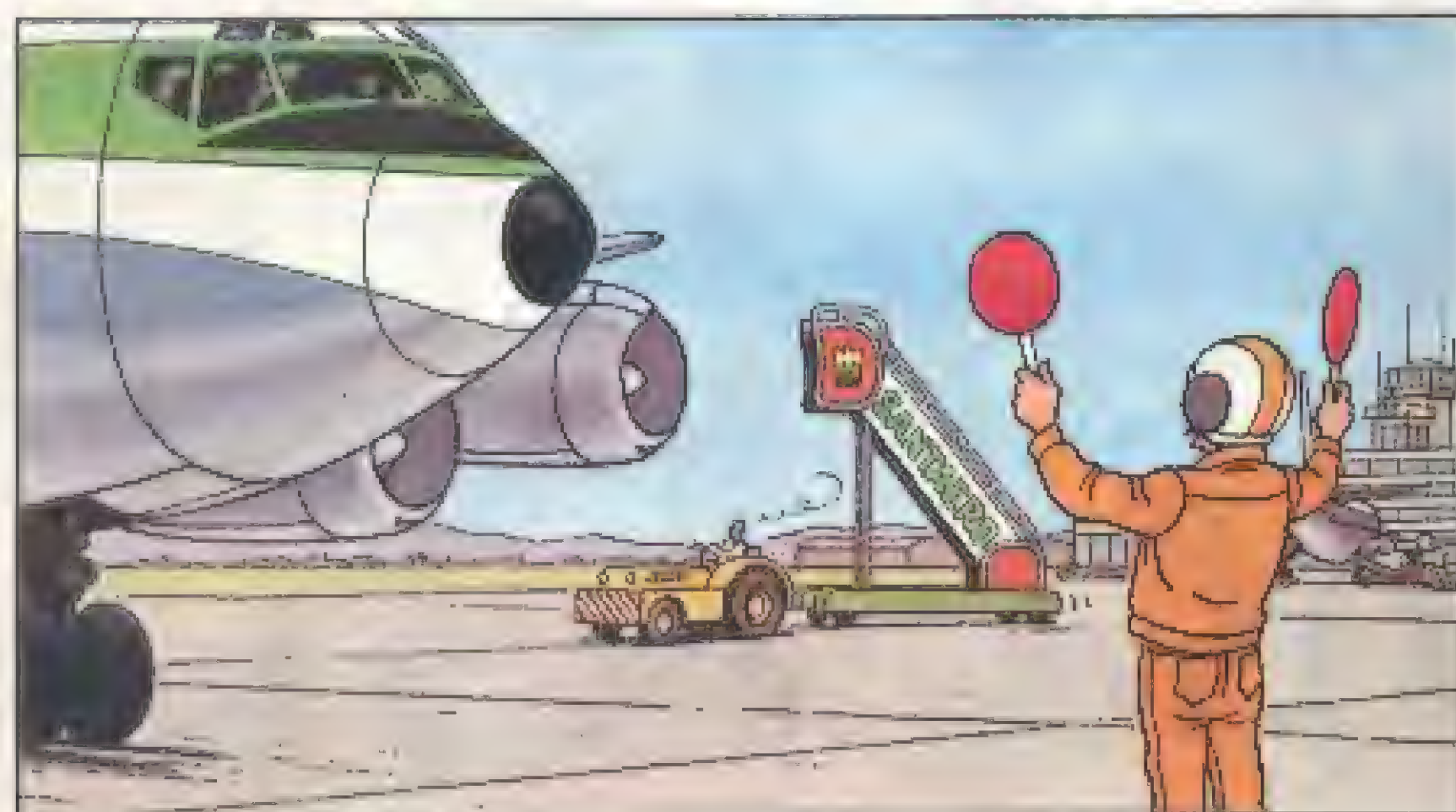
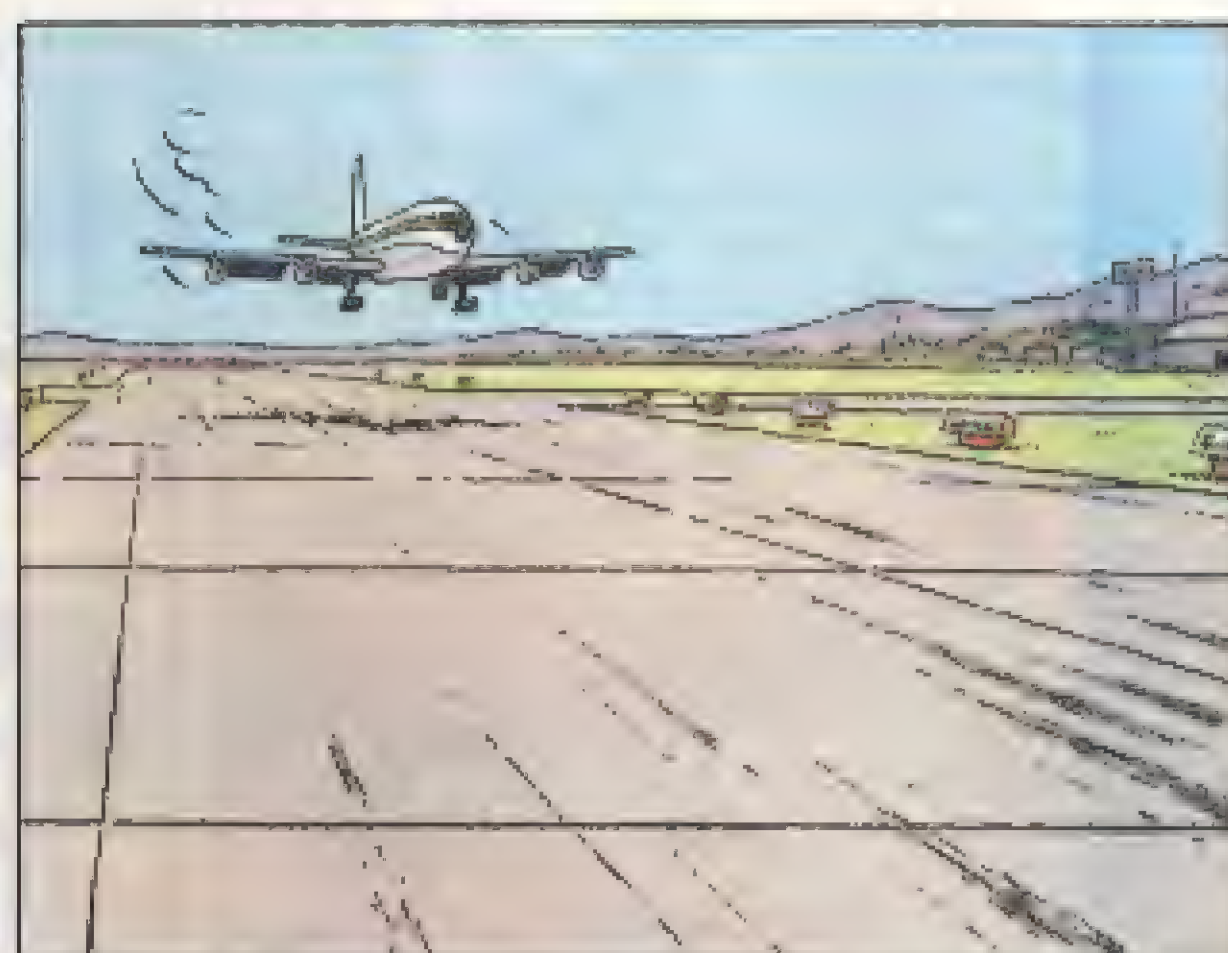
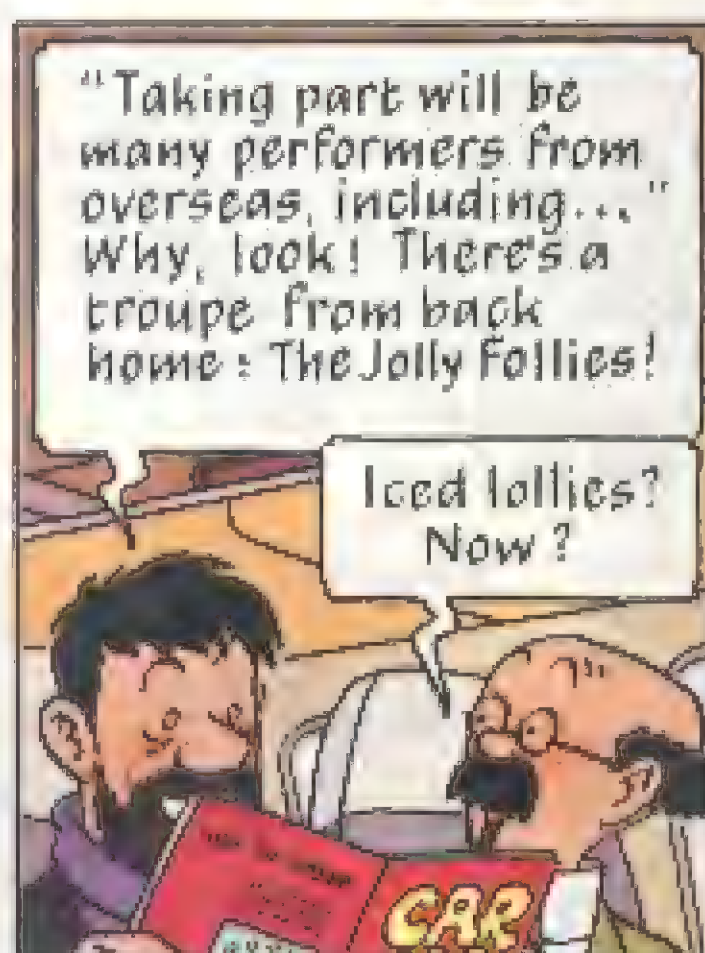


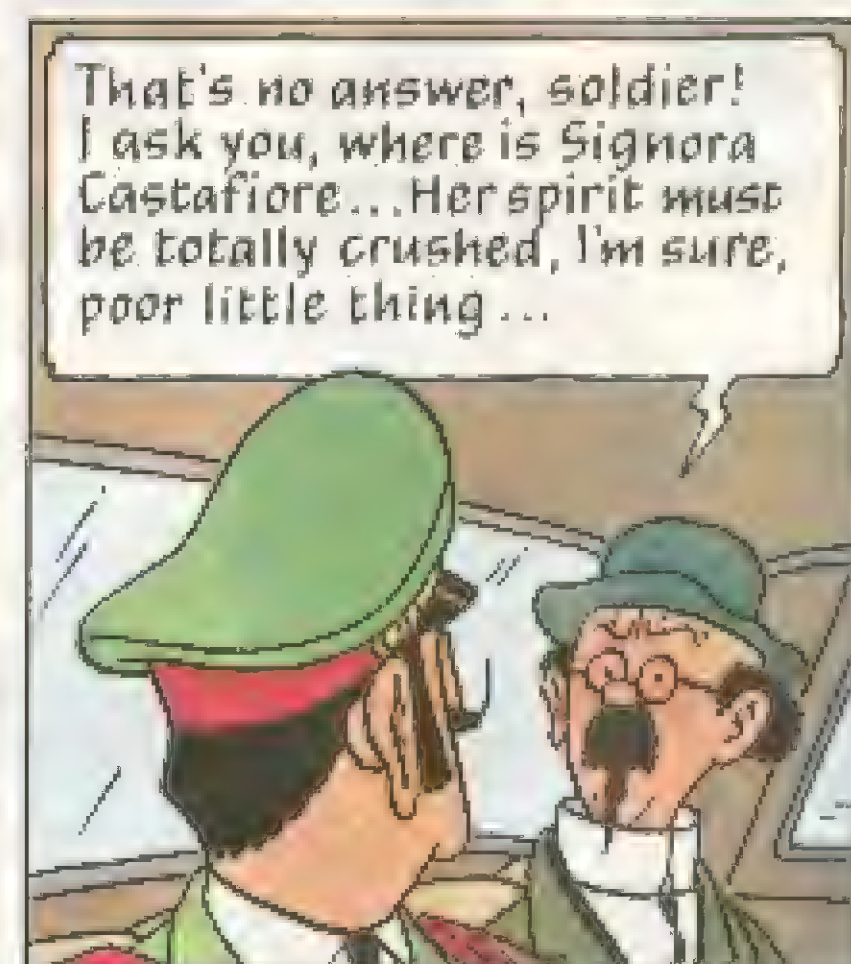
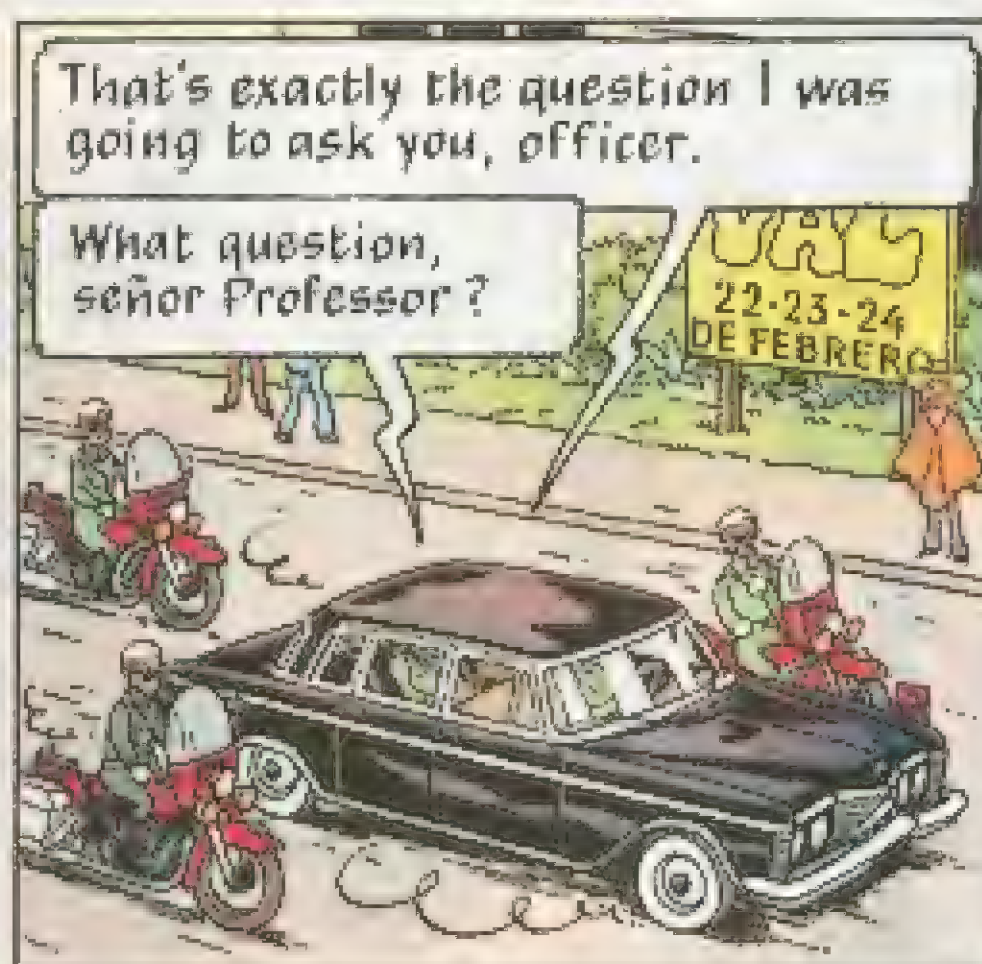
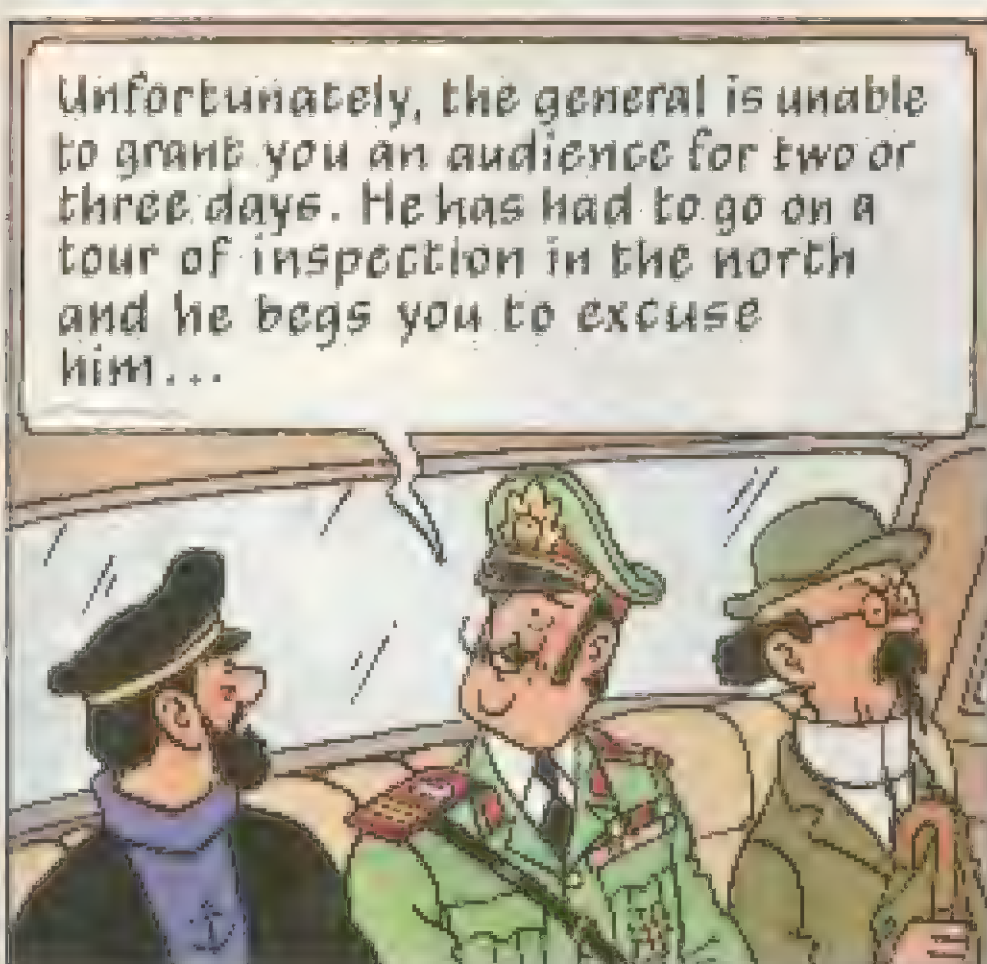
The die is cast!... He'll find out what sort of fish he's hooked, that puffed-up Punchinello!... Tintin... we're going!

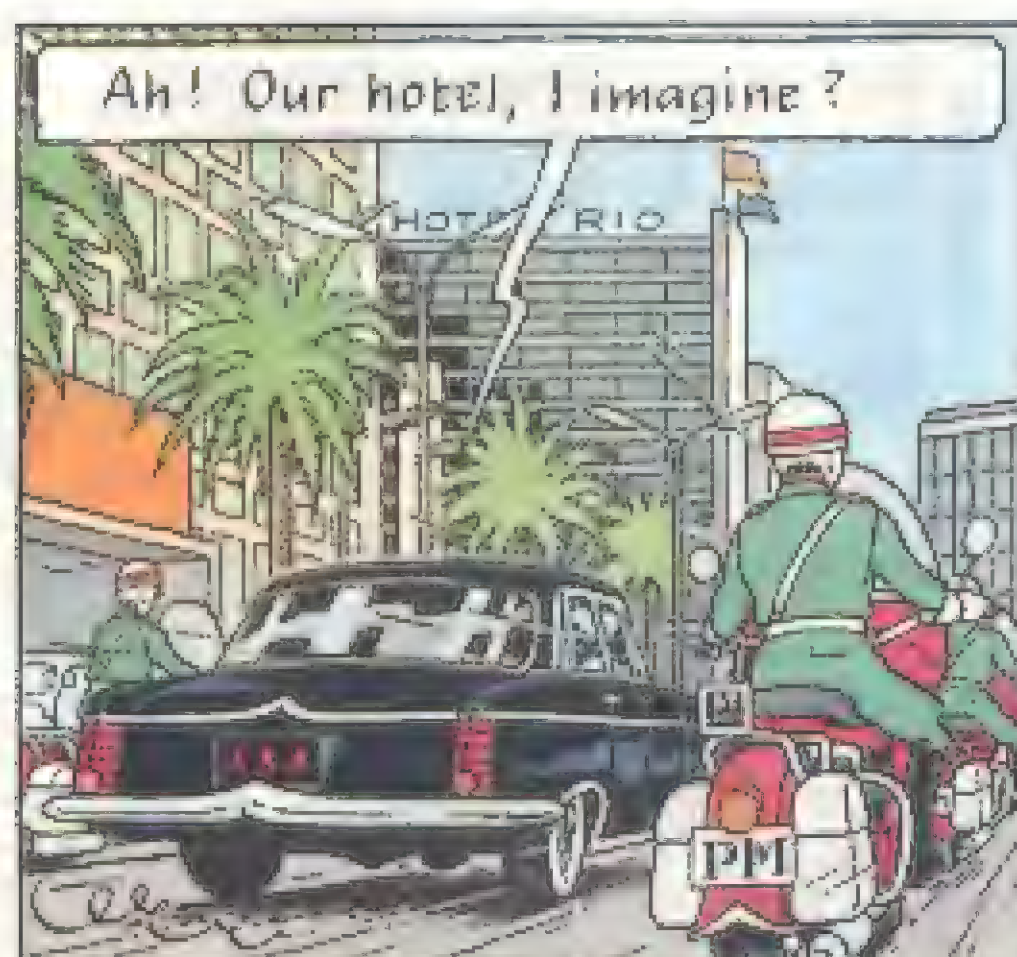


YOU may be going, Captain... I'm staying right here!!

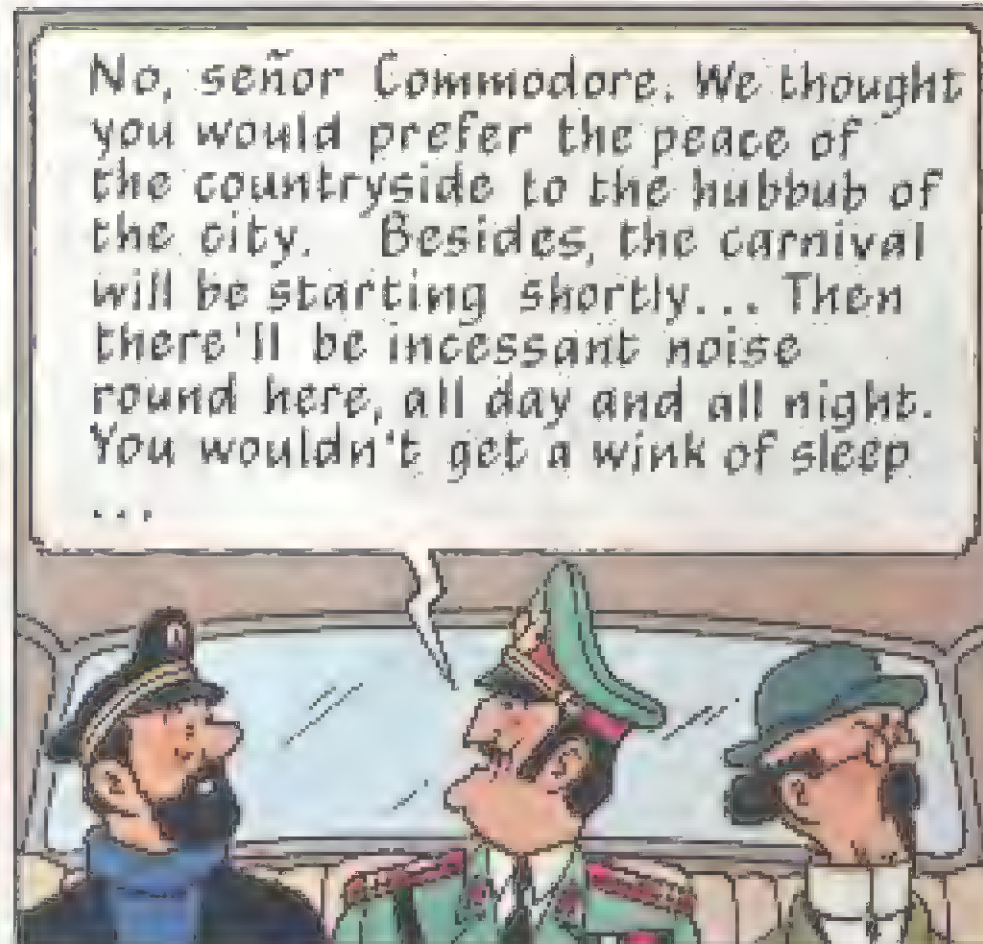




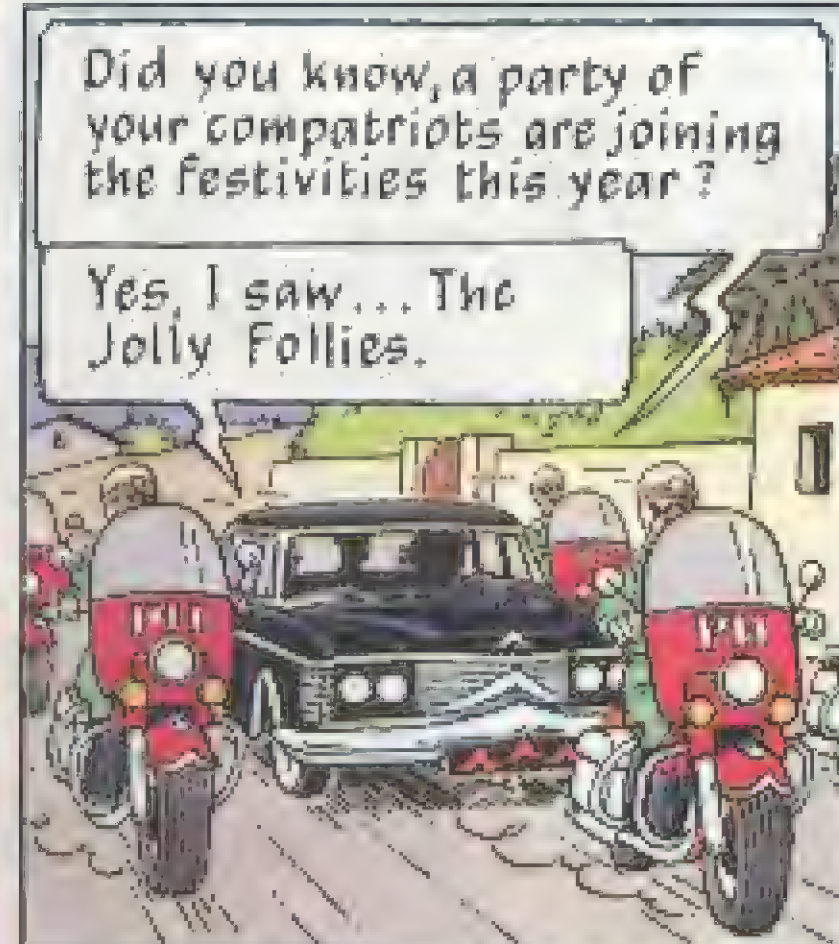




Ah! Our hotel, I imagine?

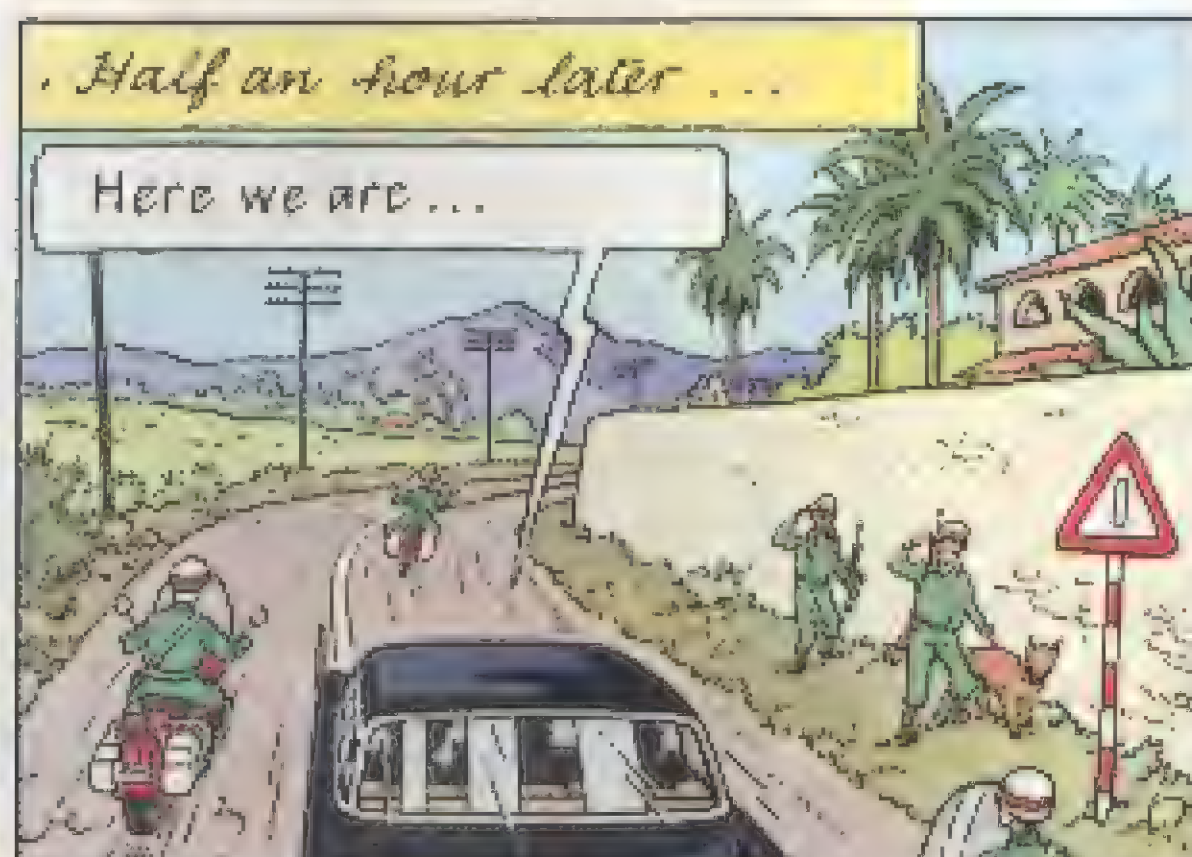


No, señor Commodore. We thought you would prefer the peace of the countryside to the hubbub of the city. Besides, the carnival will be starting shortly... Then there'll be incessant noise round here, all day and all night. You wouldn't get a wink of sleep...



Did you know, a party of your compatriots are joining the festivities this year?

Yes, I saw... The Jolly Follies.



Half an hour later...

Here we are...

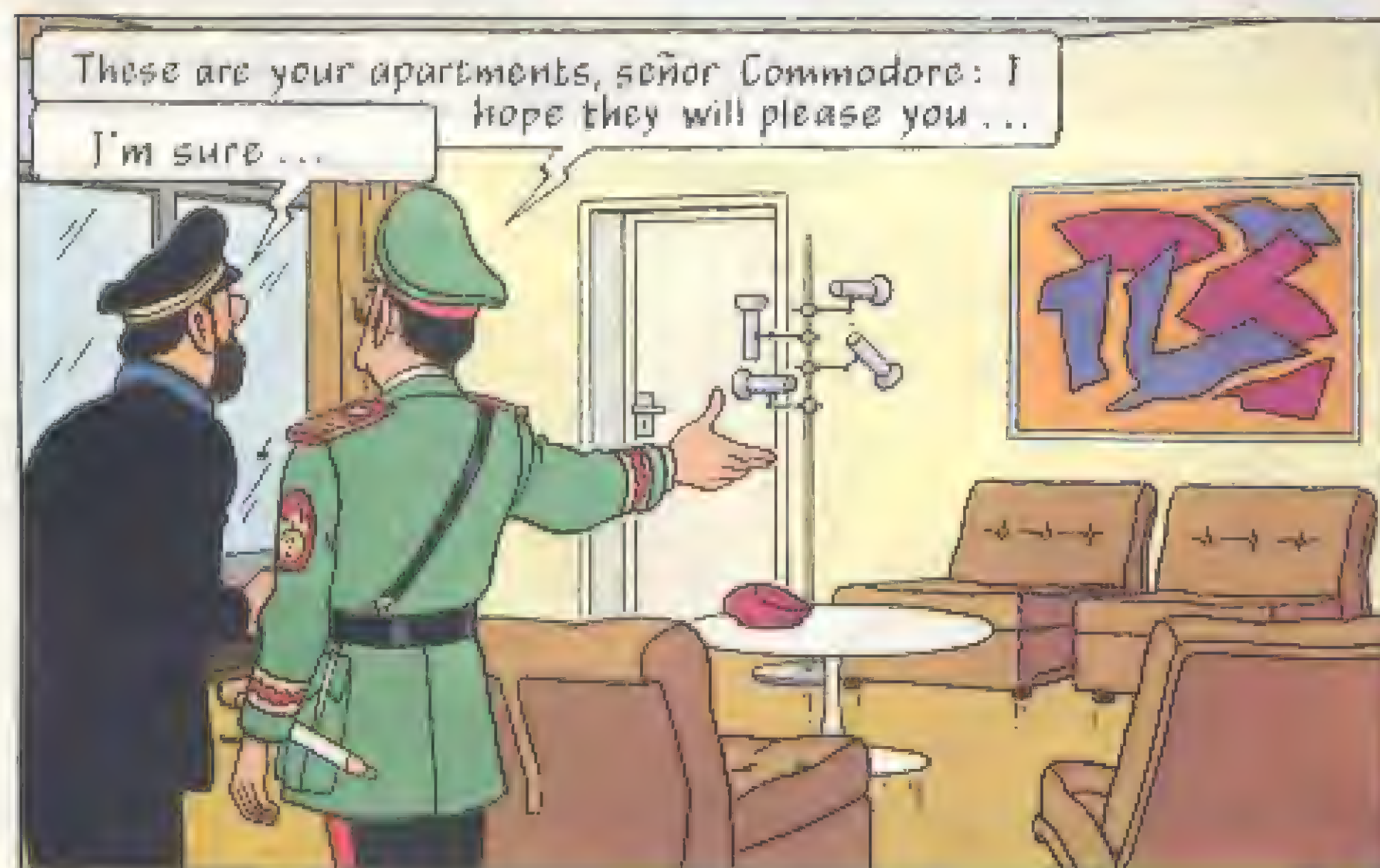


You've got us well guarded...



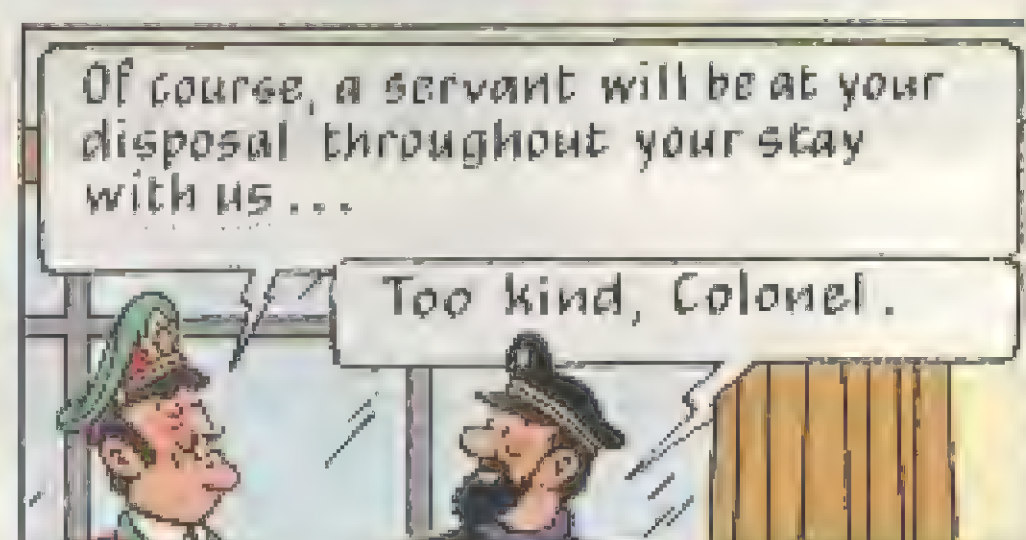
Just a simple precaution... Ah, yes, the swimming-pool is over the other side...

And Tintin was suspicious!



These are your apartments, señor Commodore: I hope they will please you...

I'm sure...

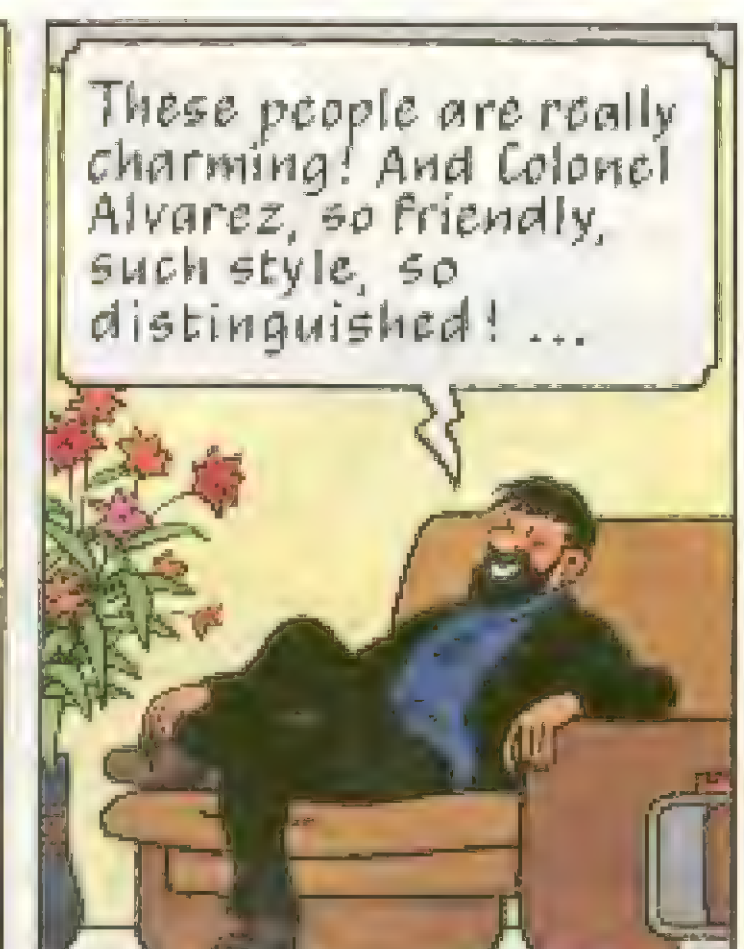


Of course, a servant will be at your disposal throughout your stay with us...

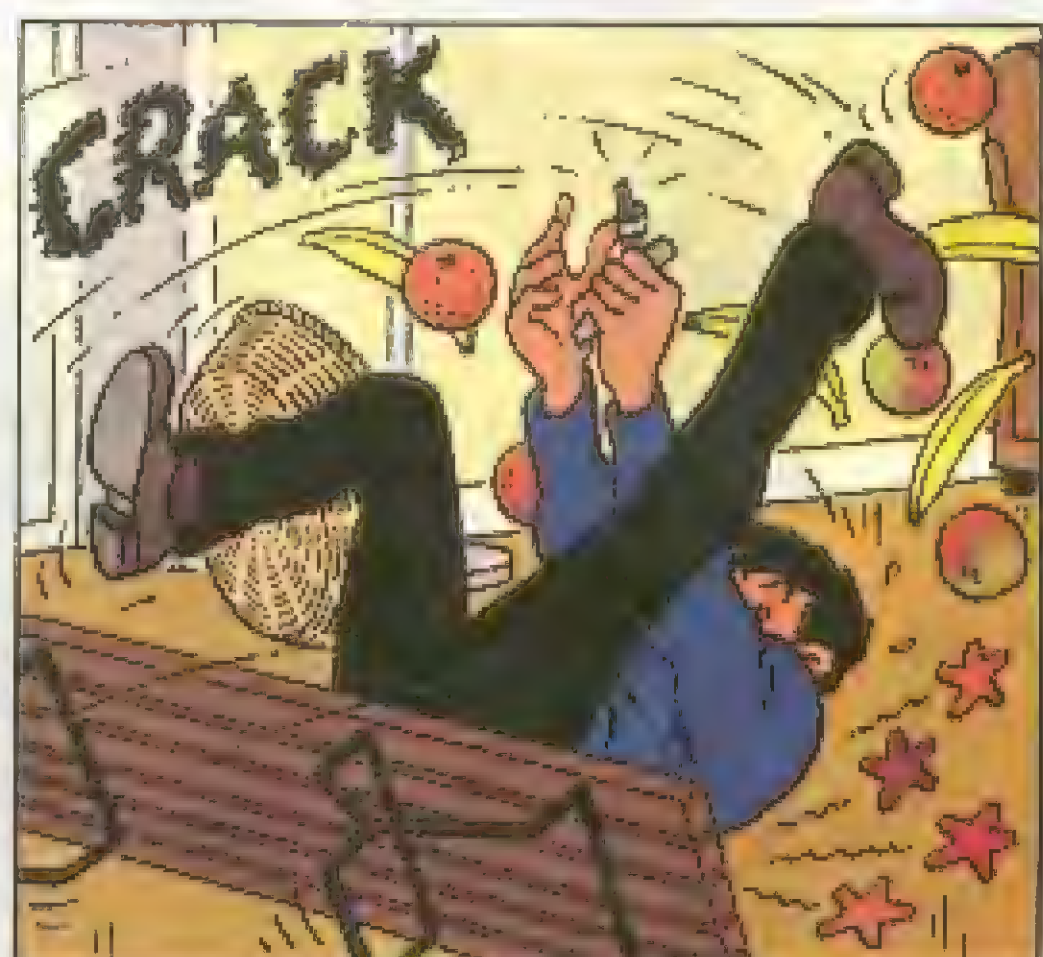
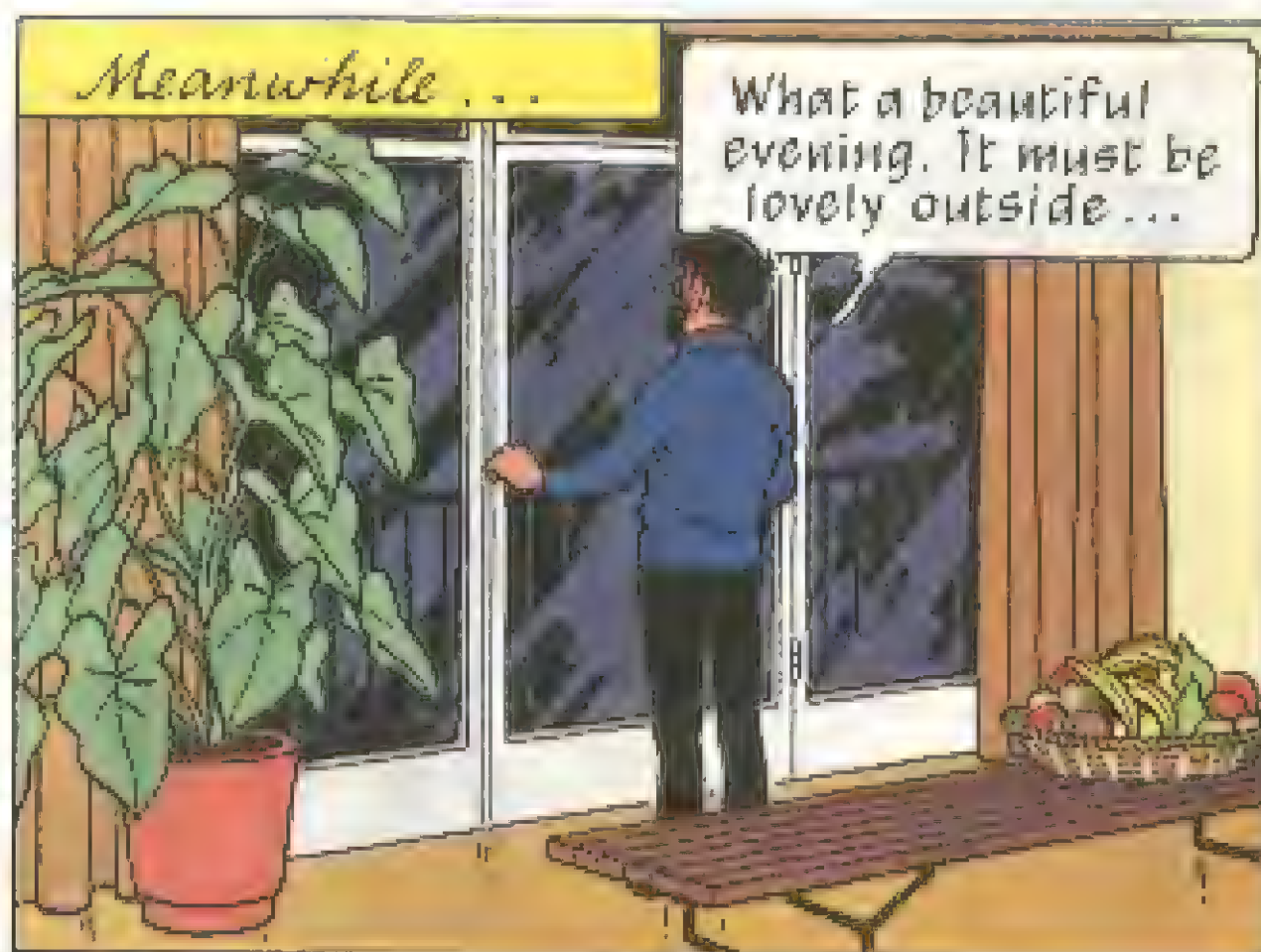
Too kind, Colonel.



Ah, here he is now!





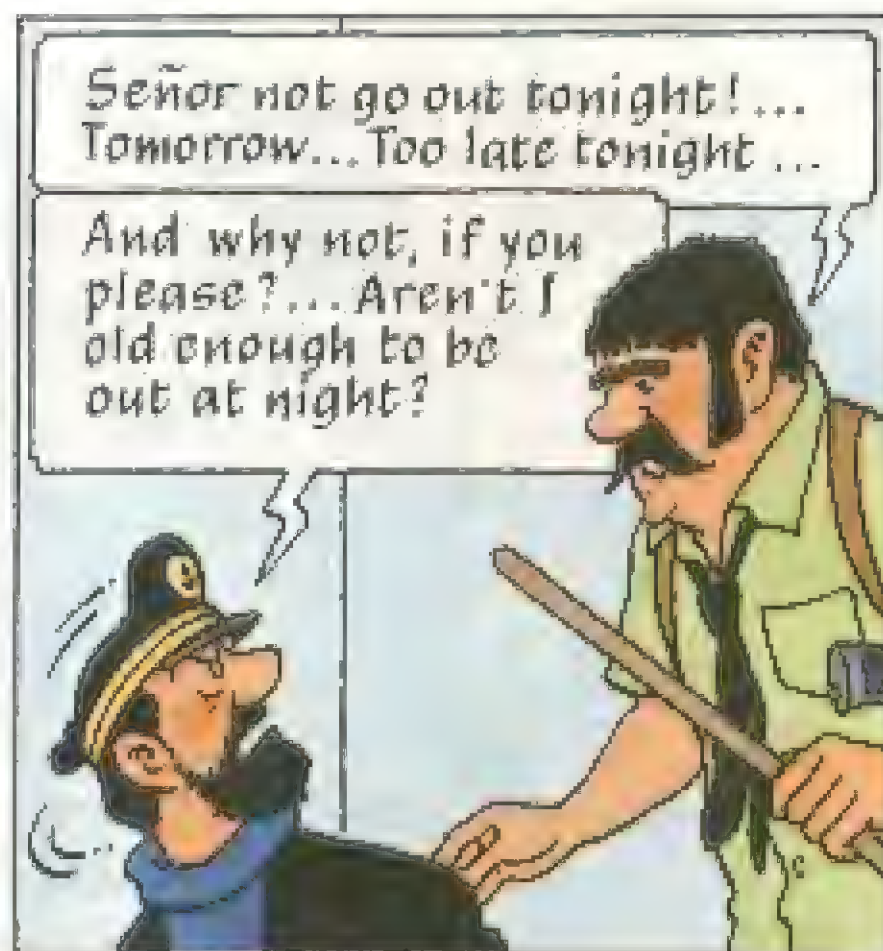






Ten thousand thundering typhoons!
You dare forbid me to go out?... Me,
the guest of General Tapioca!...

Not go out,
señor.

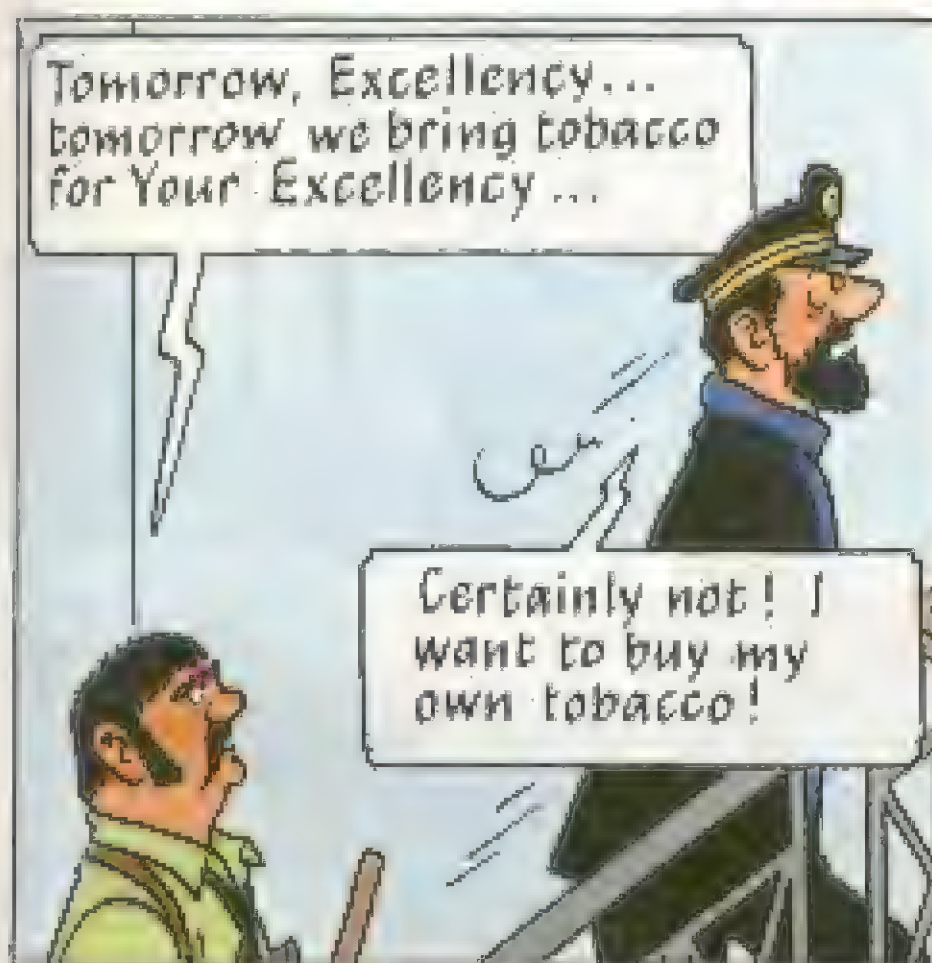


Señor not go out tonight!...
Tomorrow... Too late tonight ...

And why not, if you
please?... Aren't I
old enough to be
out at night?



No, señor, but...er... Sometimes
Picaros make attack around here
... Is muy dangerous, señor...
So you see, is best for your
own protection ...



Tomorrow, Excellency...
tomorrow we bring tobacco
for Your Excellency ...

Certainly not! I
want to buy my
own tobacco!



As you wish, Excellency... Buenas
noches, Excellency ...

...night!



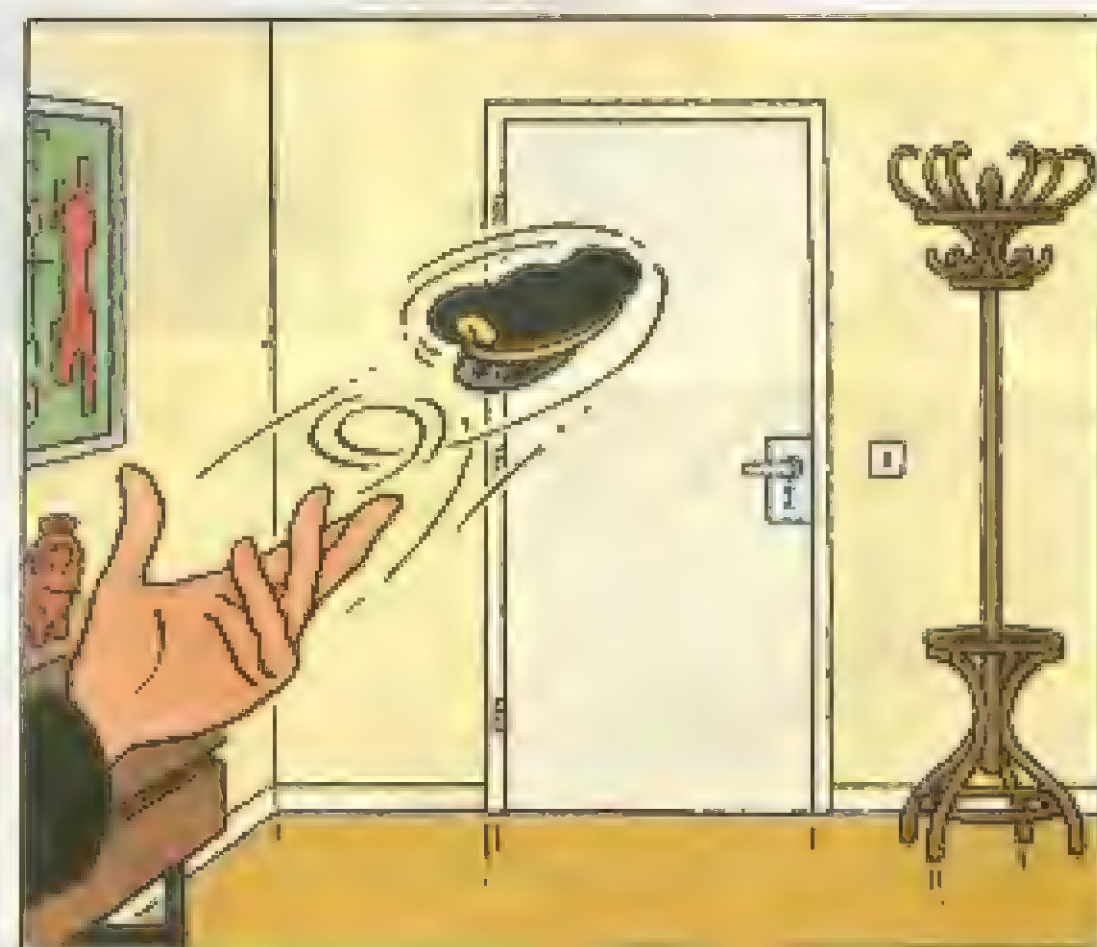
SLAM



That young whippersnapper Tin-
tin was right, by thunder... The
cage may be a gilded one...



... but we're well and
truly behind bars!



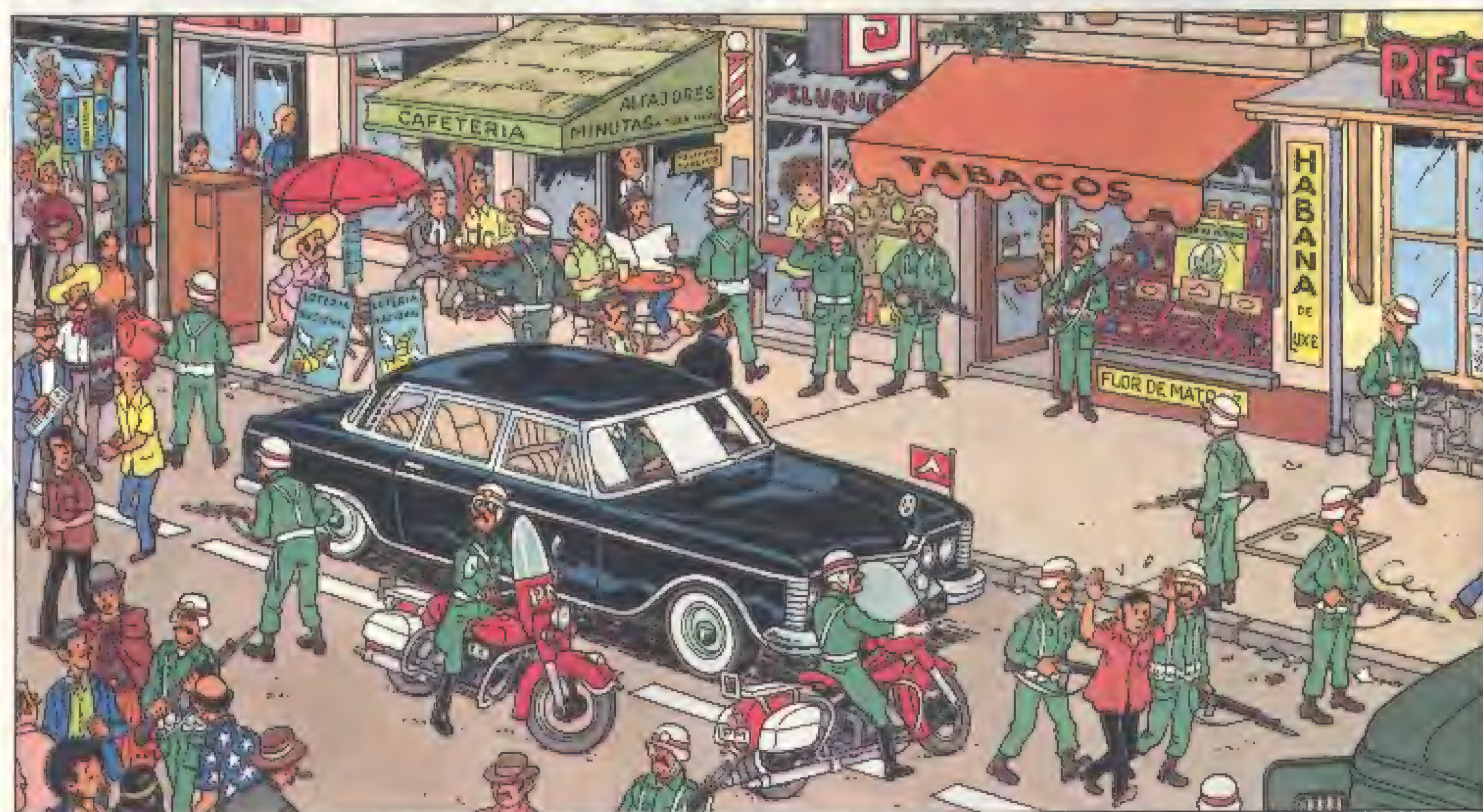
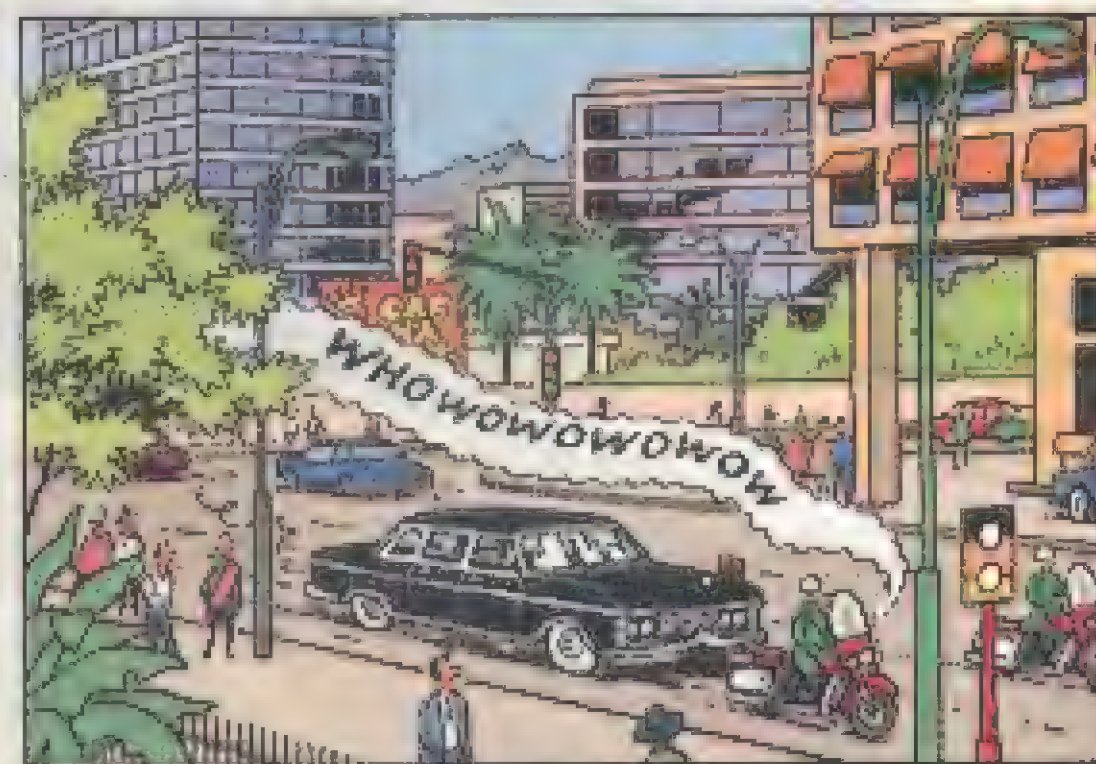
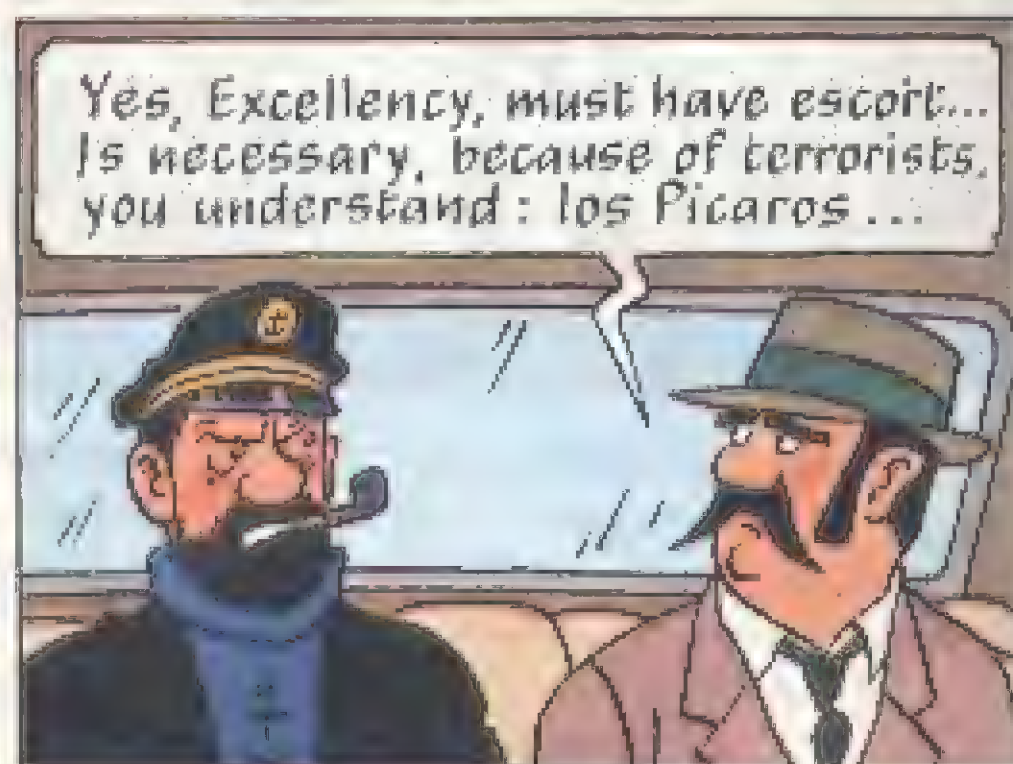
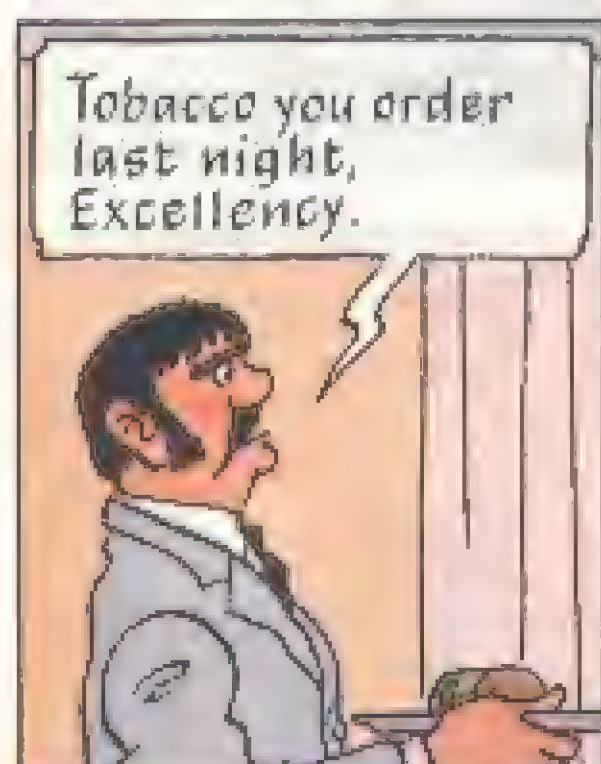
Ah, there you
are, Cap...

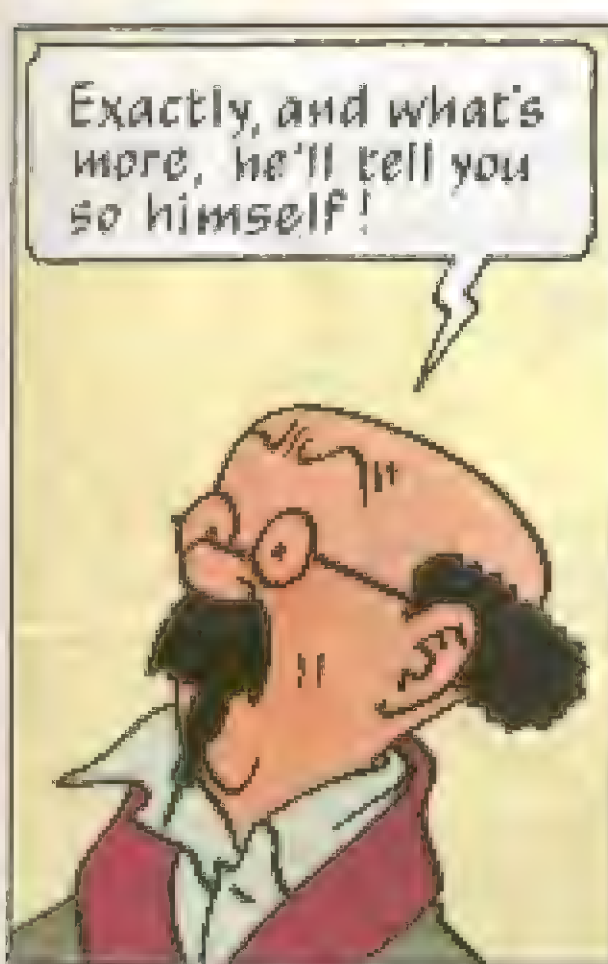
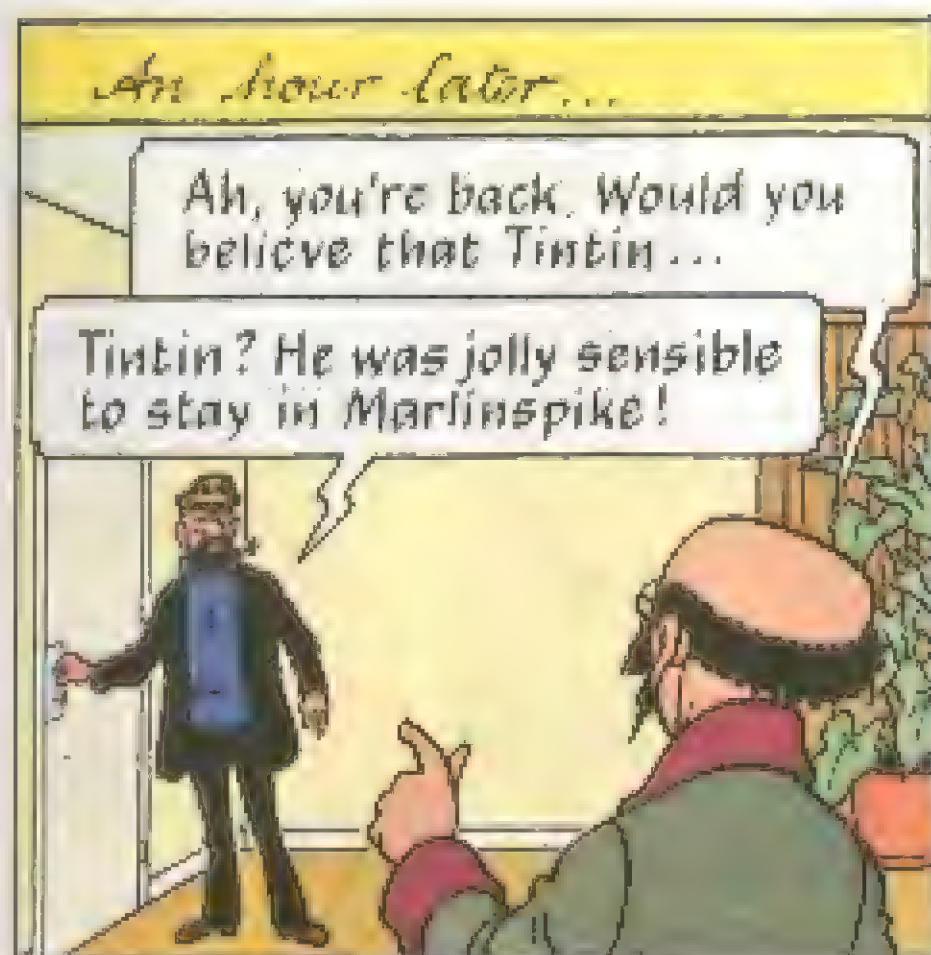


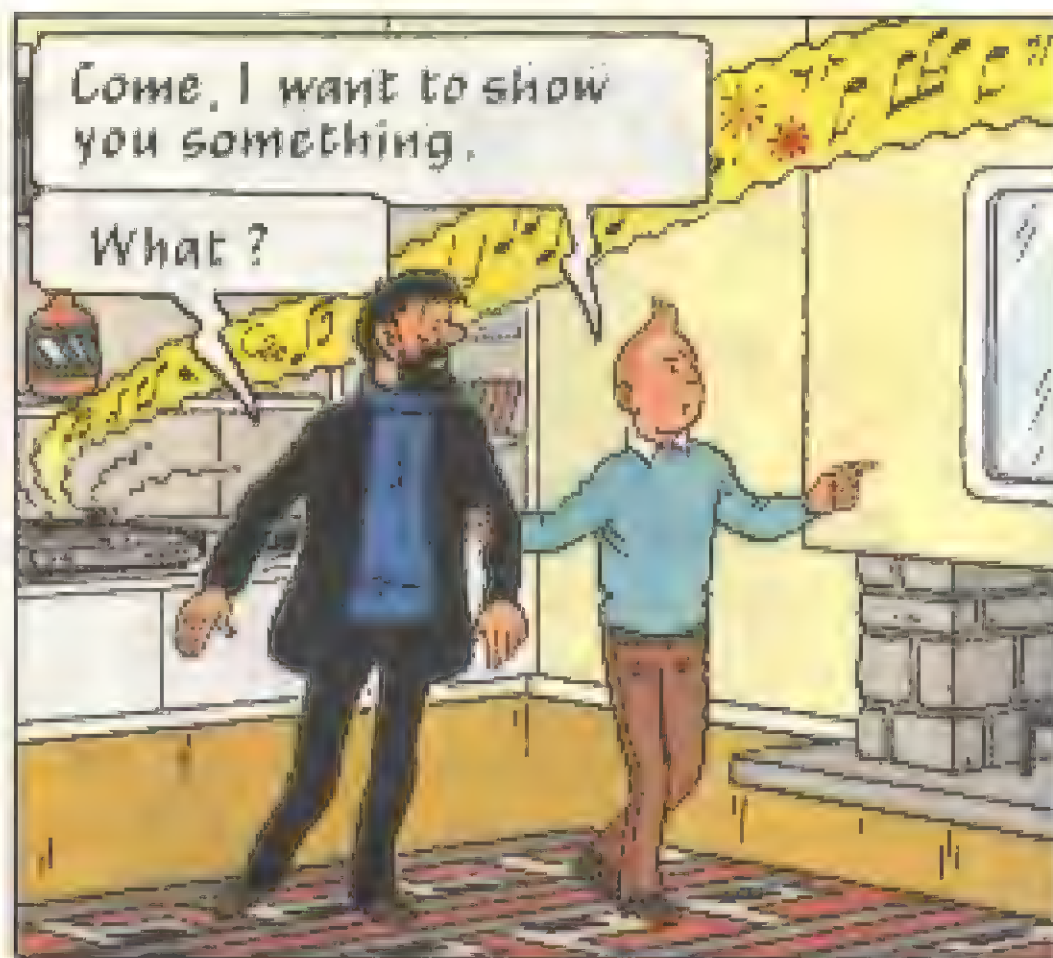
FLOP



When are you going to stop
these childish pranks?







Come, I want to show you something.

What?

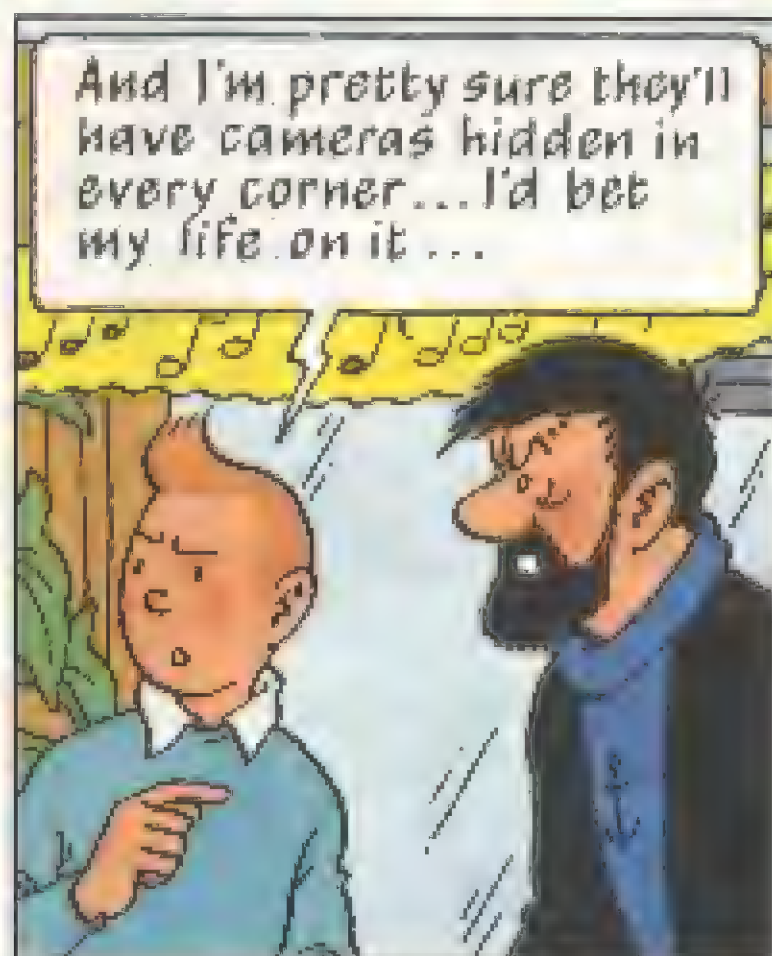


A microphone!
The pirates!

There, look!



And there's another!...
The place is bugged,
Captain!



And I'm pretty sure they'll
have cameras hidden in
every corner... I'd bet
my life on it...



Behind a two-way mirror, for in-
stance, like this one perhaps...



Aha! He's no fool, that boy!



No fool! He uses his head. But as
I foresaw, that didn't stop him
following the others into the trap
I prepared for them...

A trap,
Colonel?



A trap, yes... You see, before I
was appointed by General
Kürvi-Tasch to be technical
adviser to General Tapioca,
I was Chief of Police in
Szohöd, and those three...



...busybodies subjected me
to a bitter humiliation!

You, Colonel,
humiliated?

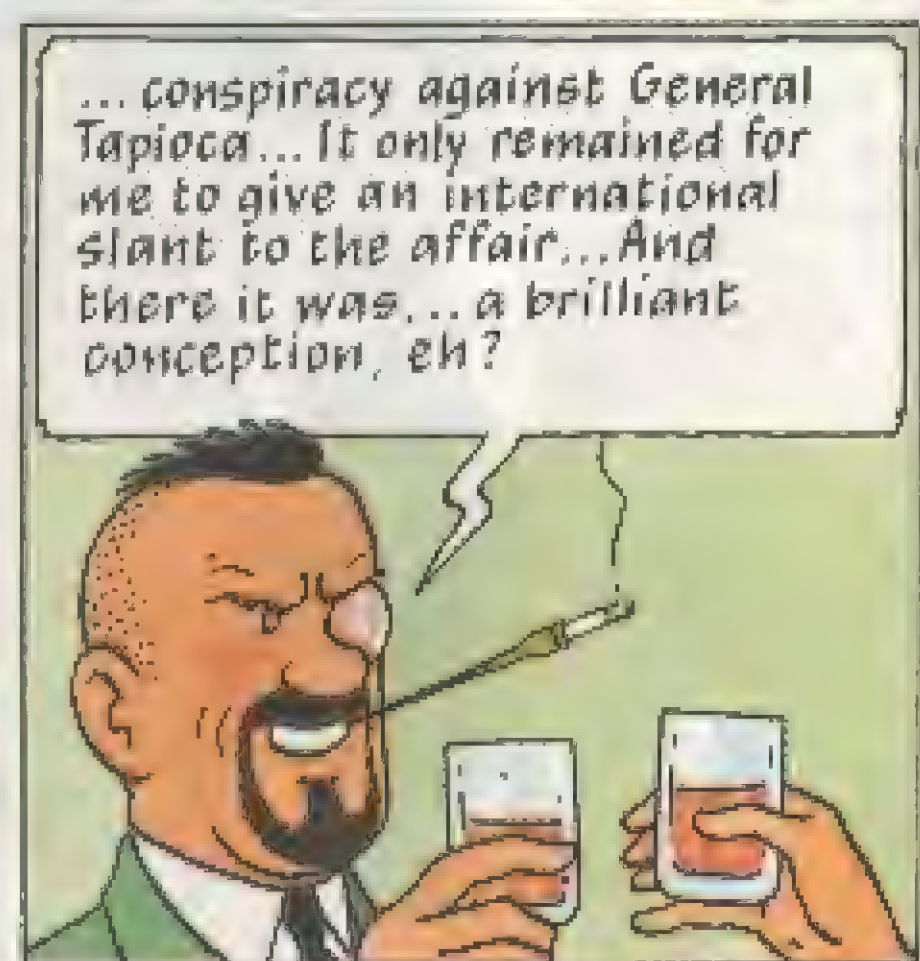
Yes, me...



...and I've never forgotten
it... But fate sometimes
plays into one's hands...
When I heard that Bianca
Castafiore was planning a
tour in South America I
immediately...



...realised how I could take advantage
of the situation. I only had to arrest
her, after forging compromising
documents and having them
slipped into her luggage
...I concocted an entirely
fictitious...



...conspiracy against General
Tapioca... It only remained for
me to give an international
slant to the affair... And
there it was... a brilliant
conception, eh?

Three days go by...

But WHEN are we going to see that confounded fellow Tapioca? After all, that's the principal reason we came here!



Instead of which, for three days they've shuttled us from the Museum of Ethnography to the birthplace of the Great Liberator, General Olivaro...



...then to the zoo, then to the cathedral of the Santísima Virgen de la Inmaculada Concepción... And what marvel have they in store for us tomorrow?

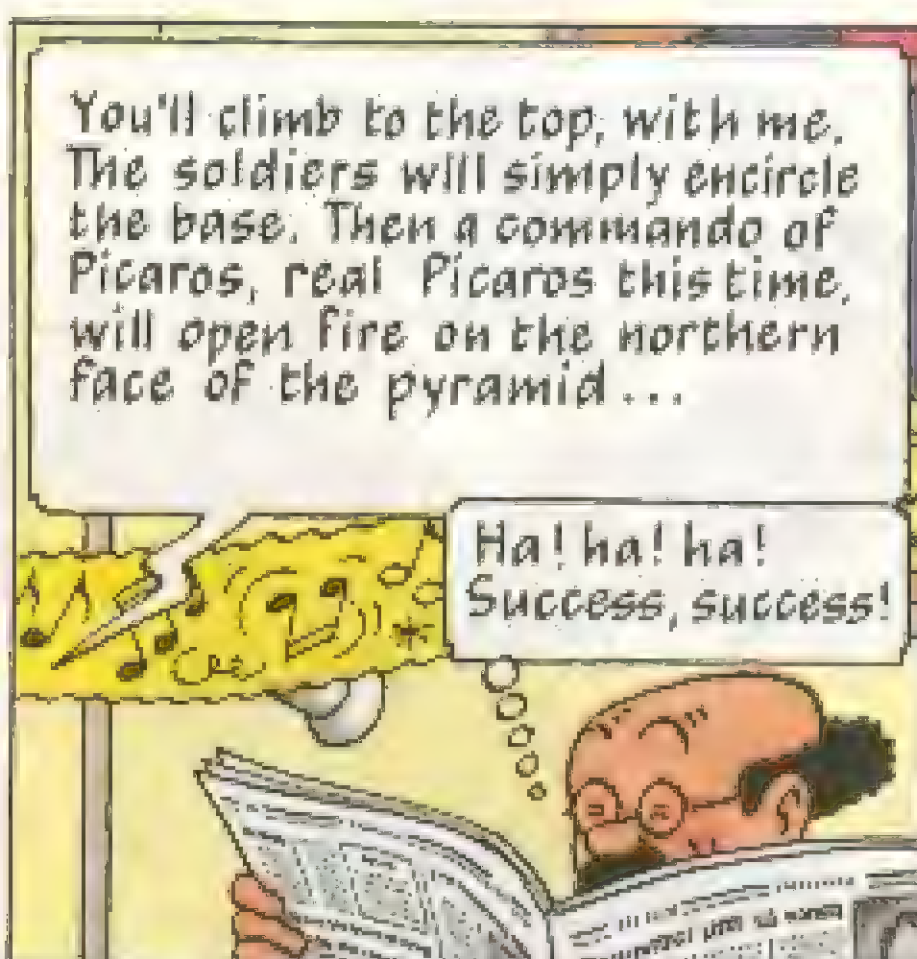
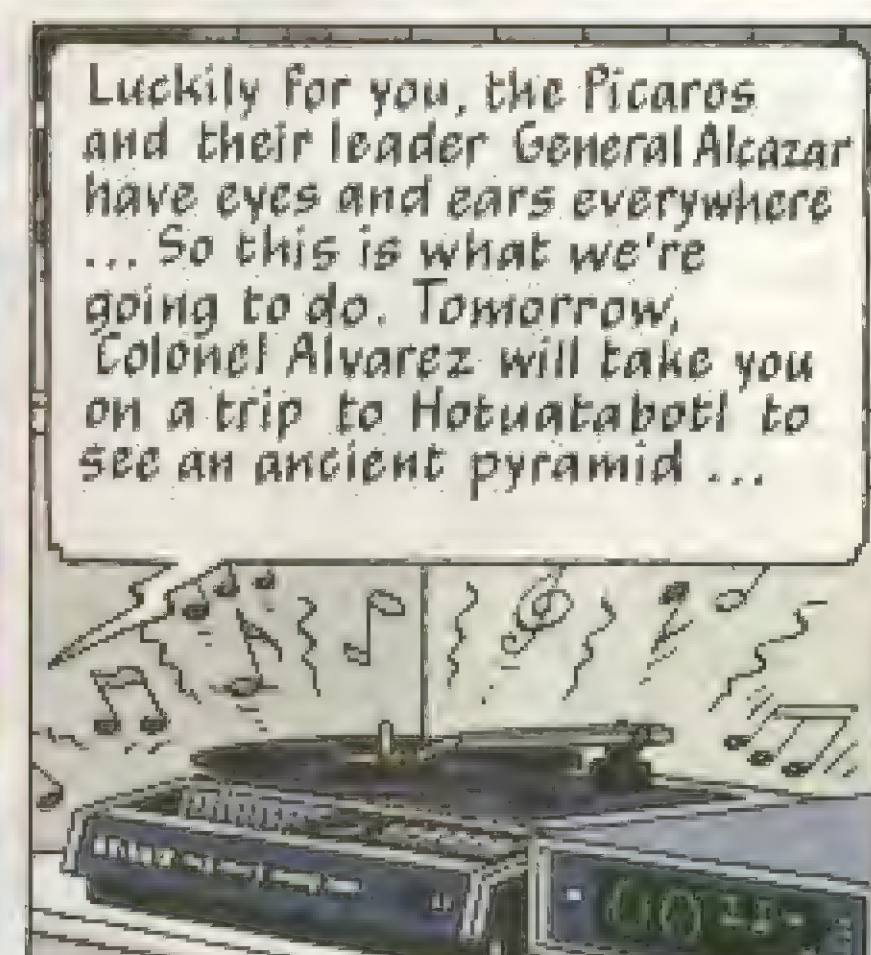
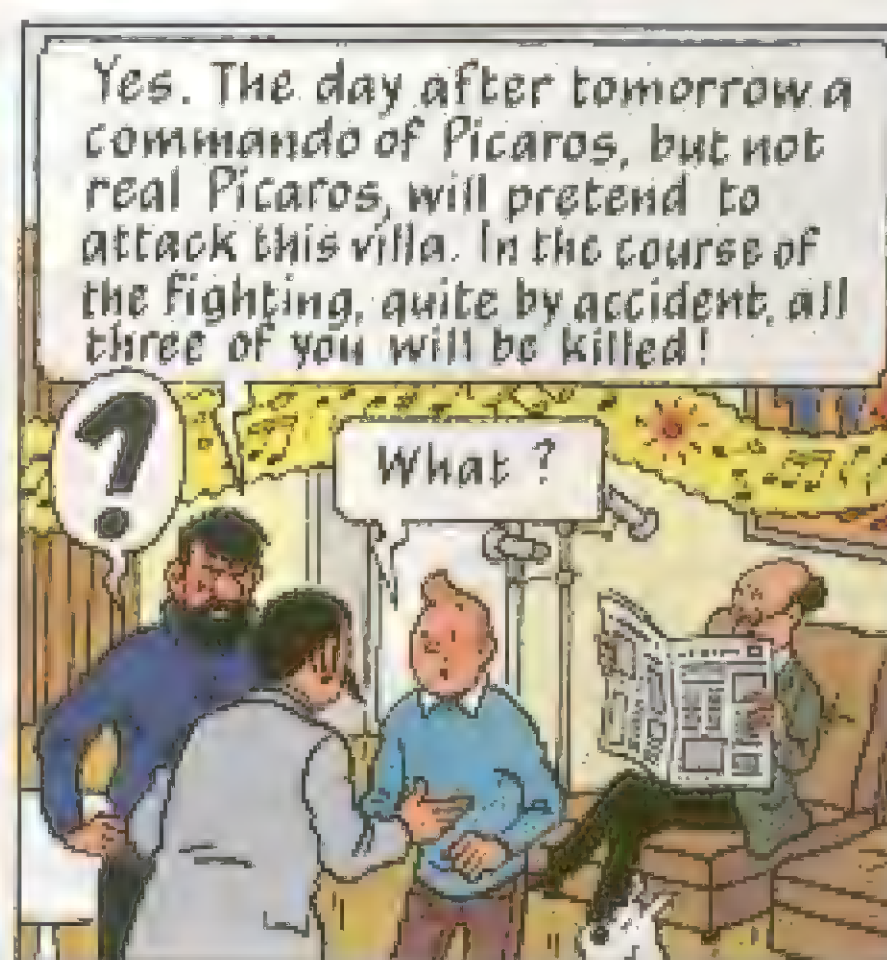


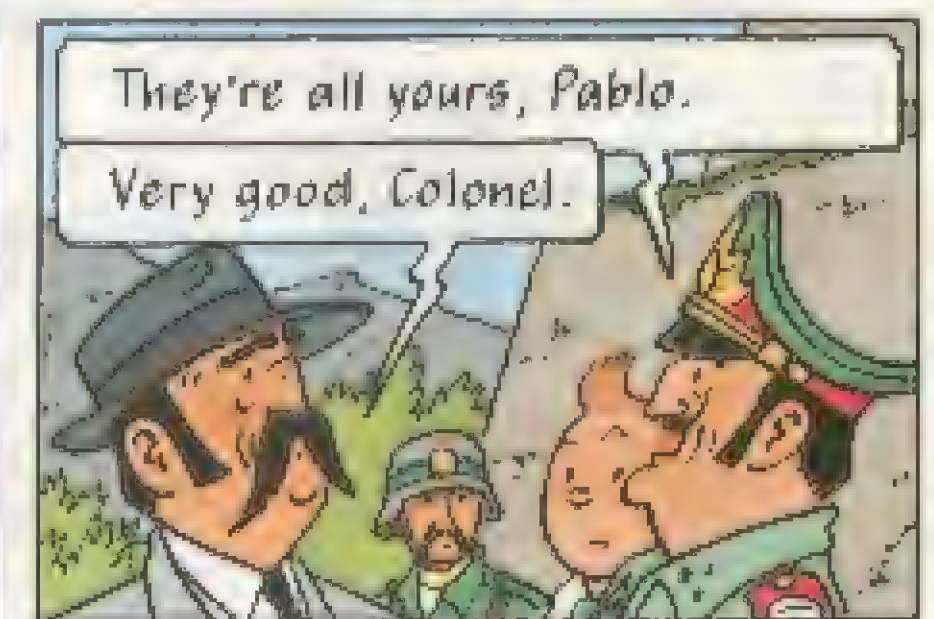
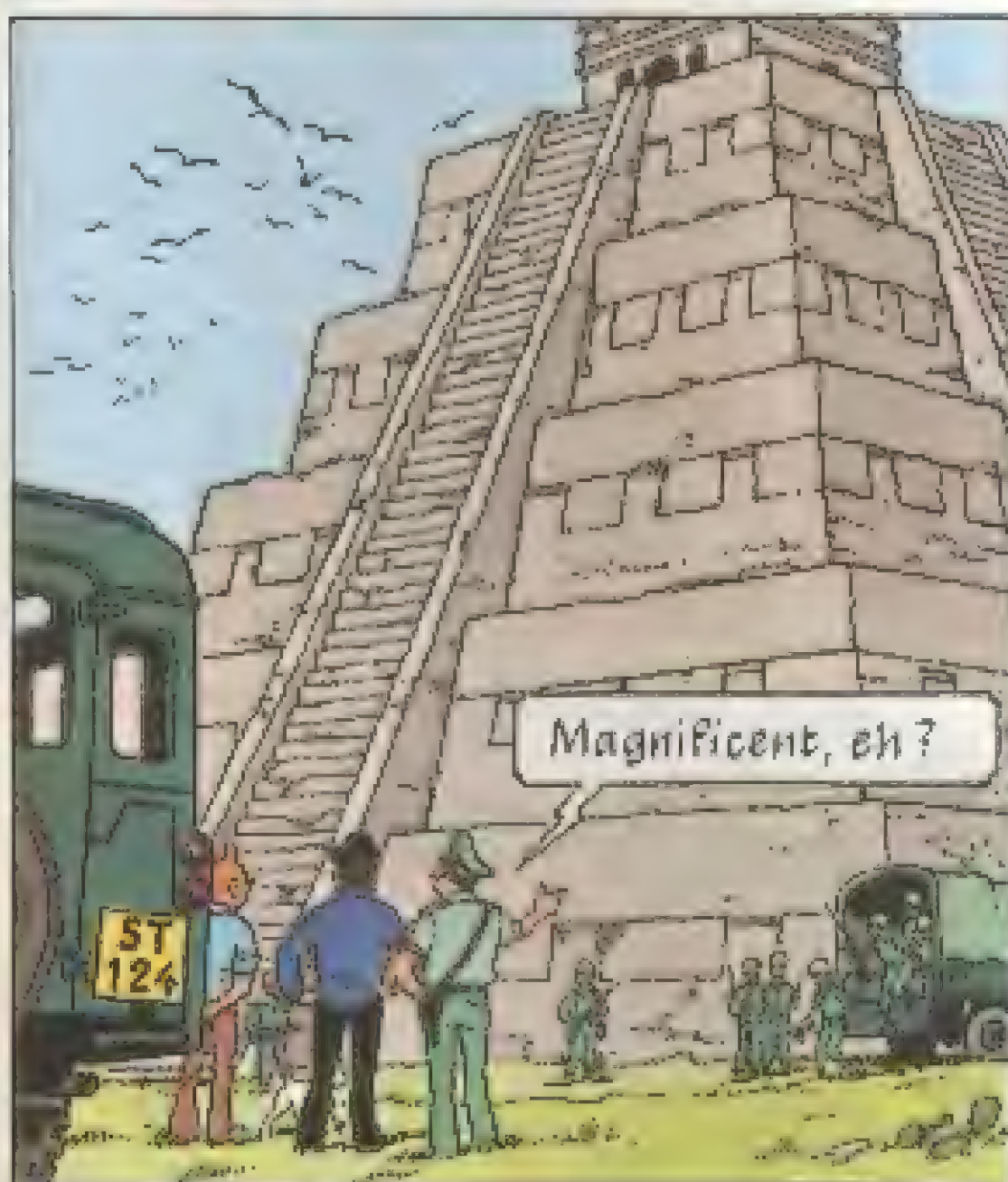
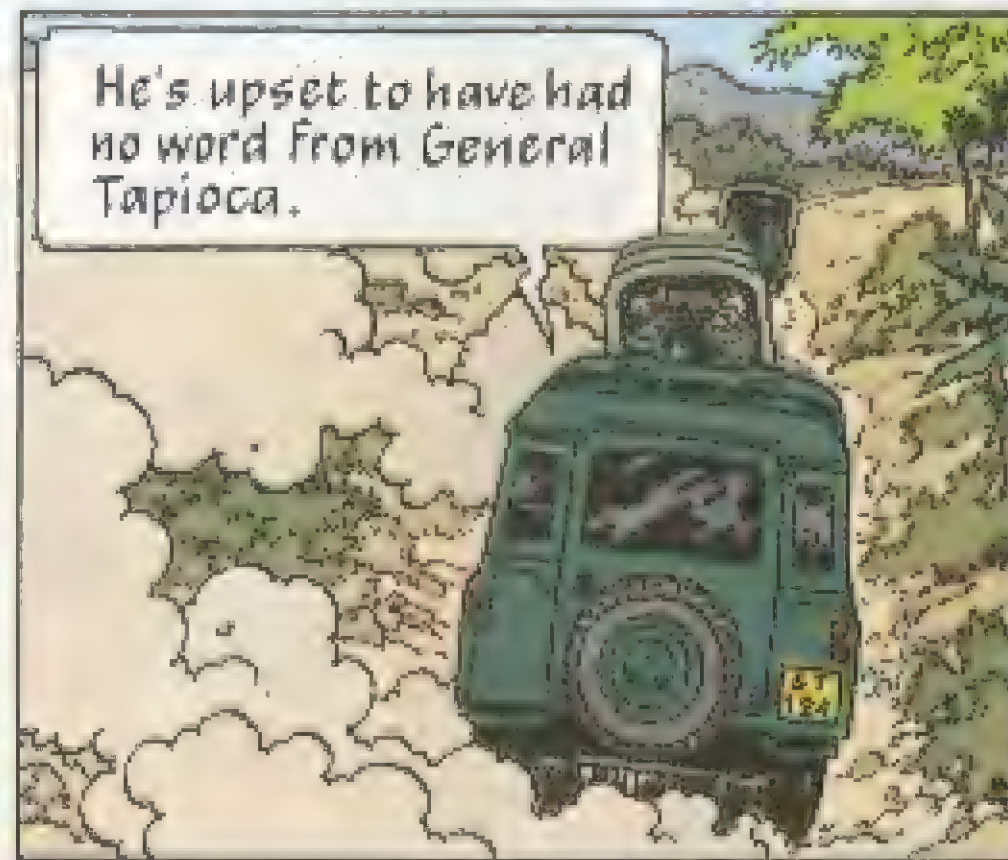
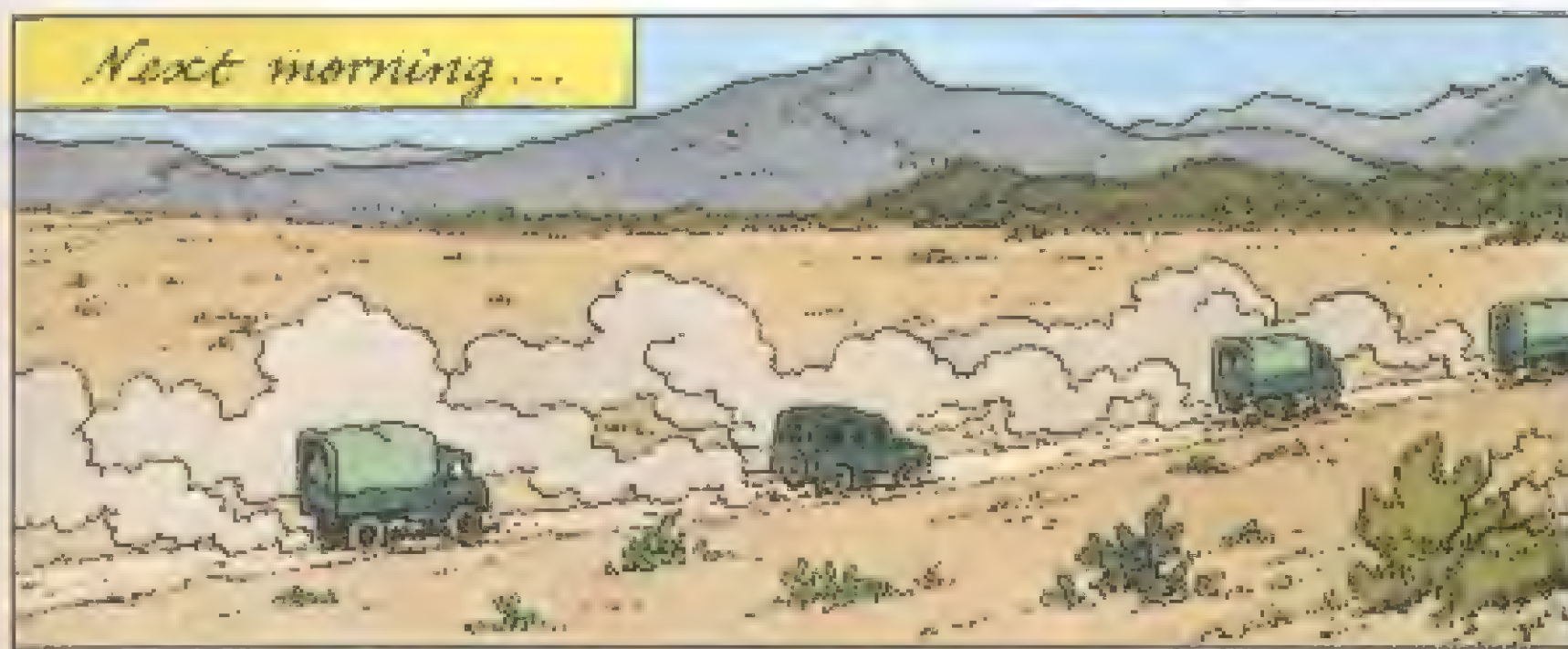
A confetti-maker for the carnival?... Or perhaps a sombrero factory?... Heaven knows what!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! What's happened to me? Why can't I take a single drop of alcohol any more?

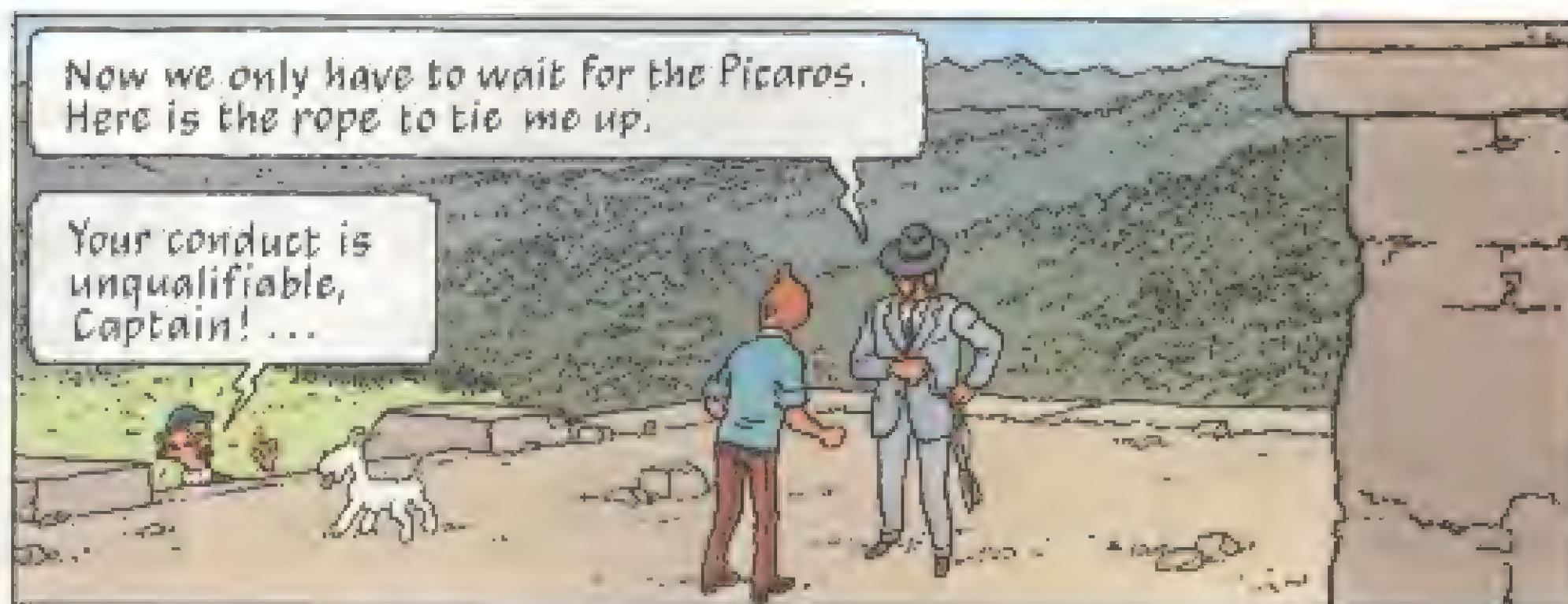






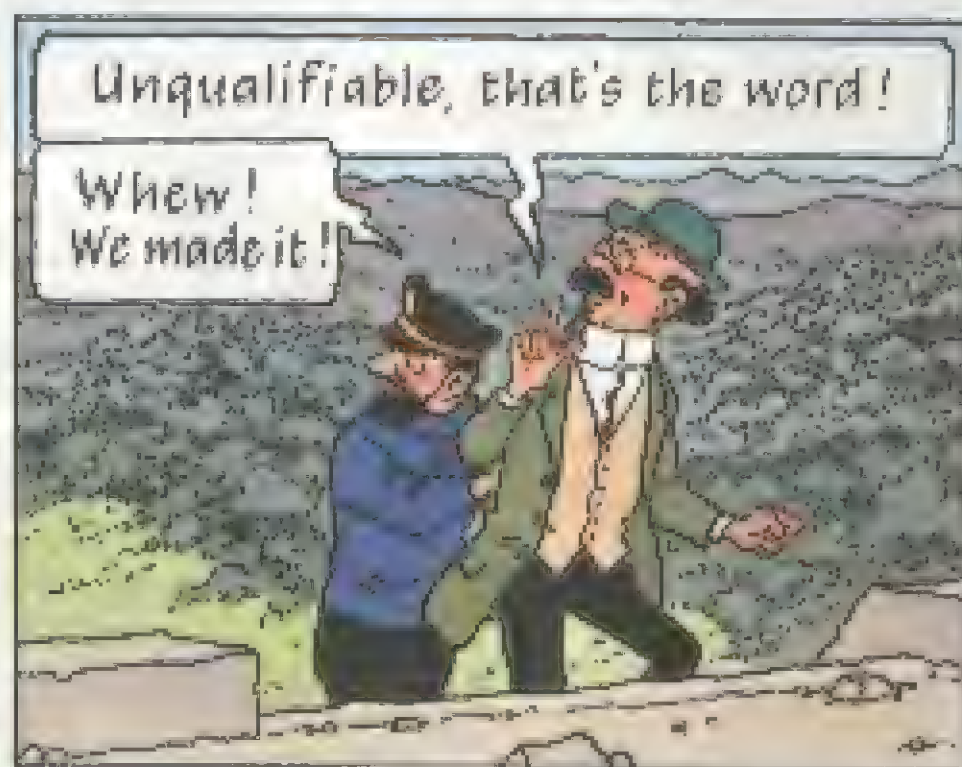


But I don't want to, I tell you...



Now we only have to wait for the Picaros. Here is the rope to tie me up.

Your conduct is unqualifiable, Captain! ...



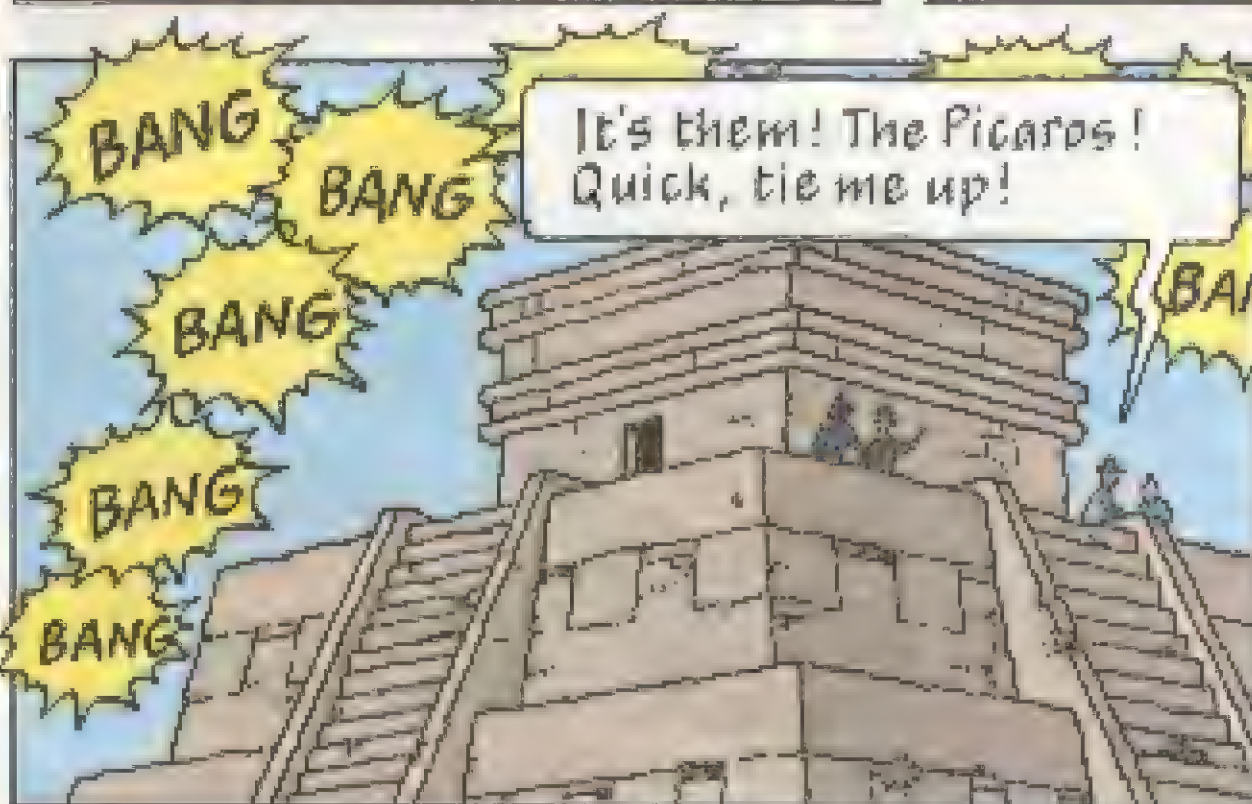
Unqualifiable, that's the word!

Whew! We made it!



And here's my gun ...

Thanks, Pablo!

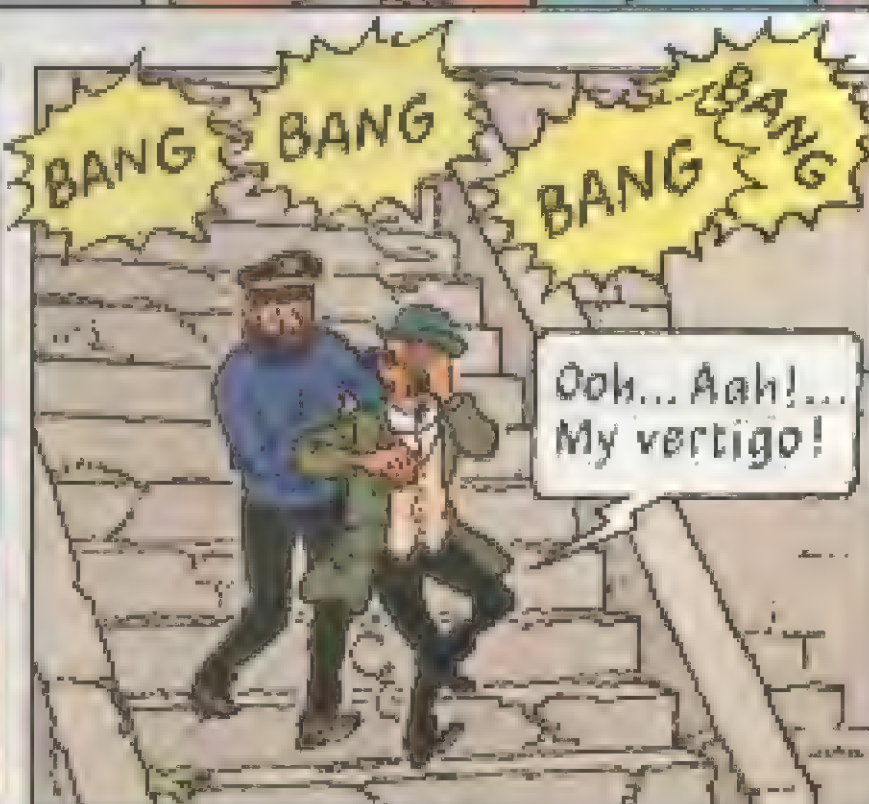


It's them! The Picaros! Quick, tie me up!

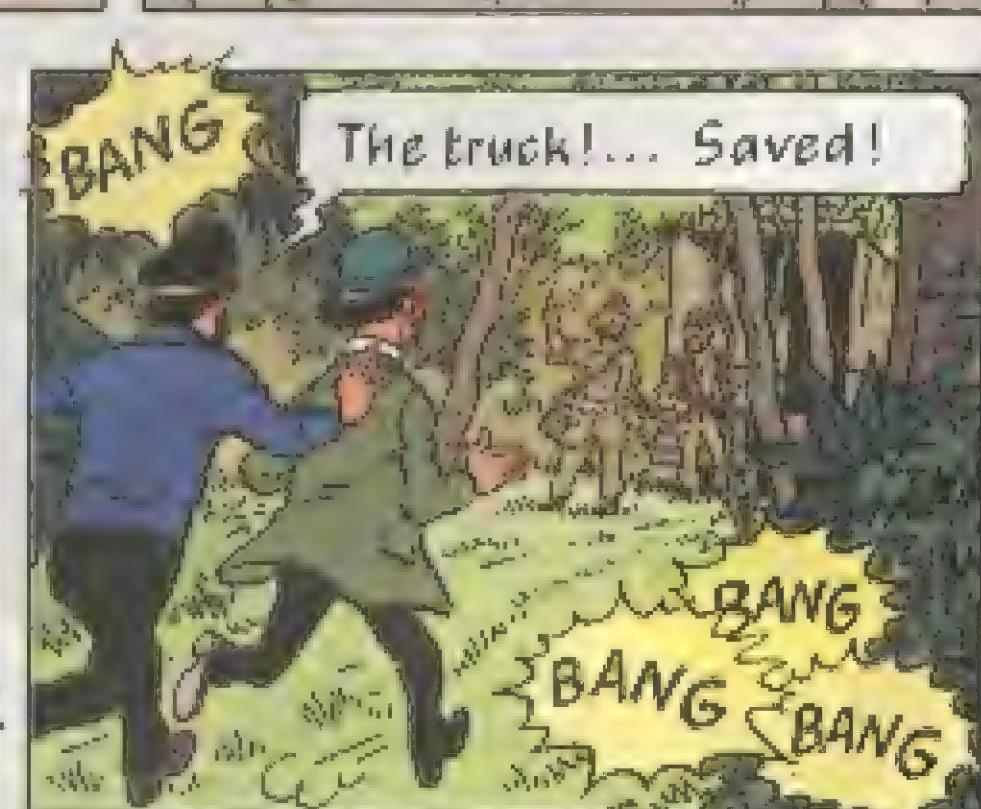


Goodbye, Pablo, I'll never forget what you've done for us!

MMM... MMM



Ooh... Aah!... My vertigo!



The truck!... Saved!

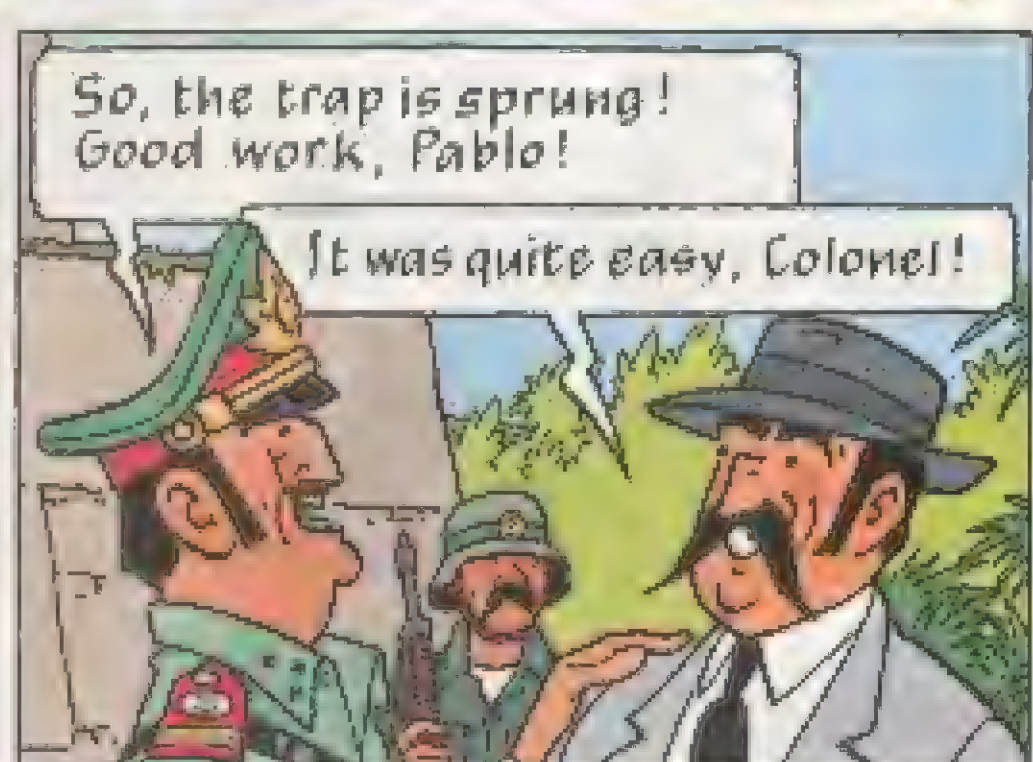


In with the driver, quick!



Hop in, amigo mio!

General Alcazar!!



So, the trap is sprung! Good work, Pablo!

It was quite easy, Colonel!

Puma calling Jaguar! ...
Puma calling Jaguar! ...
Are you receiving me? ...
Come in now... Over ...



Jaguar calling Puma! ...
Jaguar calling Puma! ... Re-
ceiving you strength five... Over.



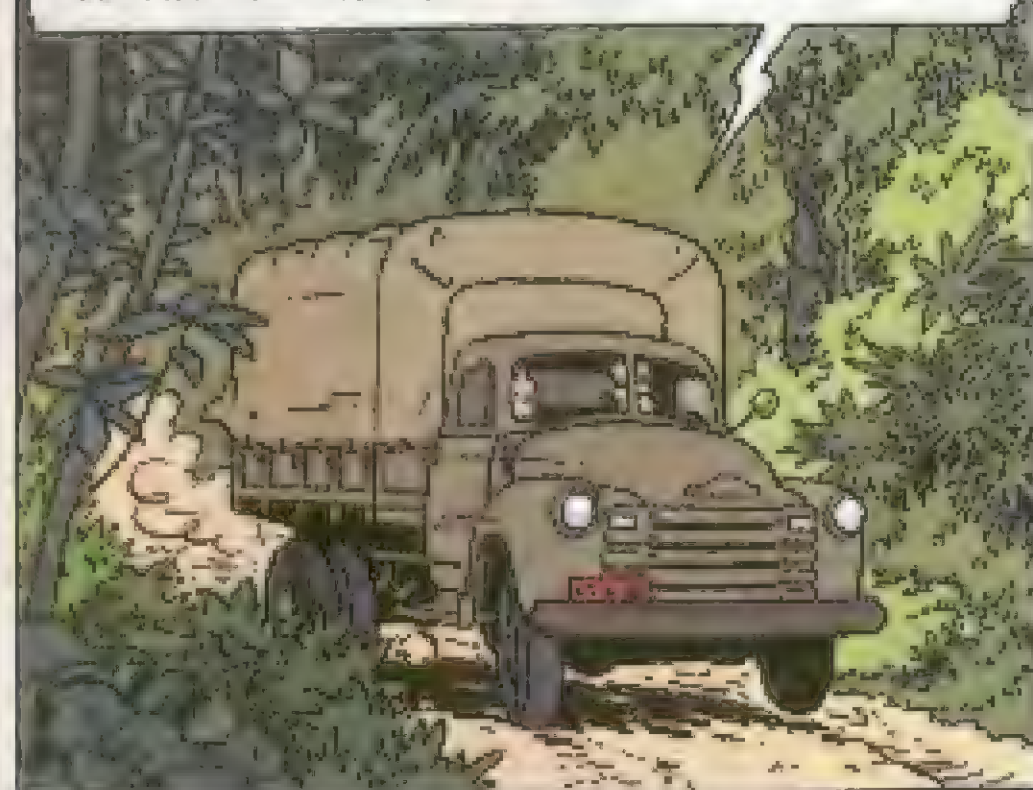
The truck's on its
way... they'll be with
you in seven or
eight minutes...
Mind you don't miss!



Be like missing an
elephant at three
metres in an alley,
Colonel! ... And I've
never done that
yet!



You see, General Alcazar is true
to his friends!



You can count on me! ... So the
minute I received your message
I decided to move ...



Our message? ... You say
you received a message
from us?



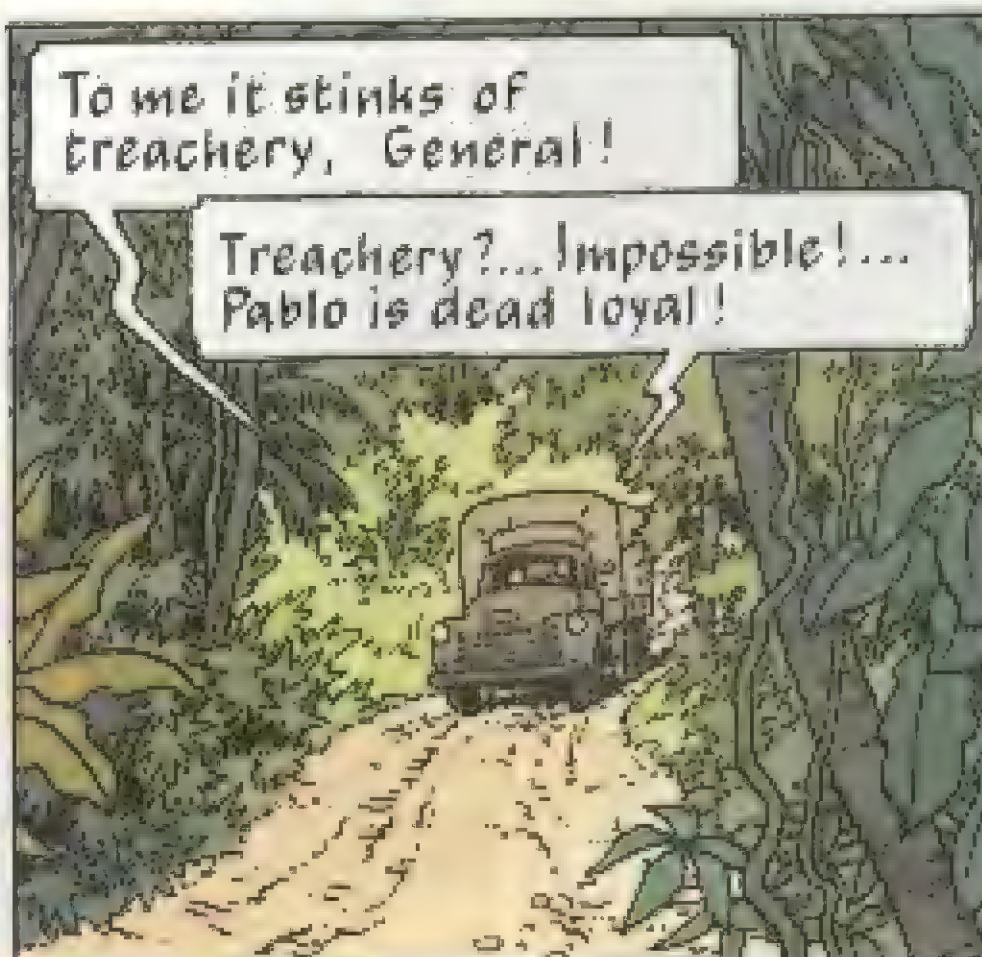
Sure, the one Pablo
brought me... What's
the matter? You seem
surprised about something.

I certainly am! ... Because we never
sent you any message... On the
contrary, it was Pablo who told us,
from you, that our lives were in
danger but that you'd pull us
out of trouble.



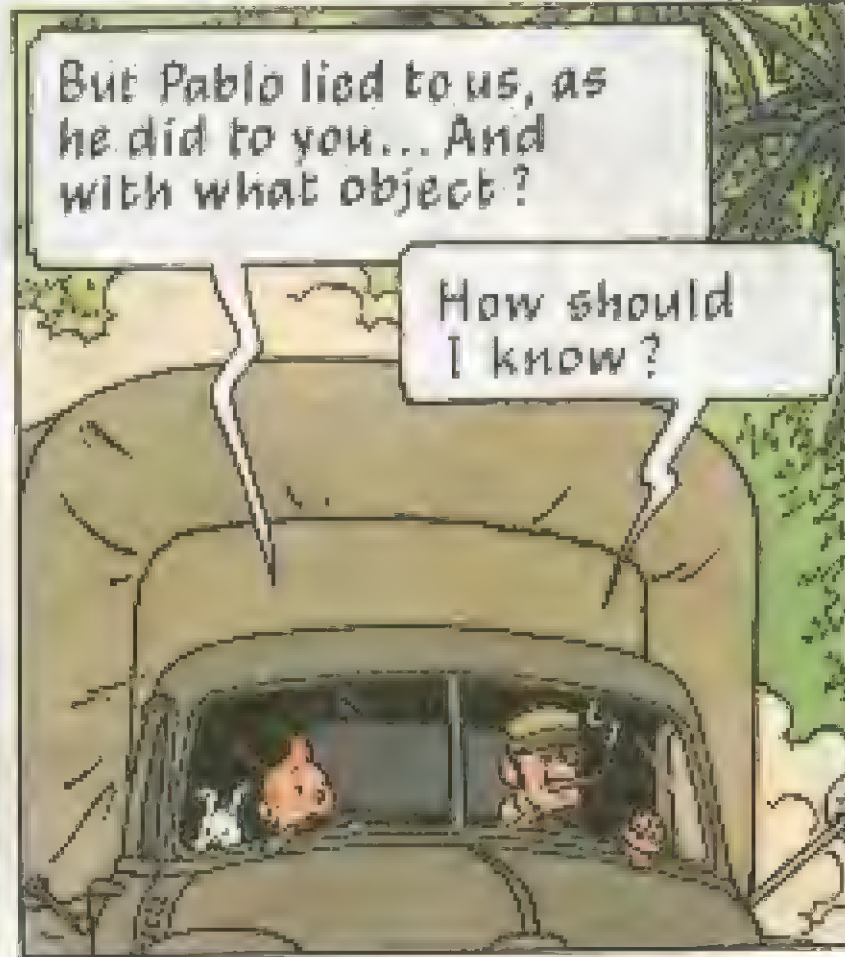
To me it stinks of
treachery, General!

Treachery? ... Impossible! ...
Pablo is dead loyal!



But Pablo lied to us, as
he did to you... And
with what object?

How should
I know?



It bothers me, General... I've
got a feeling someone's
setting a trap for us...



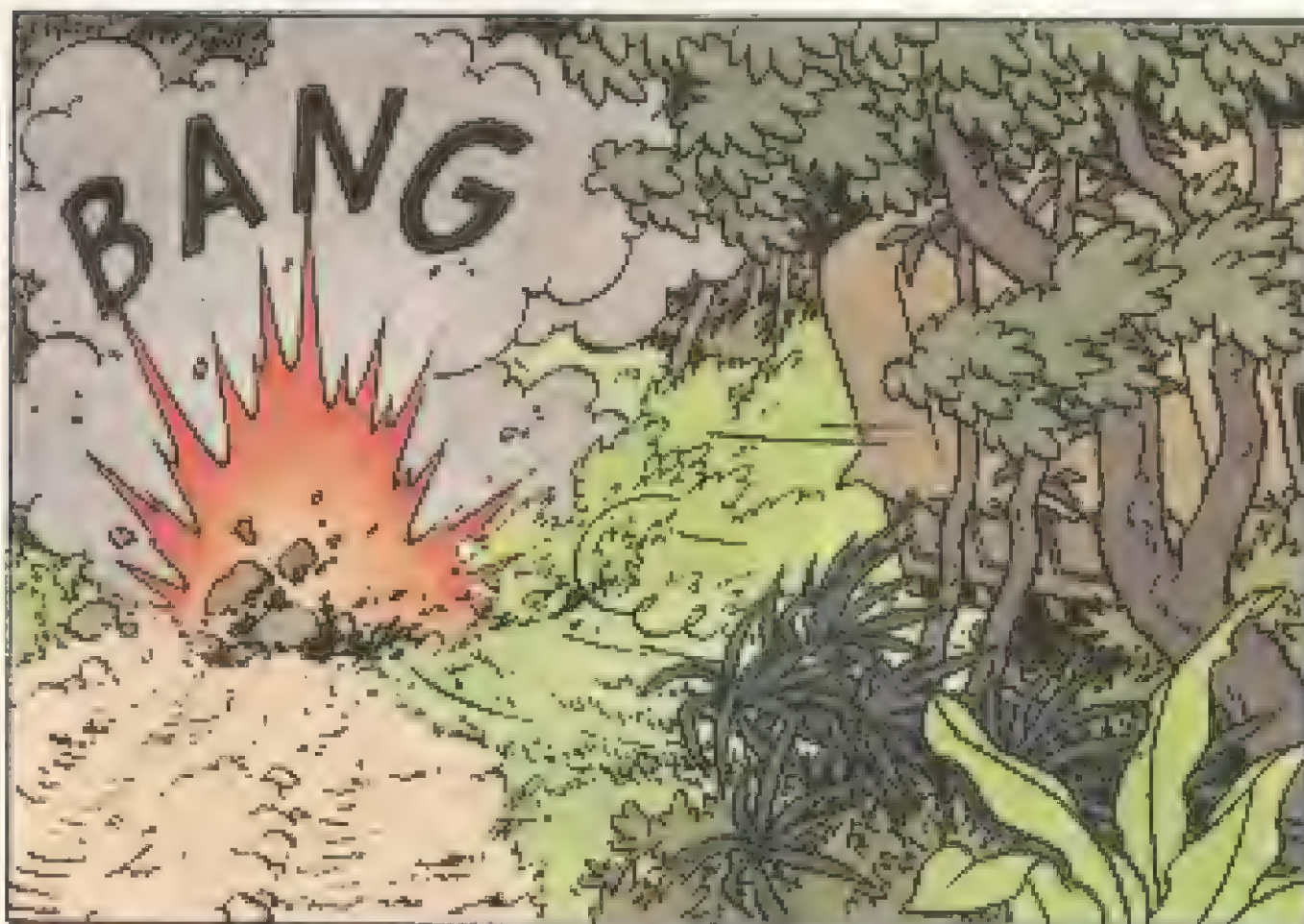
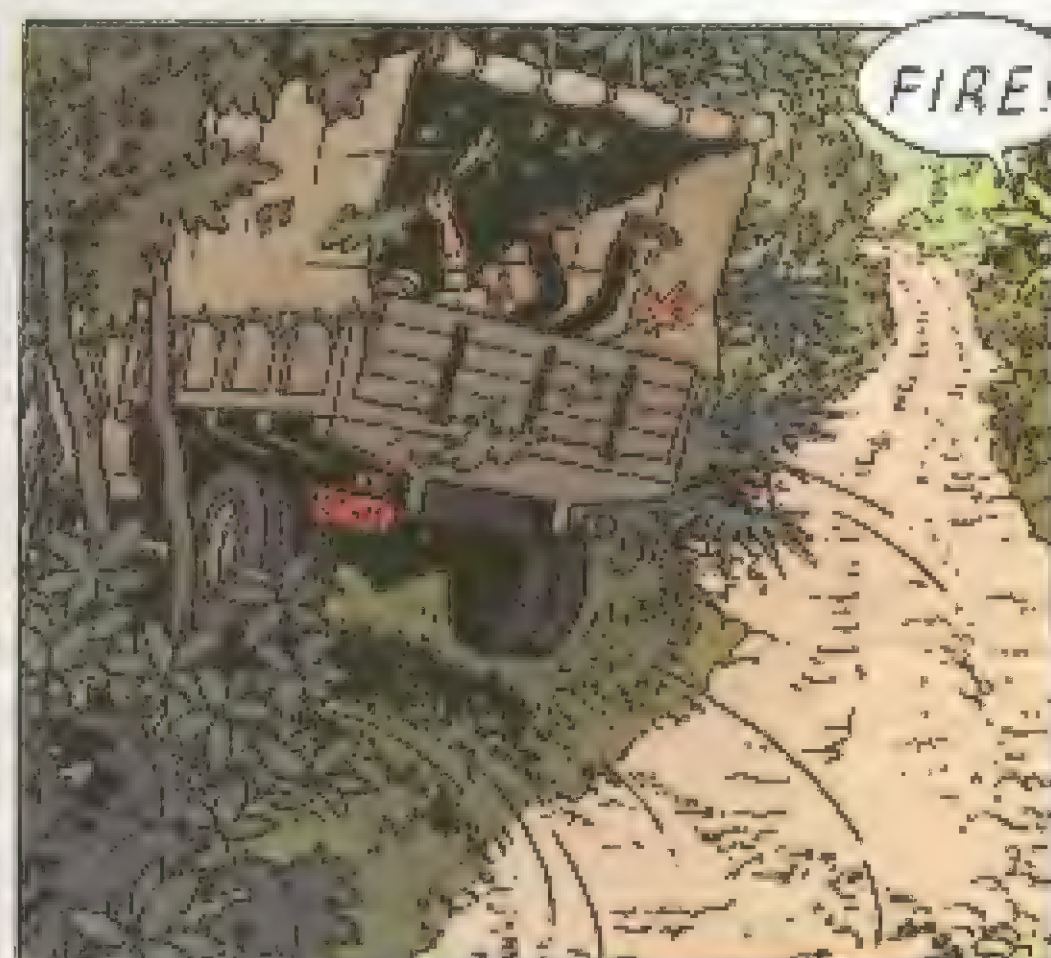
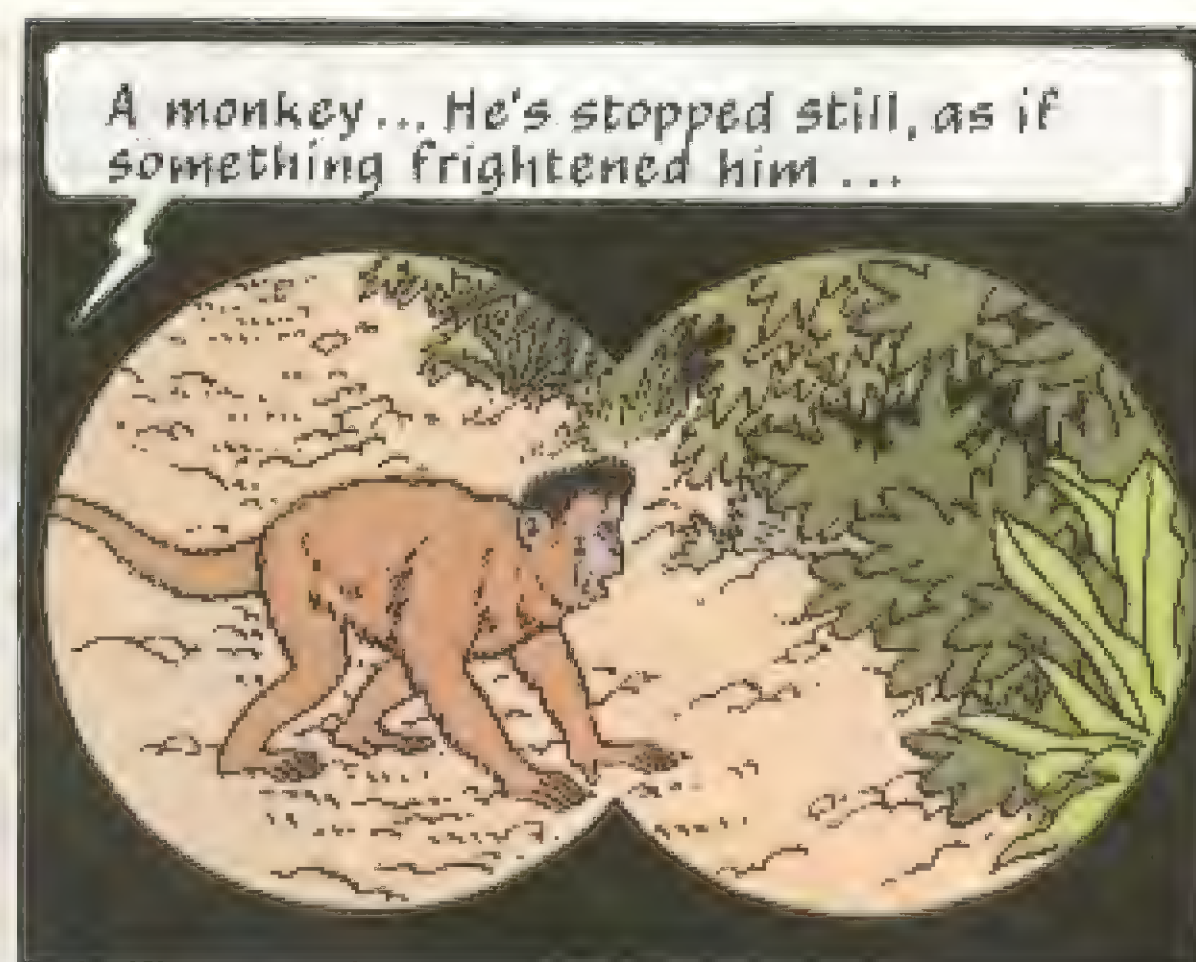
Let's stop, General: we need
time to think ...

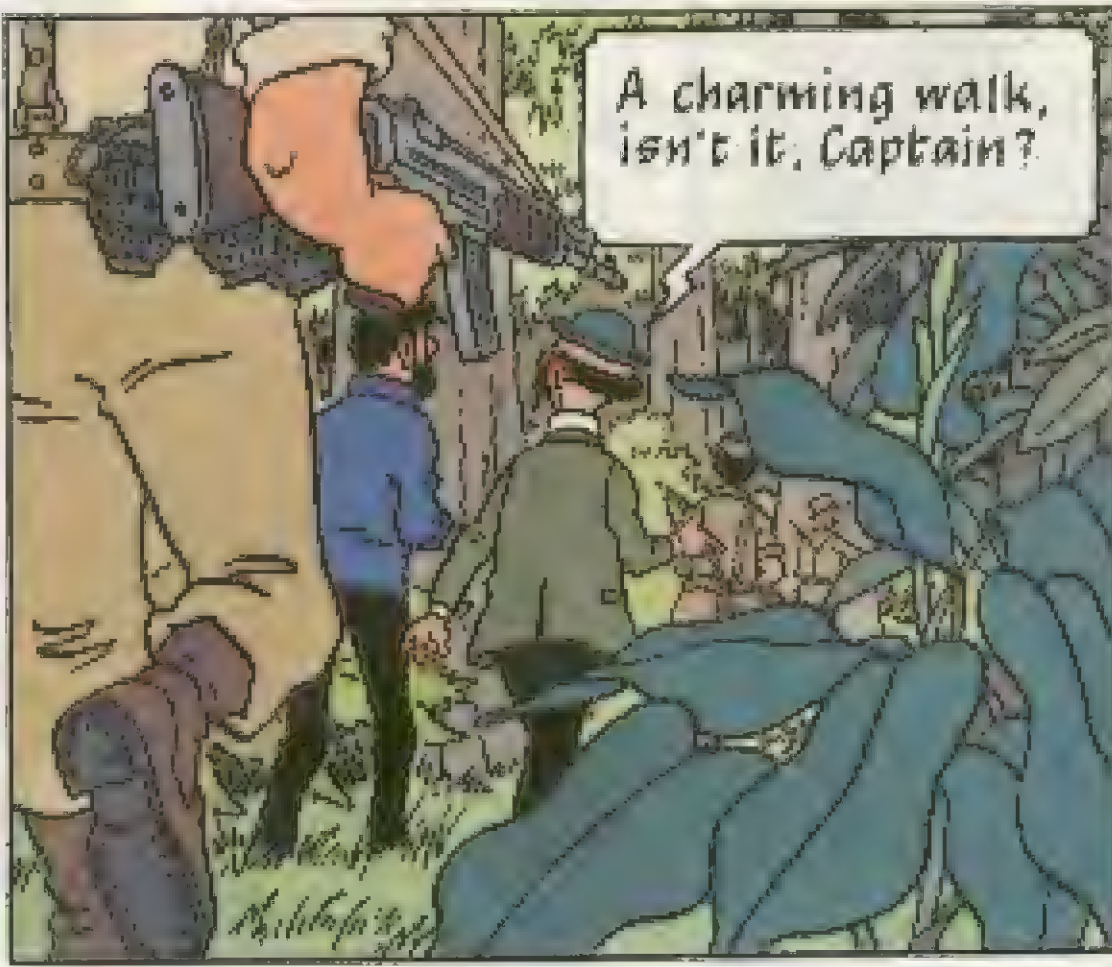
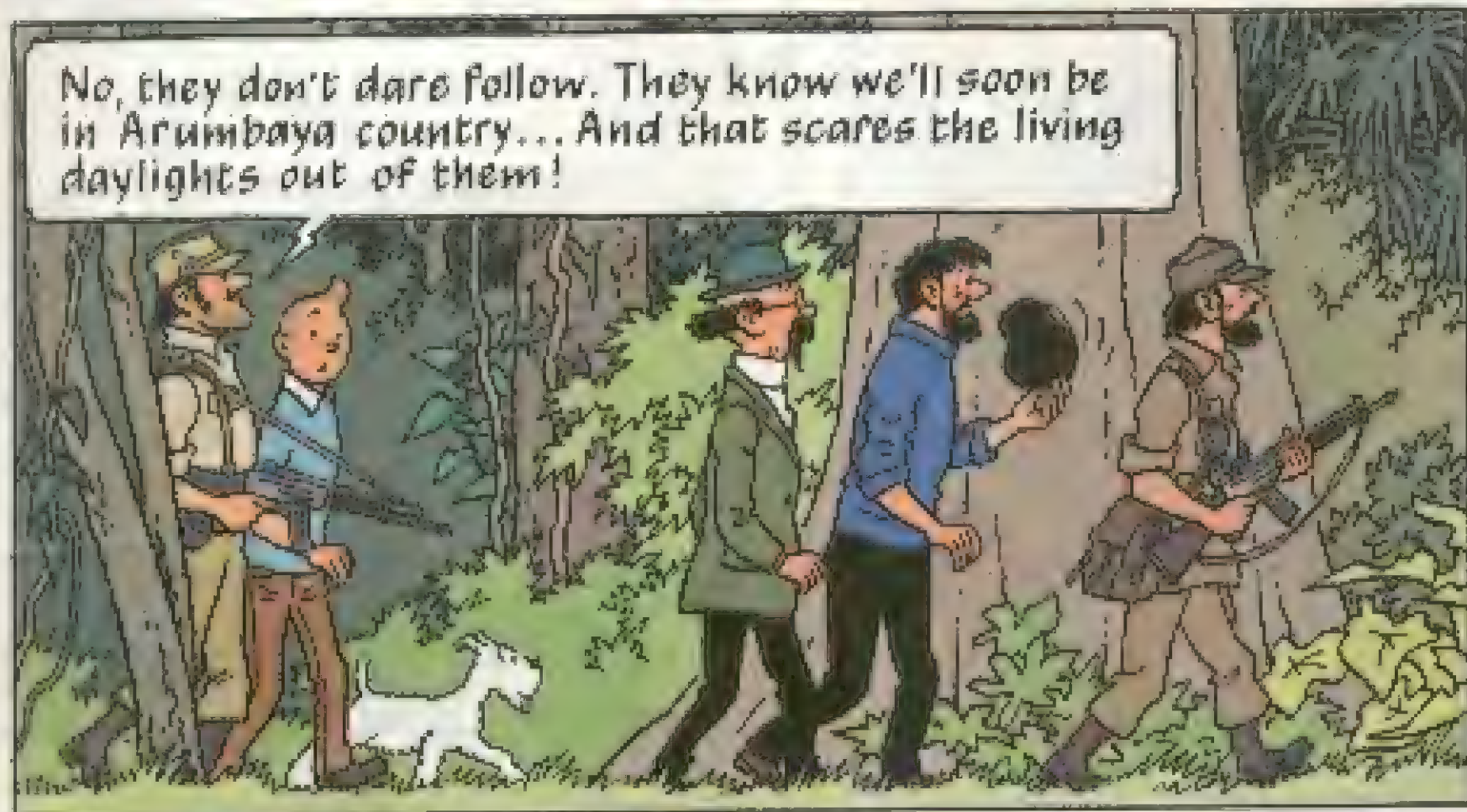
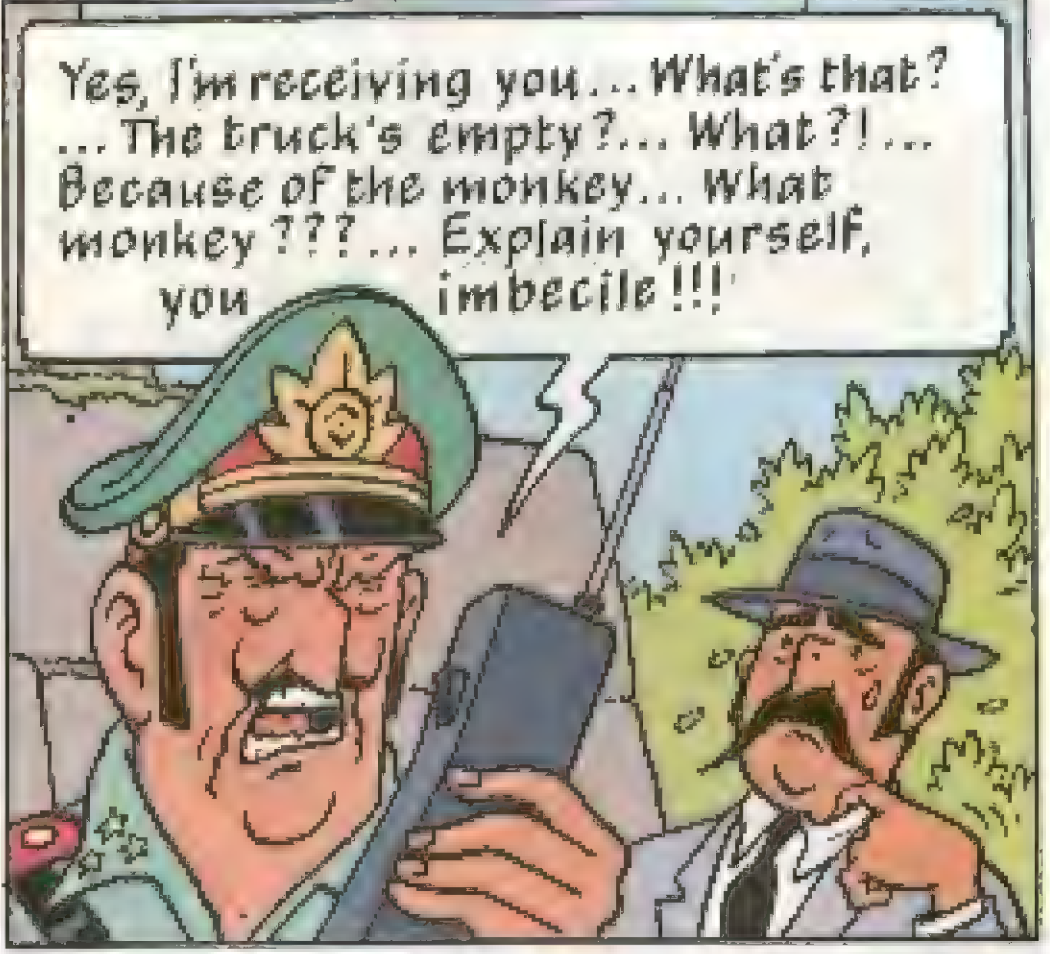
No way, amigo! We've a
long trip ahead... and
there's nothing to fear.

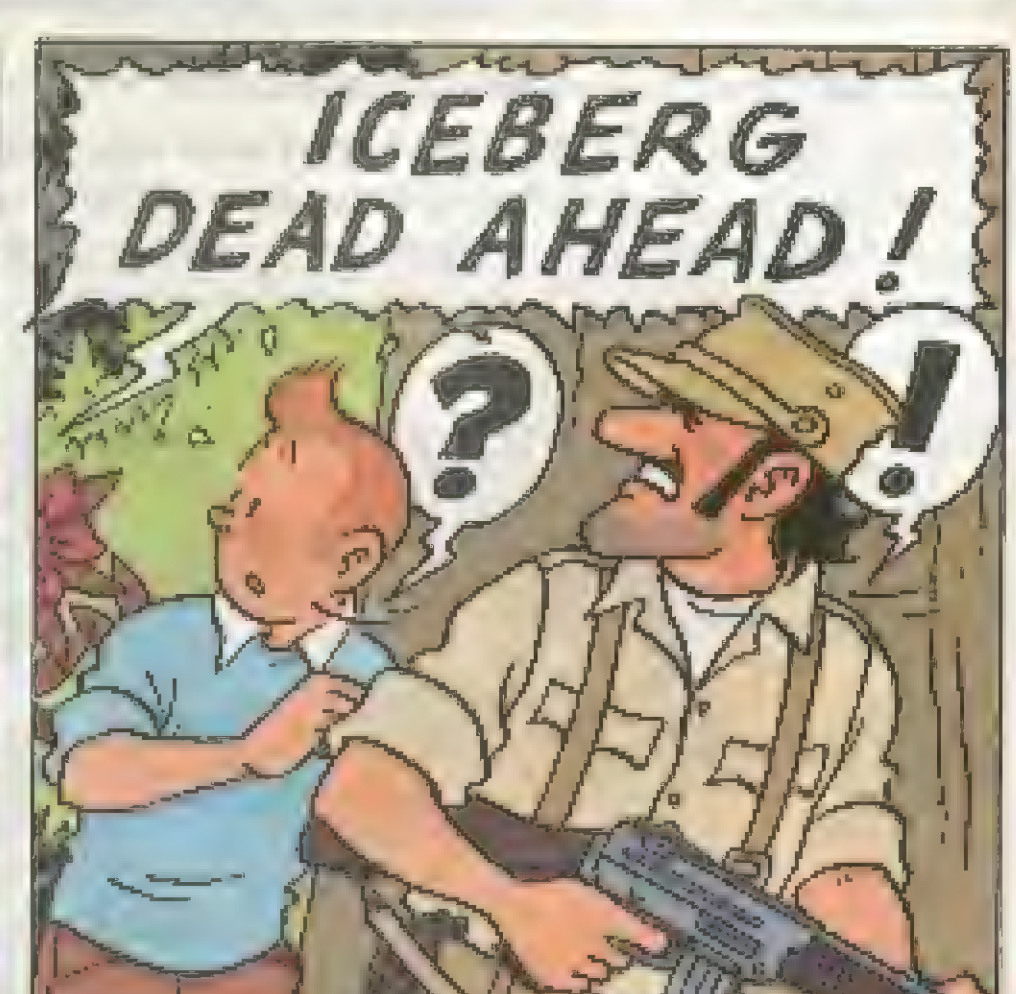
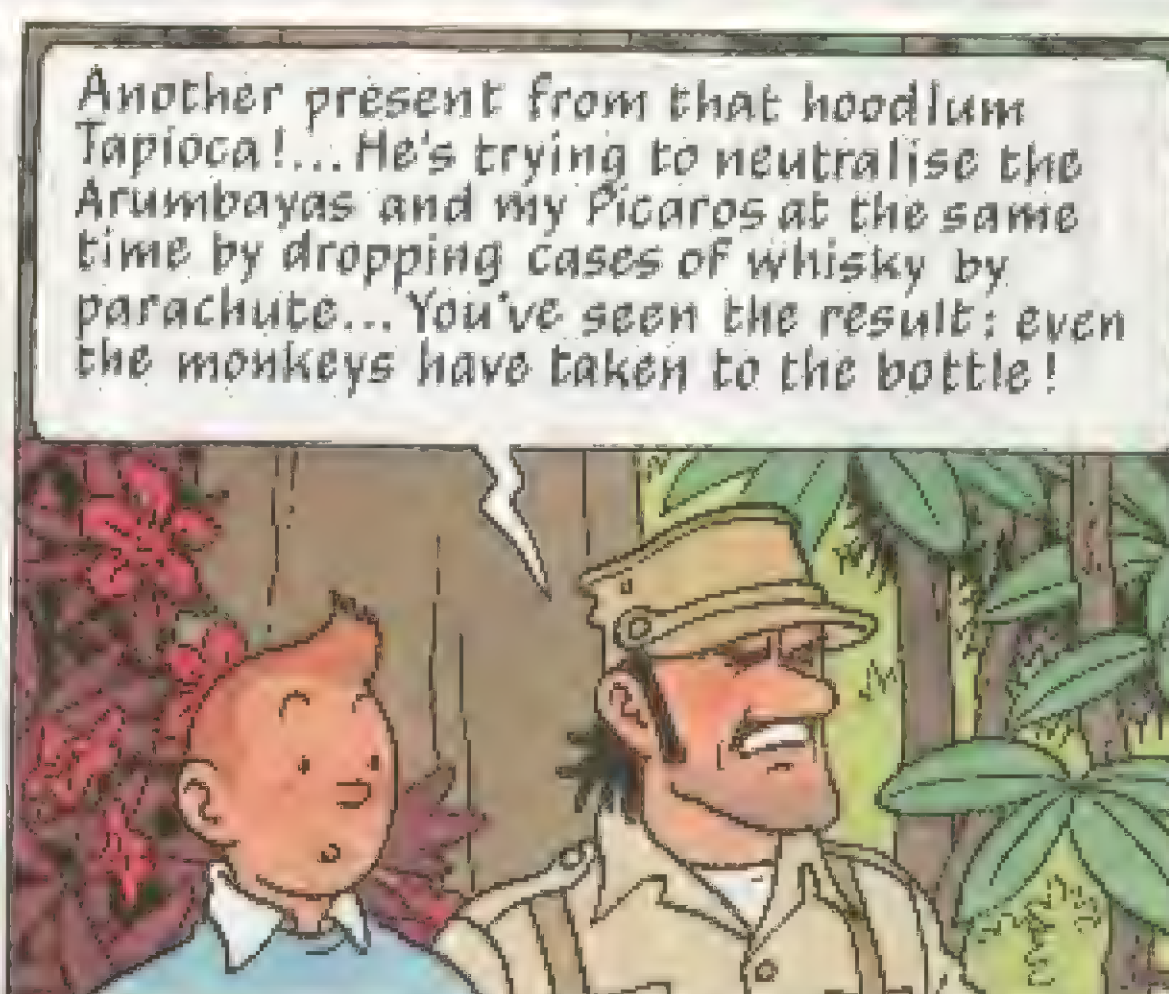
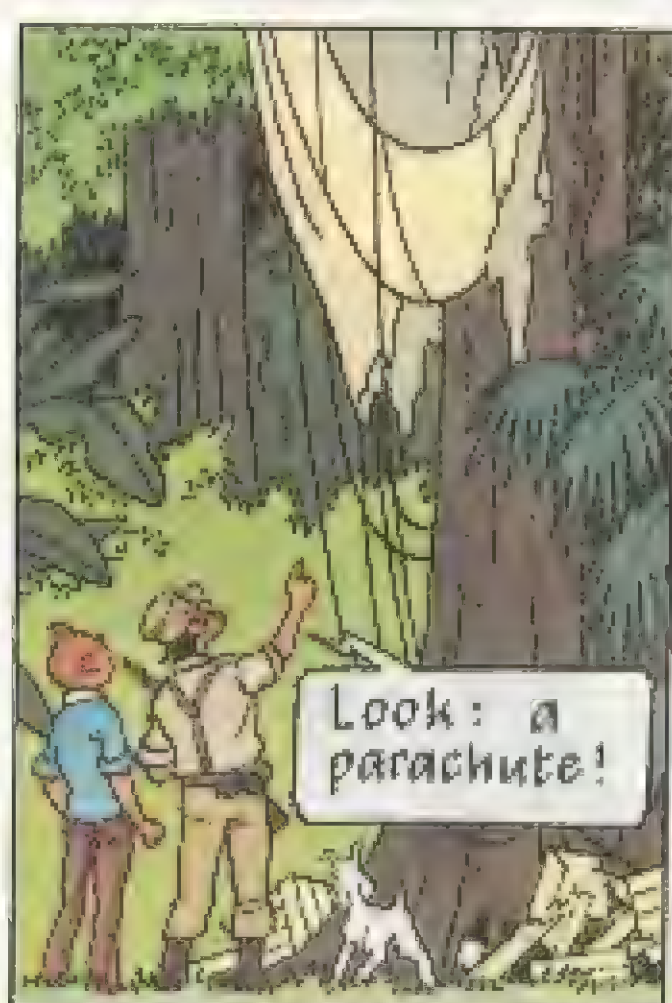
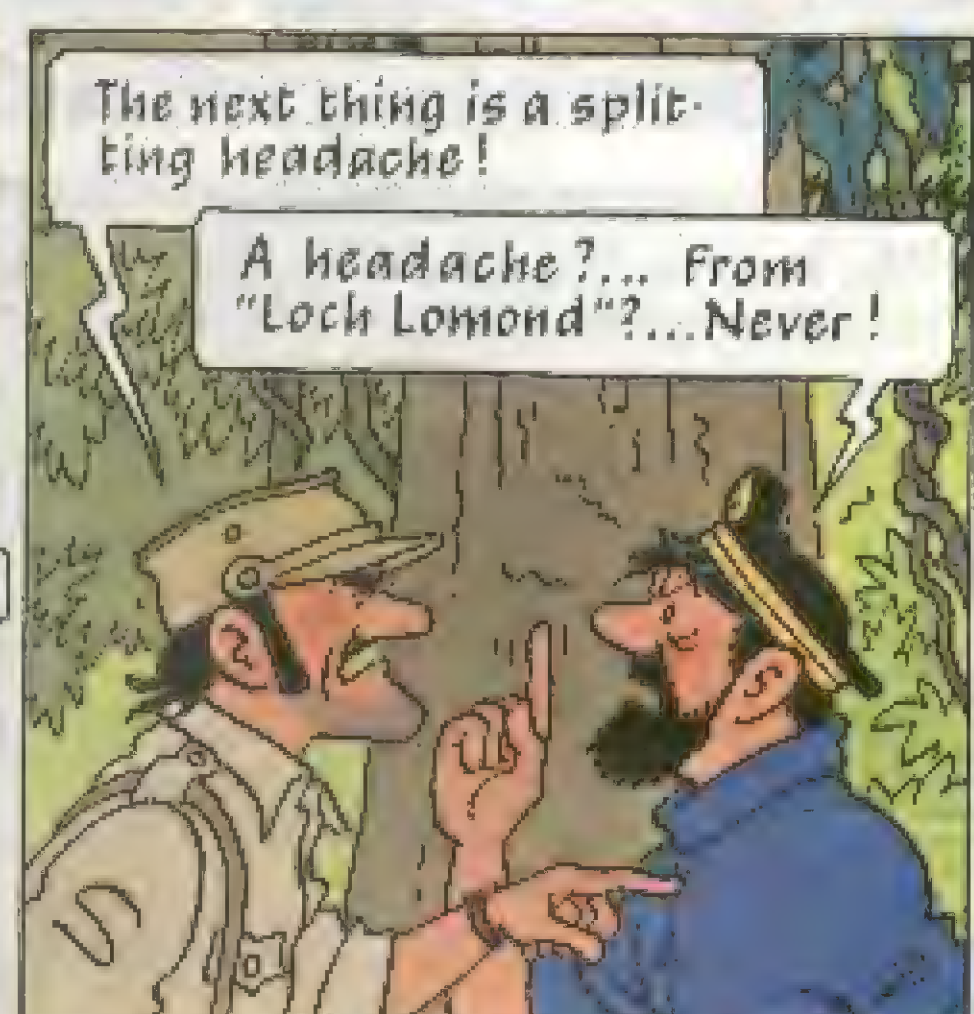


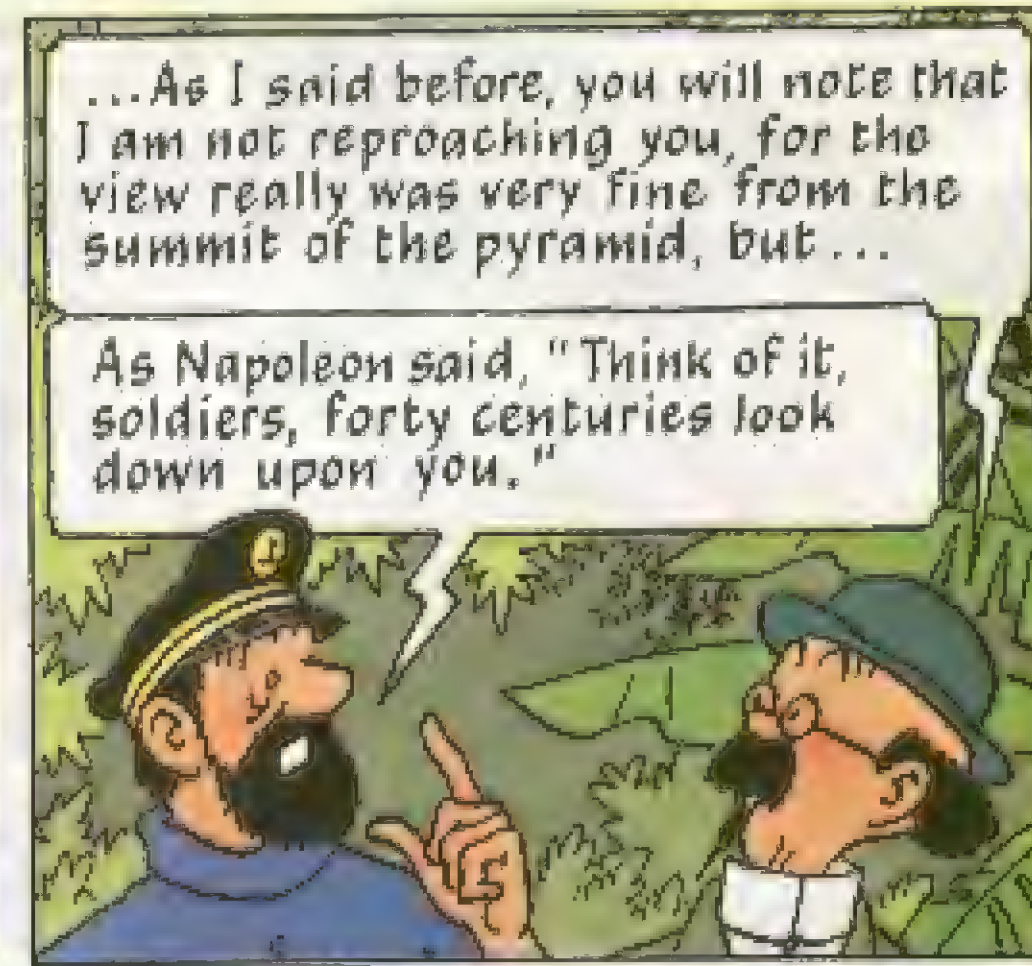
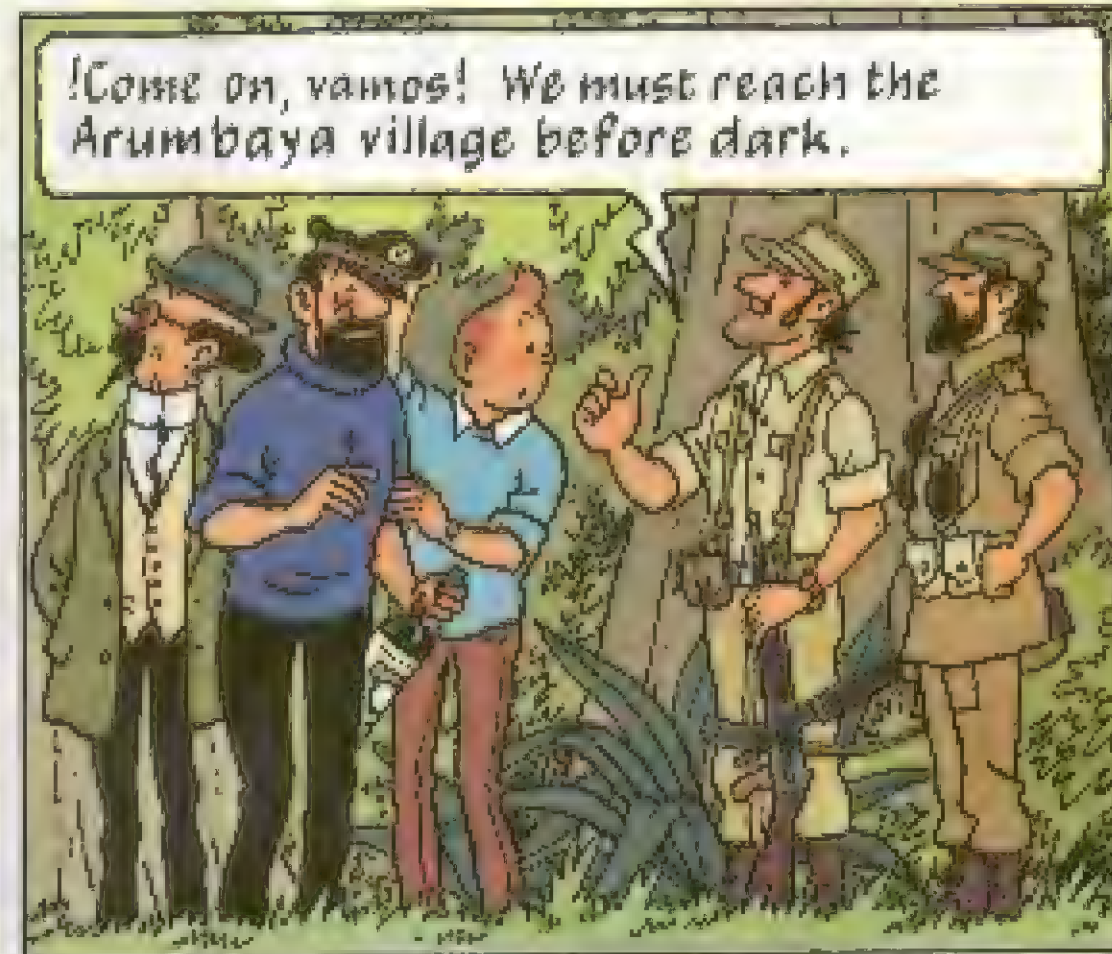
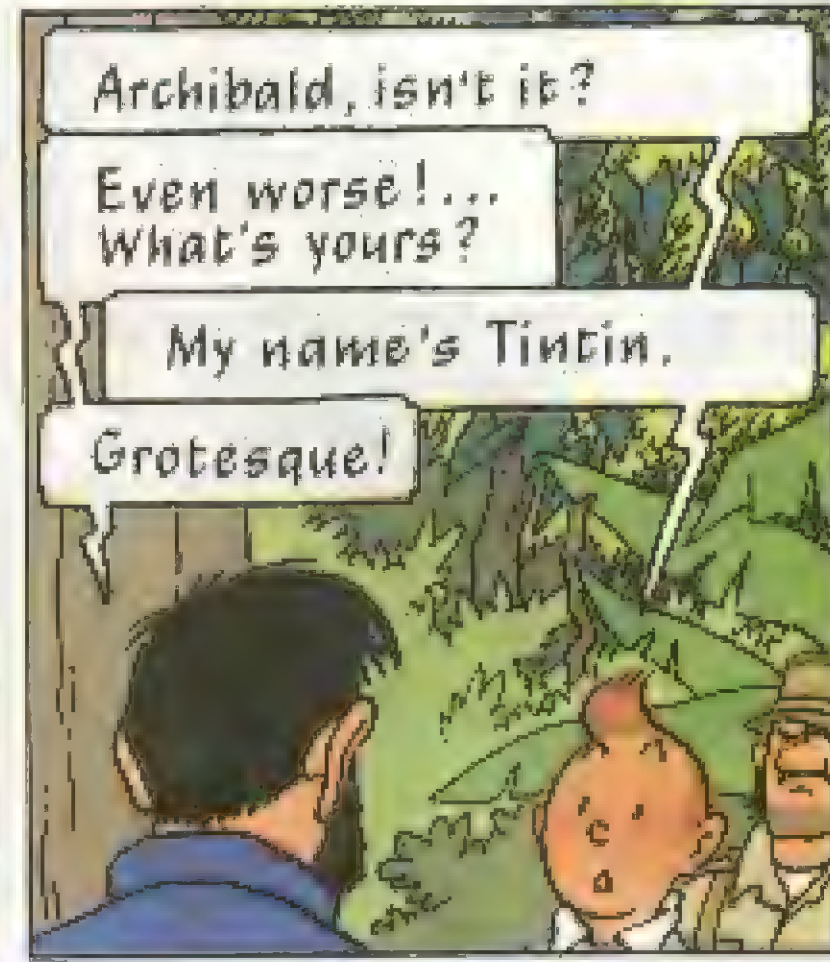
Jaguar calling Puma... We
can see the truck now...

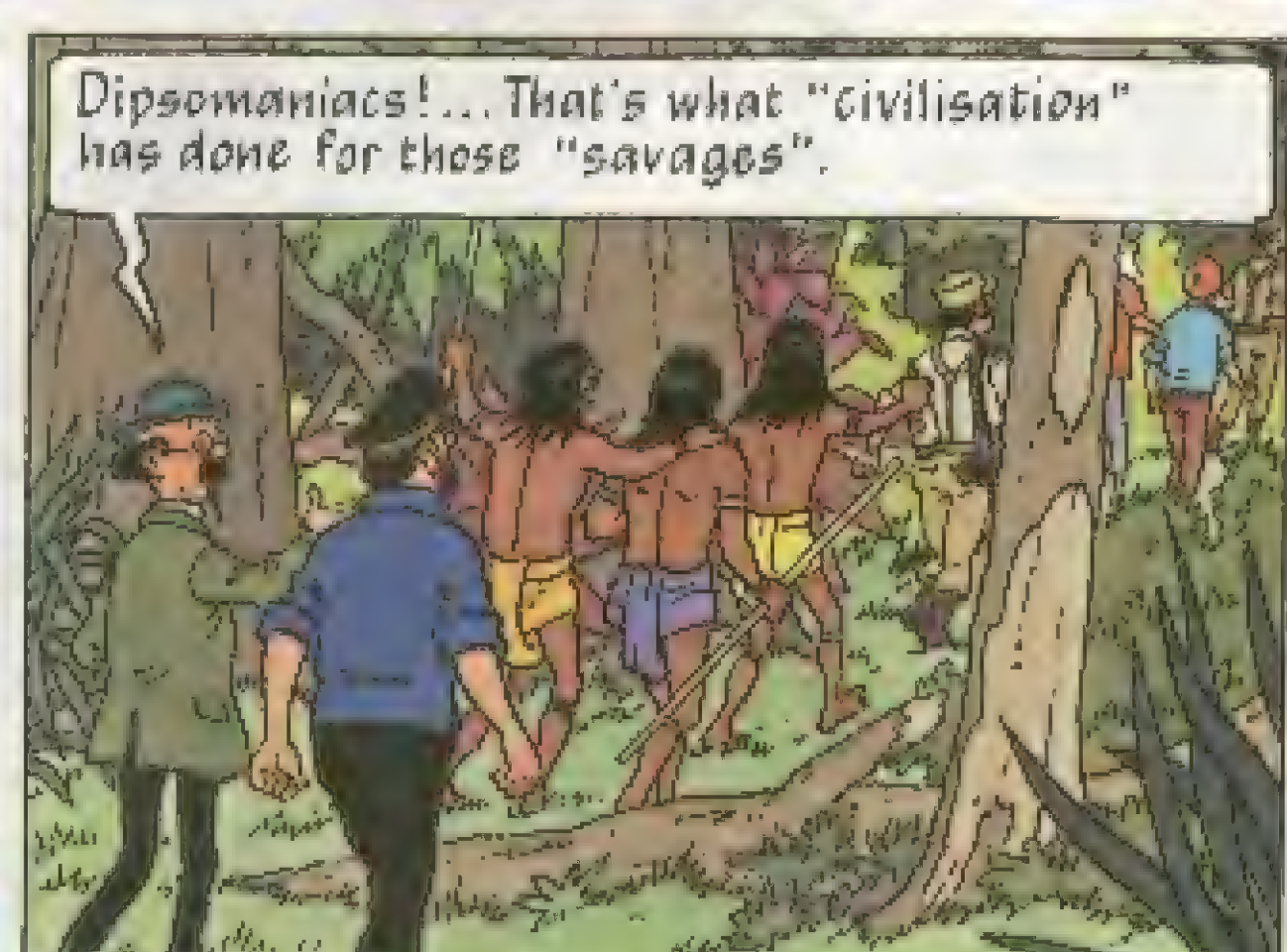


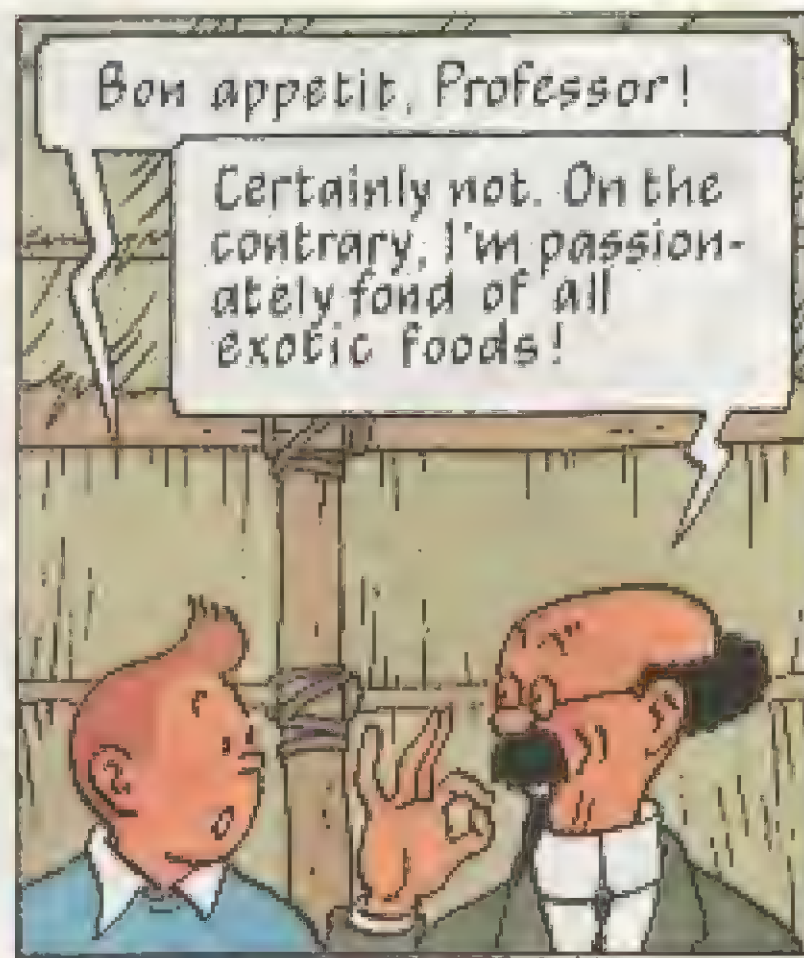
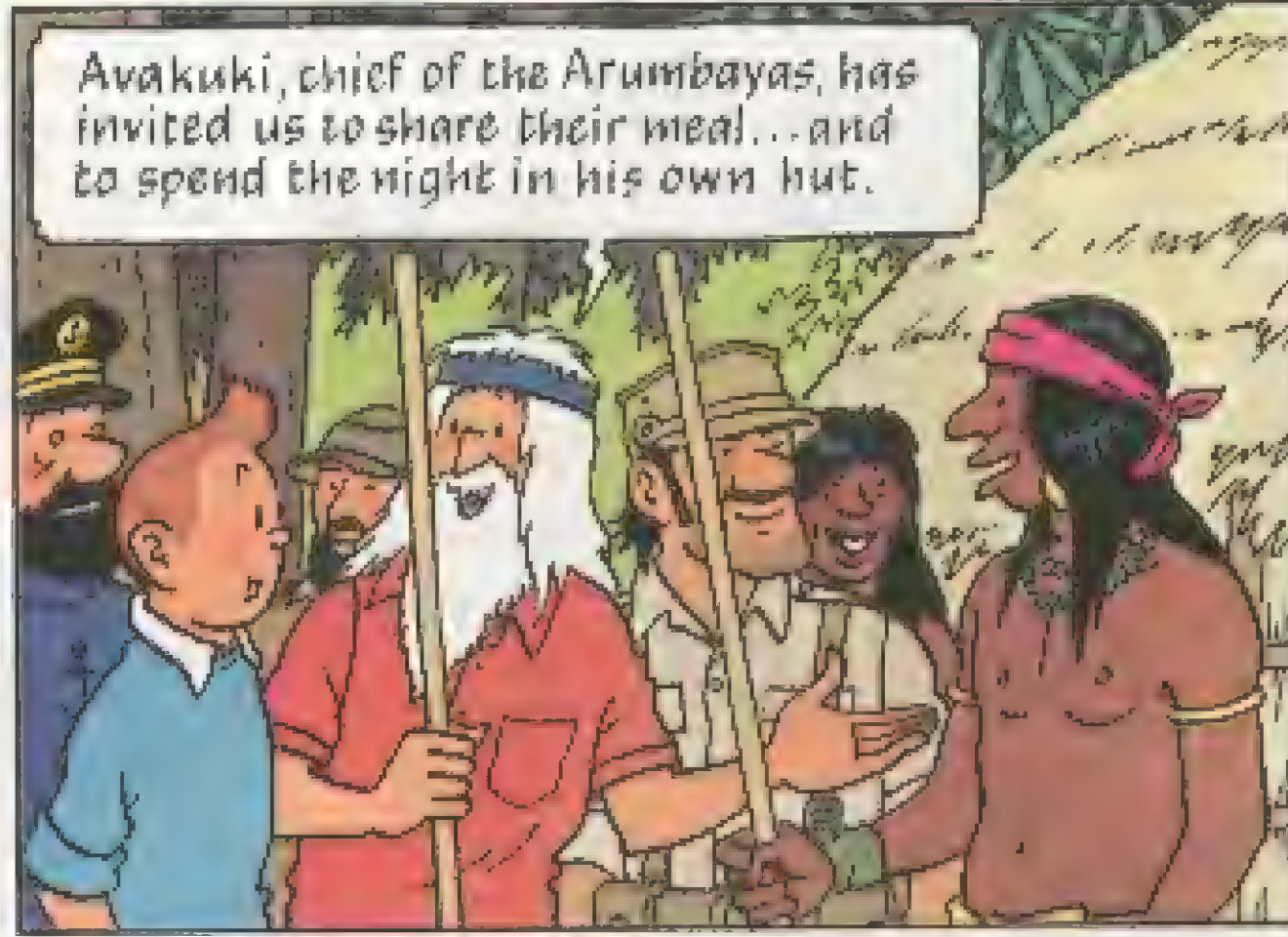


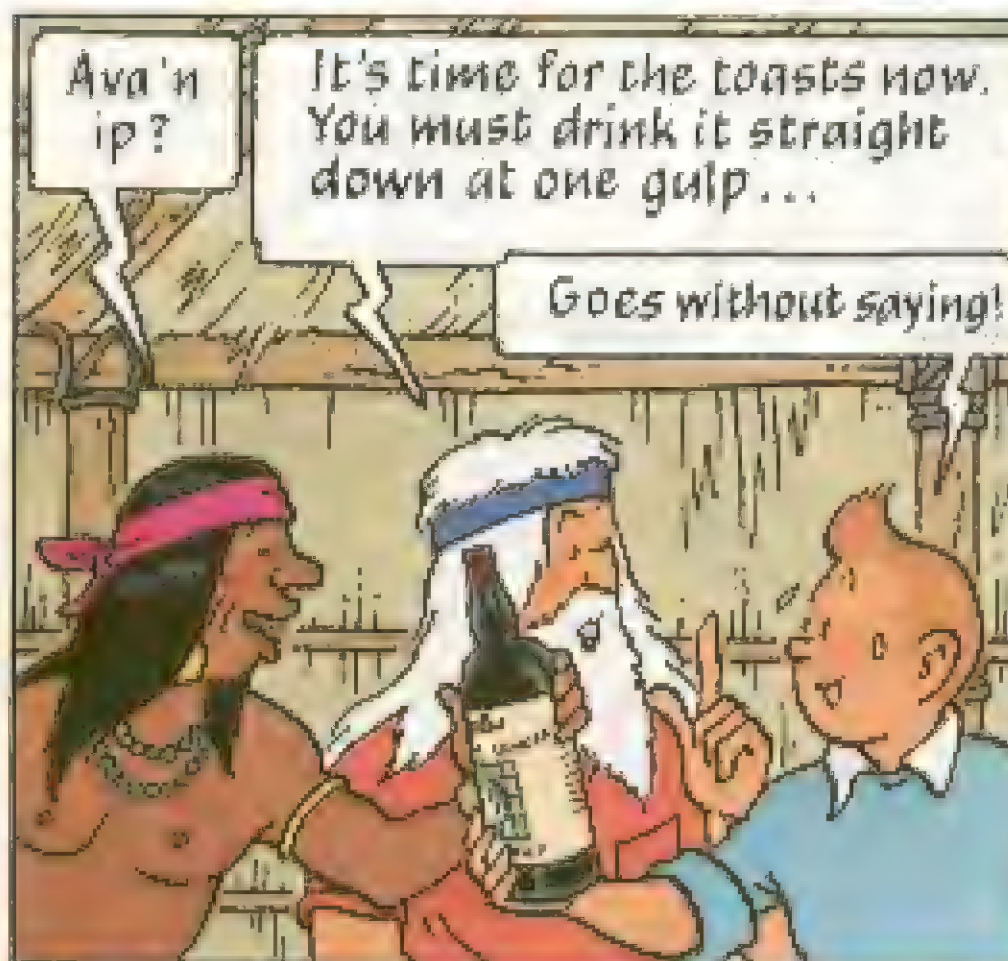
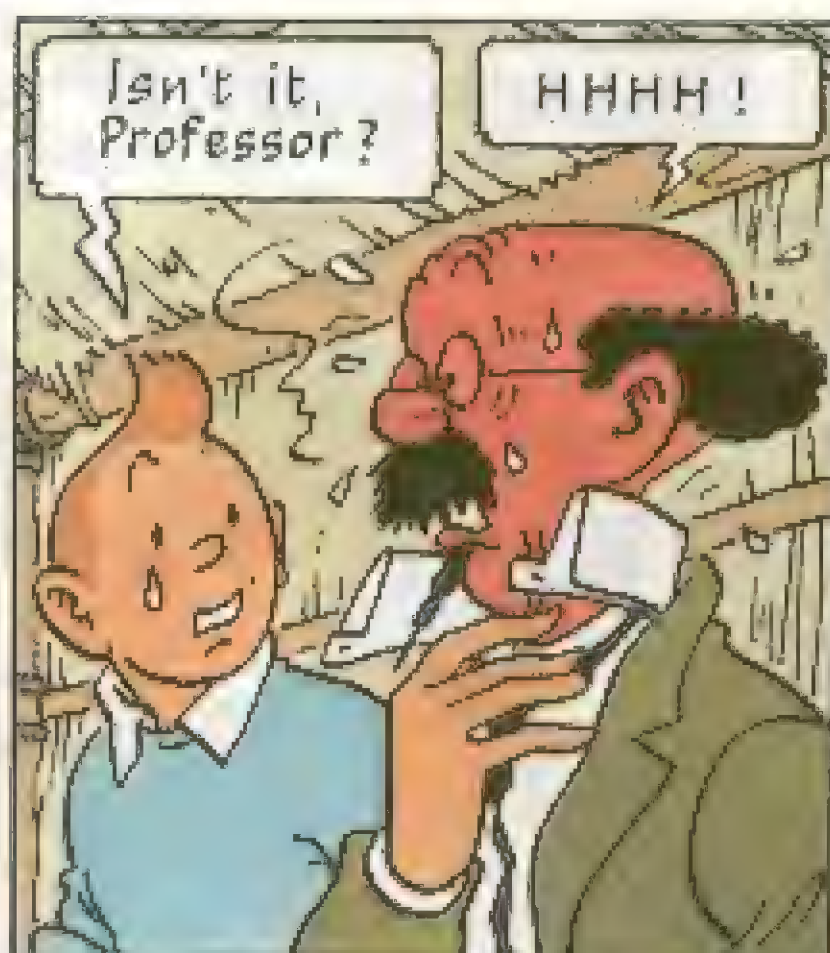




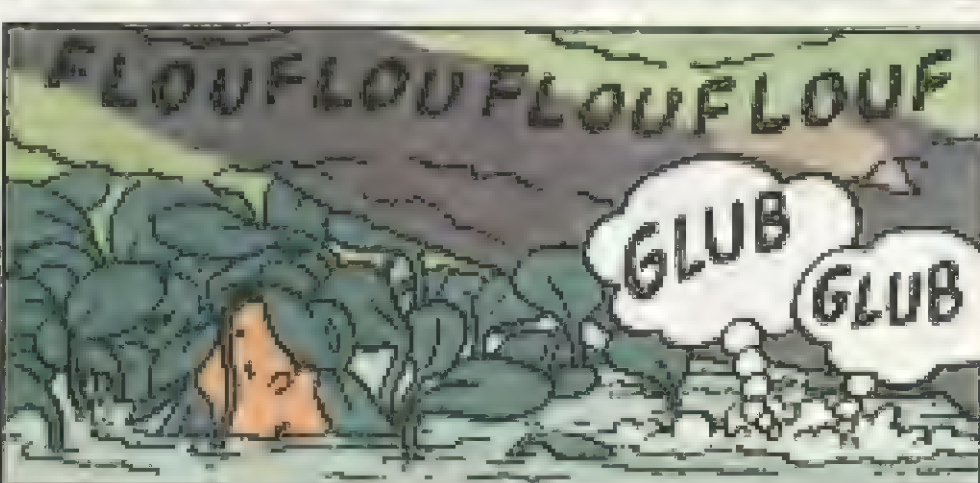
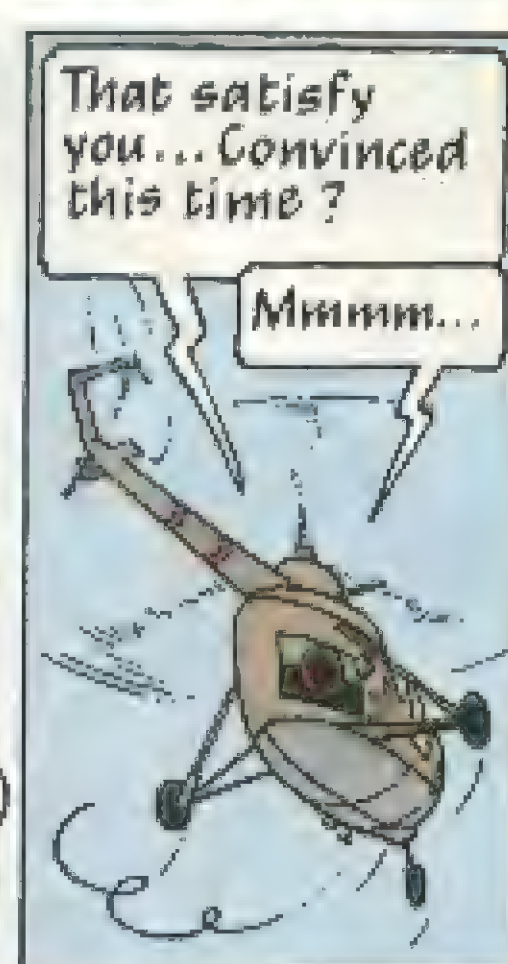


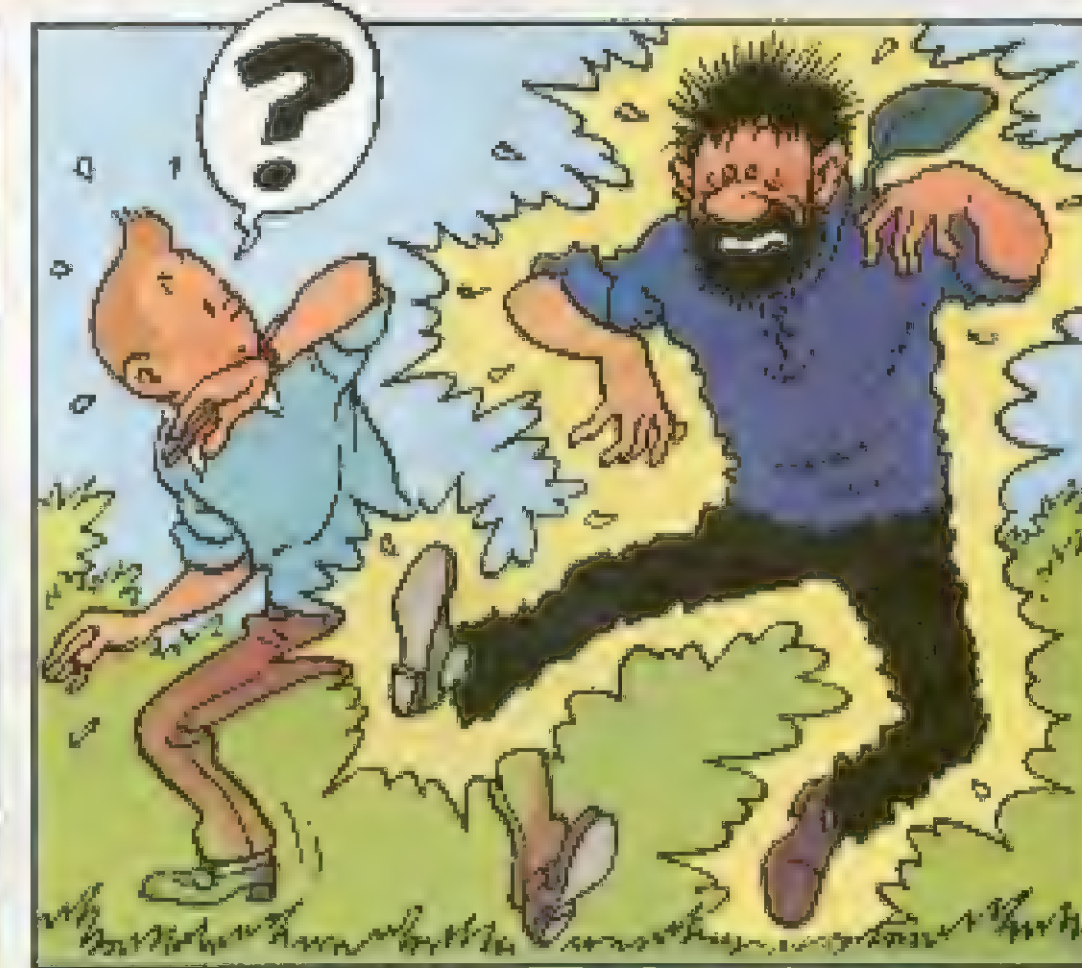
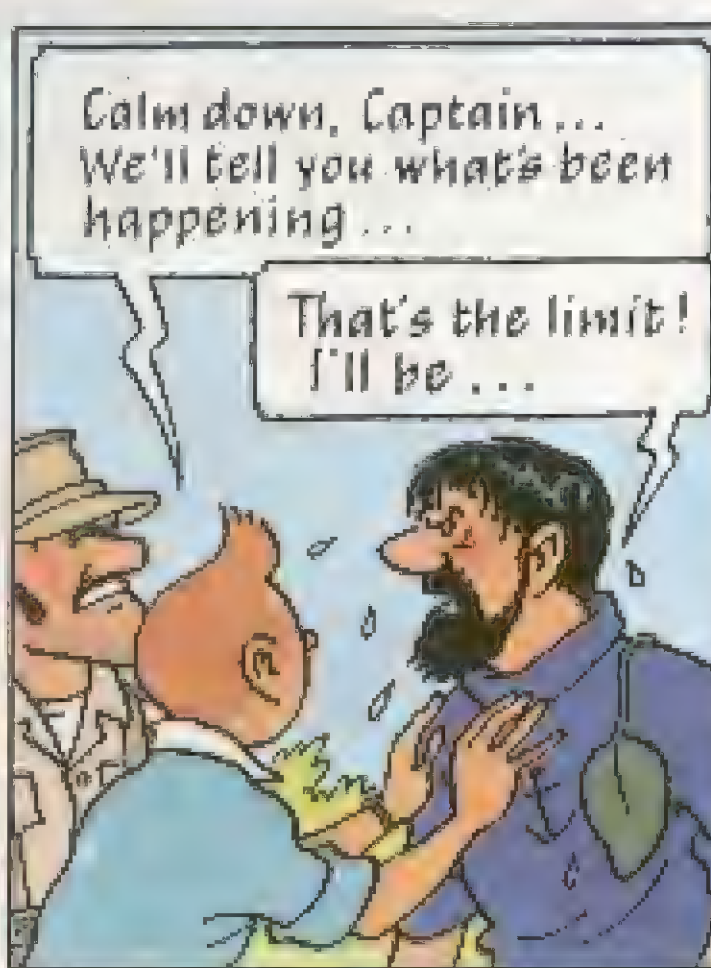
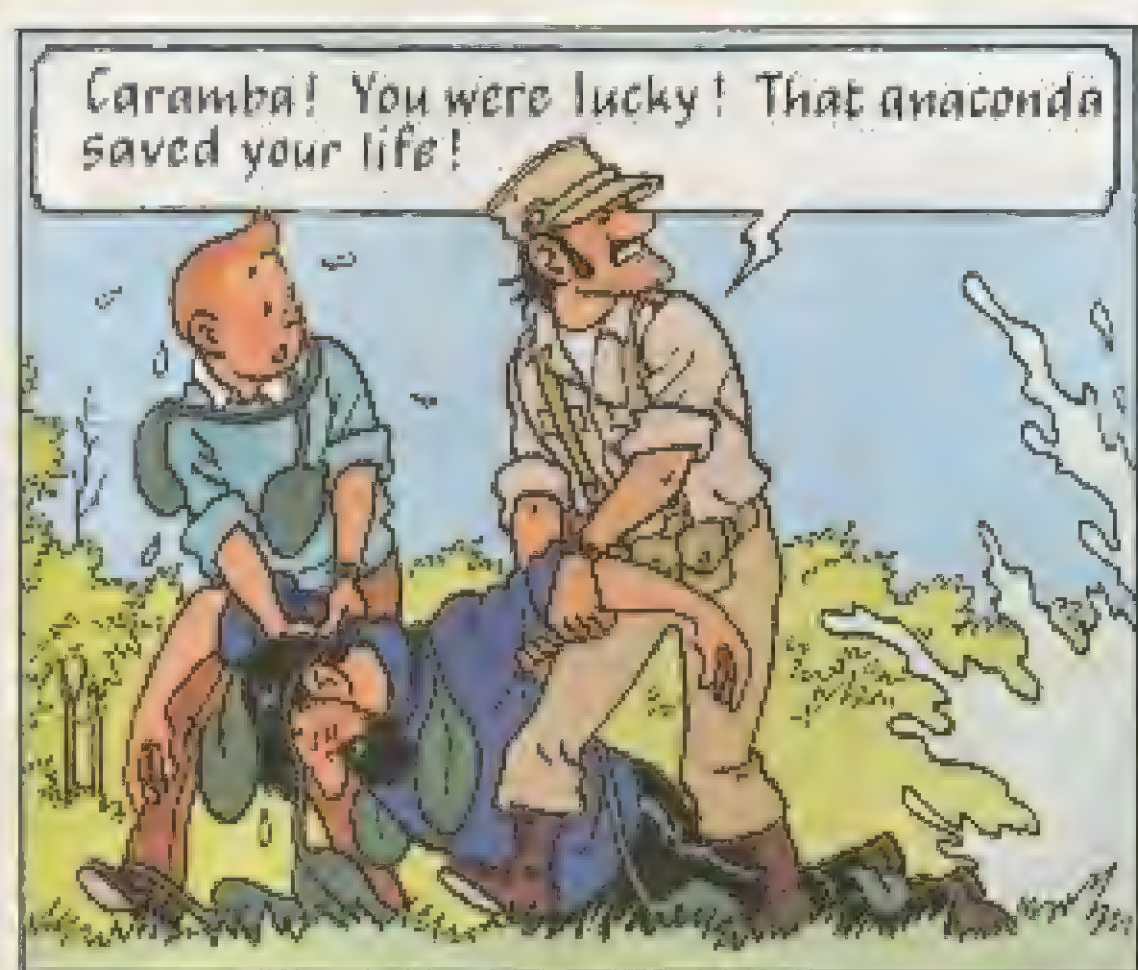


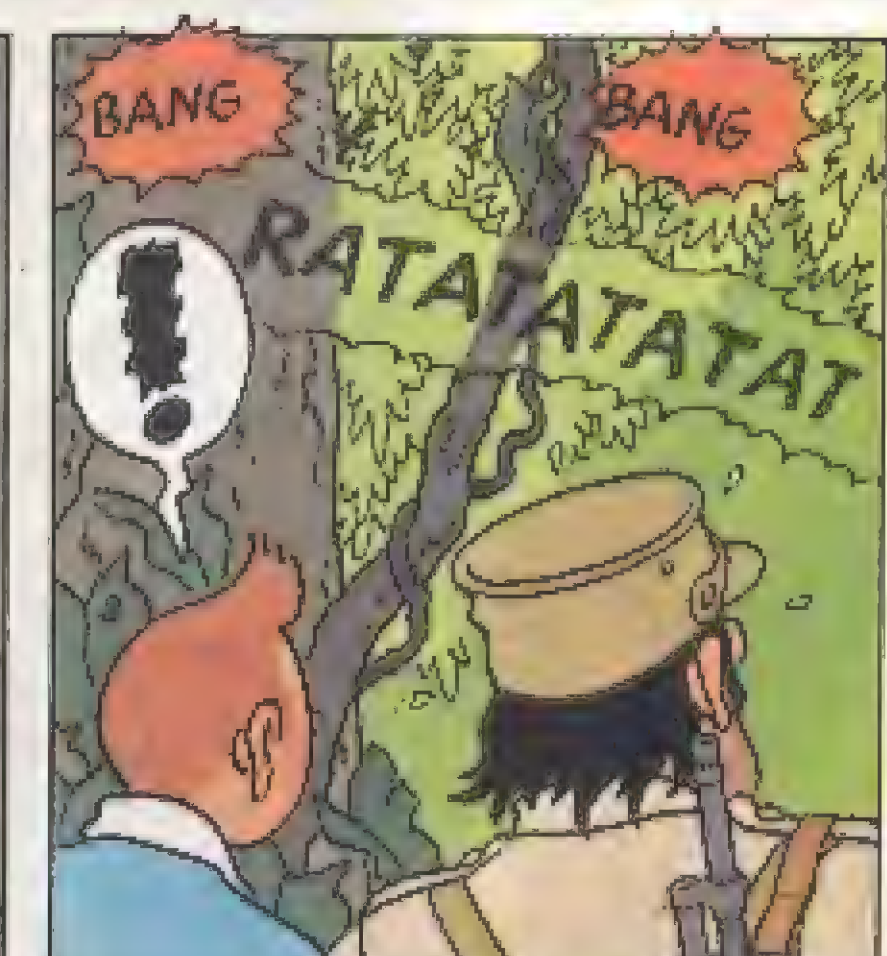
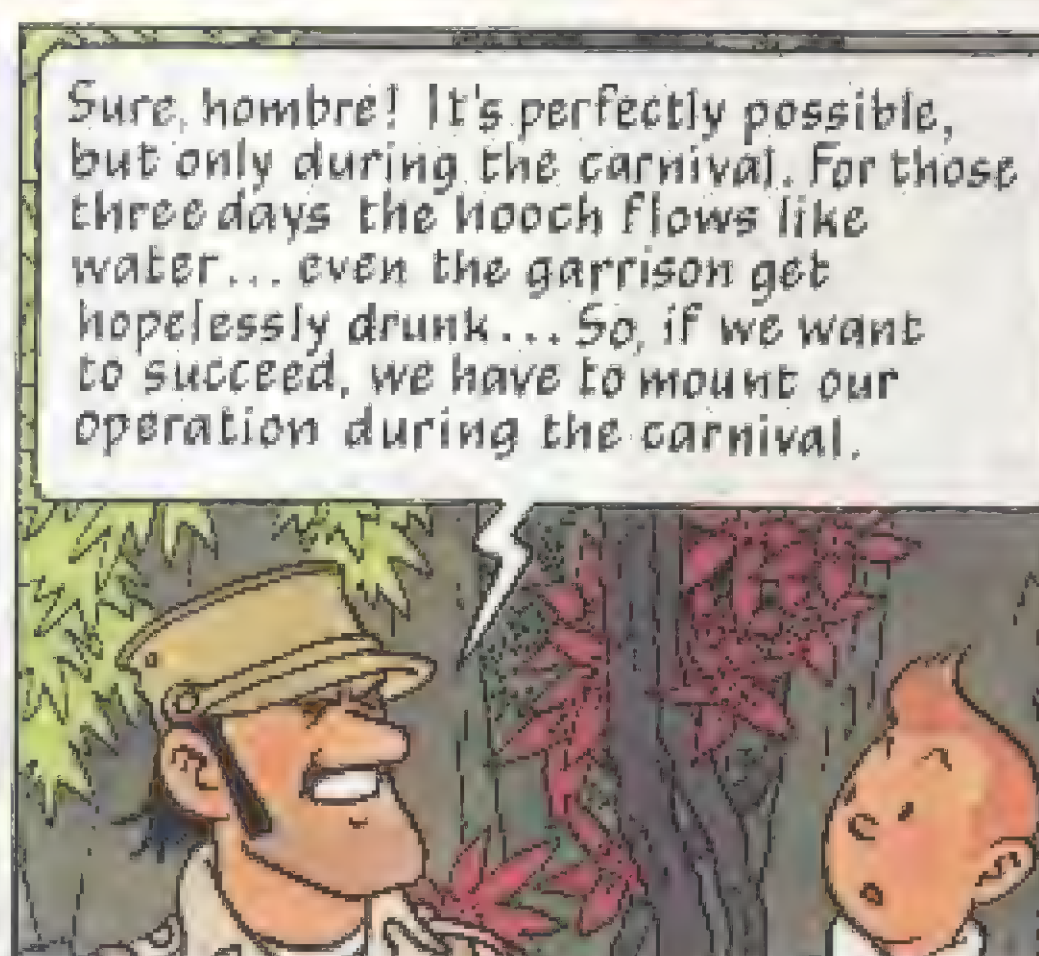
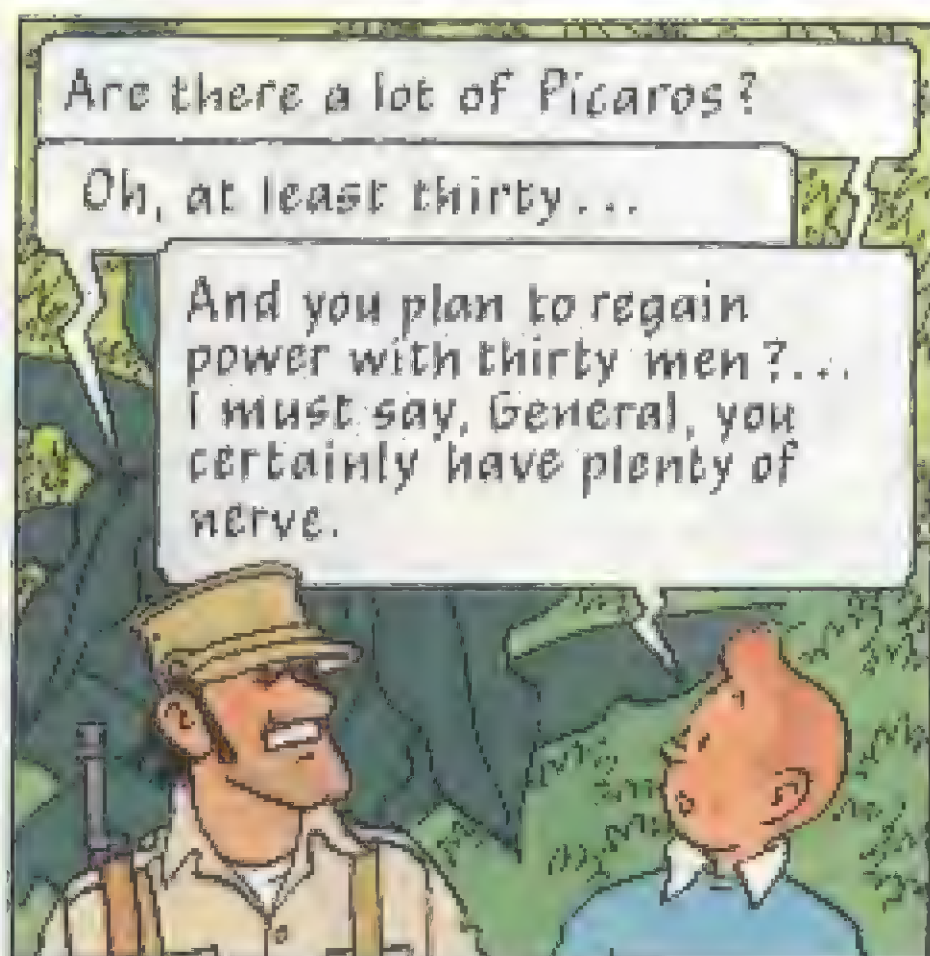
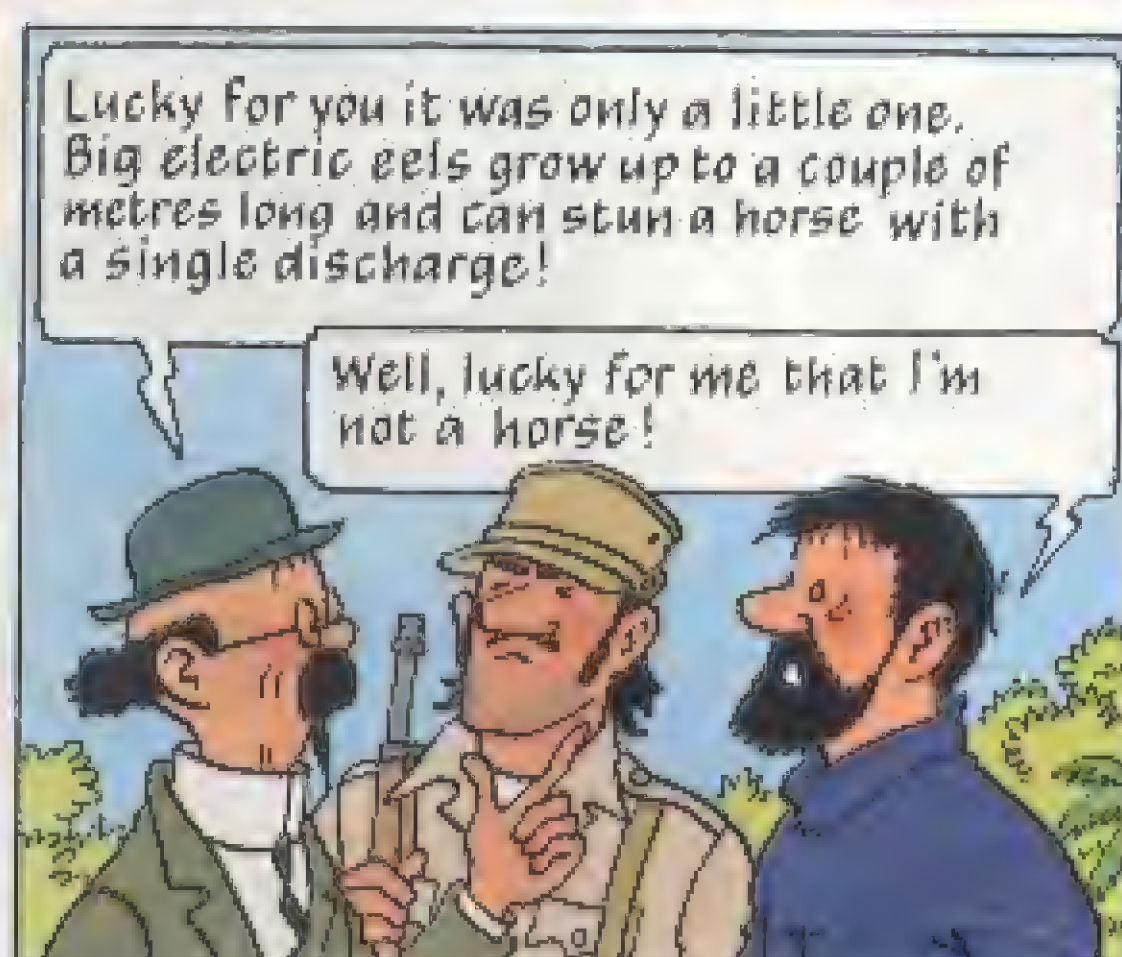


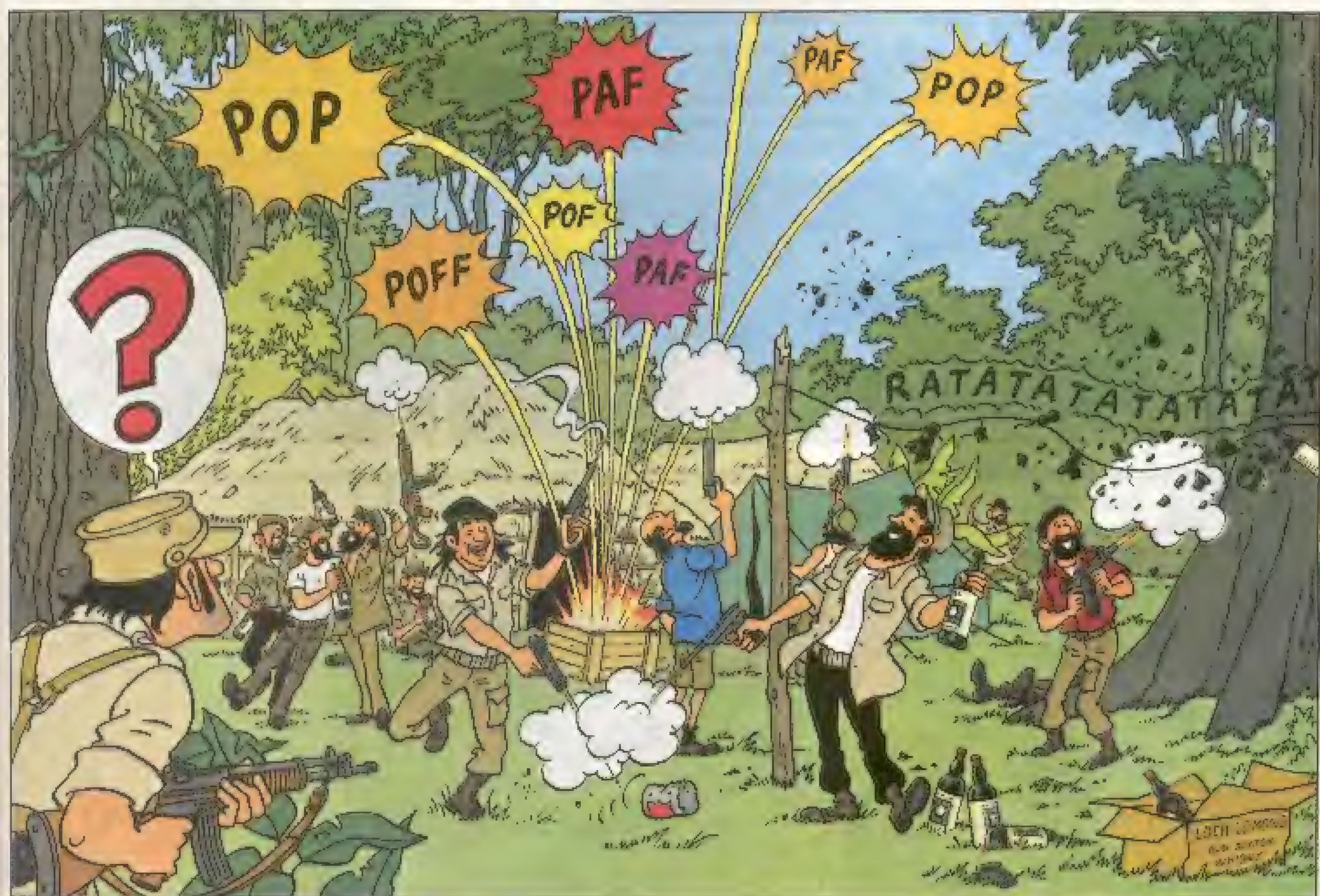
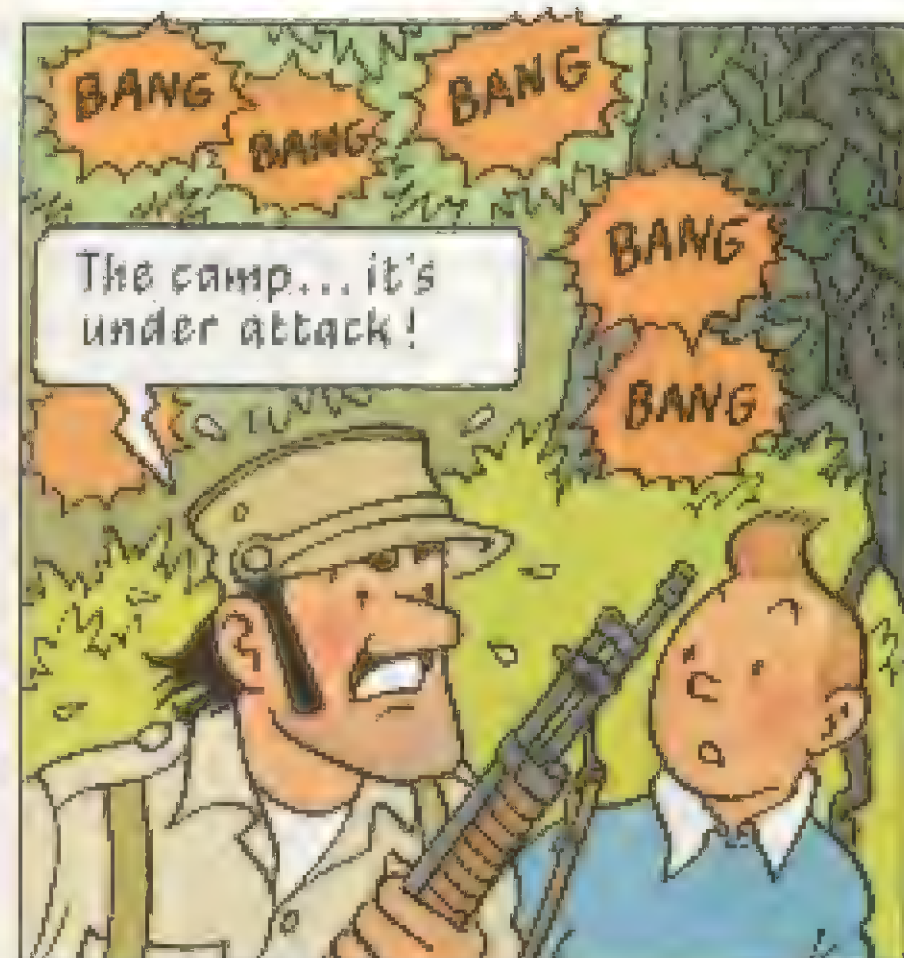














¡BASTA!



¡Caramba, caballeros!... ¡El general!

¡Ah, sí, el general!... ¡Viva el general!

¿El general?

¿Qué, el general?



¡Buenosh diash 'eneral!... We wondered... hic... what'd happened... hic... t'ya! ...

Shi!... we were... hic... muy anshush...



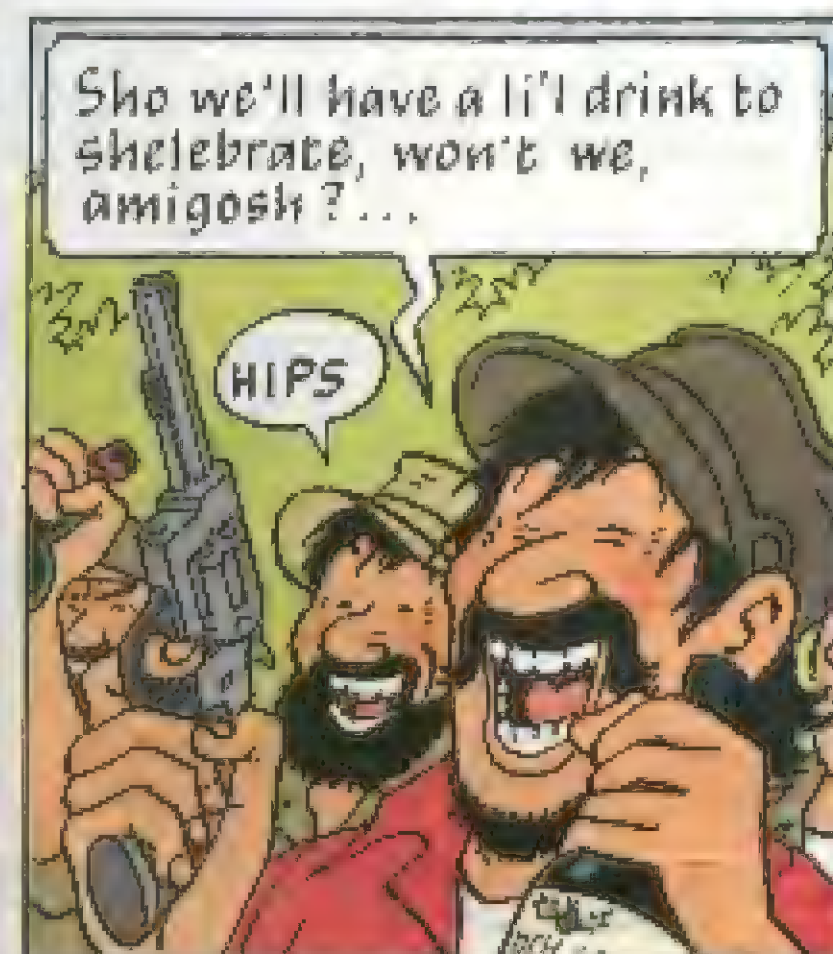
Thass why we... hic... hadda li'l drink!

Shi!... To forget... hic... that we were... hic... anshush!



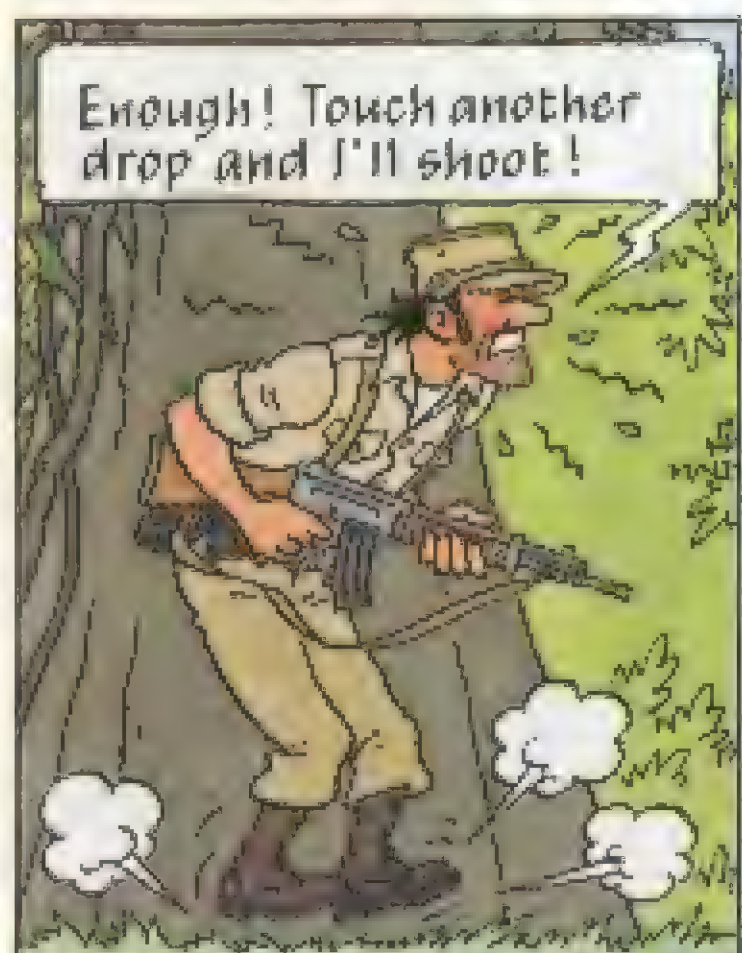
But now that you've come, we aren't anshush any more...

Asholutely not!



Sho we'll have a li'l drink to shelebrate, won't we, amigosh?...

HIPS



Enough! Touch another drop and I'll shoot!



So this is how we run a revolution? Don't make me laugh!... You're nothing but a whisky-sodden rabble! You're canned! You're stinko!... You pathetic tapioca puddings!...

HIC

HIPS



Get to your quarters this instant! ... Parade in fifteen minutes in full combat kit! ... Dismiss!!

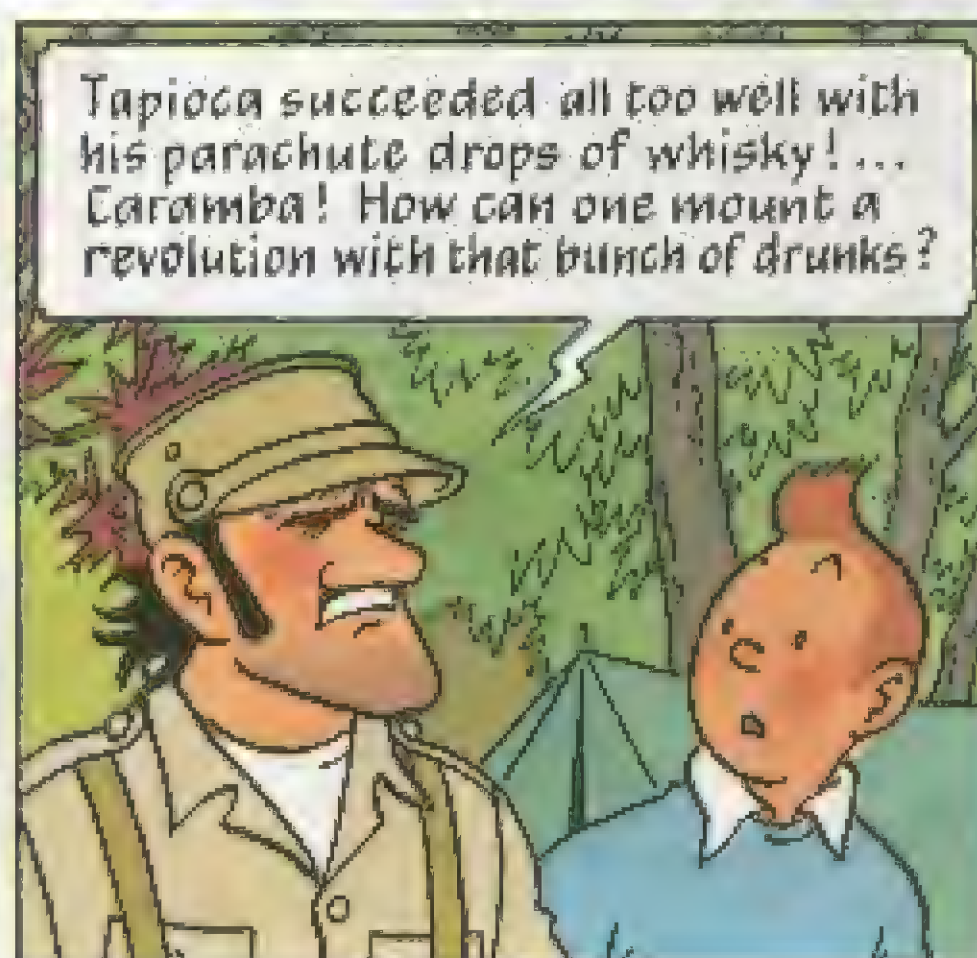
HIPS

HIC



You see?

Sadly, yes...

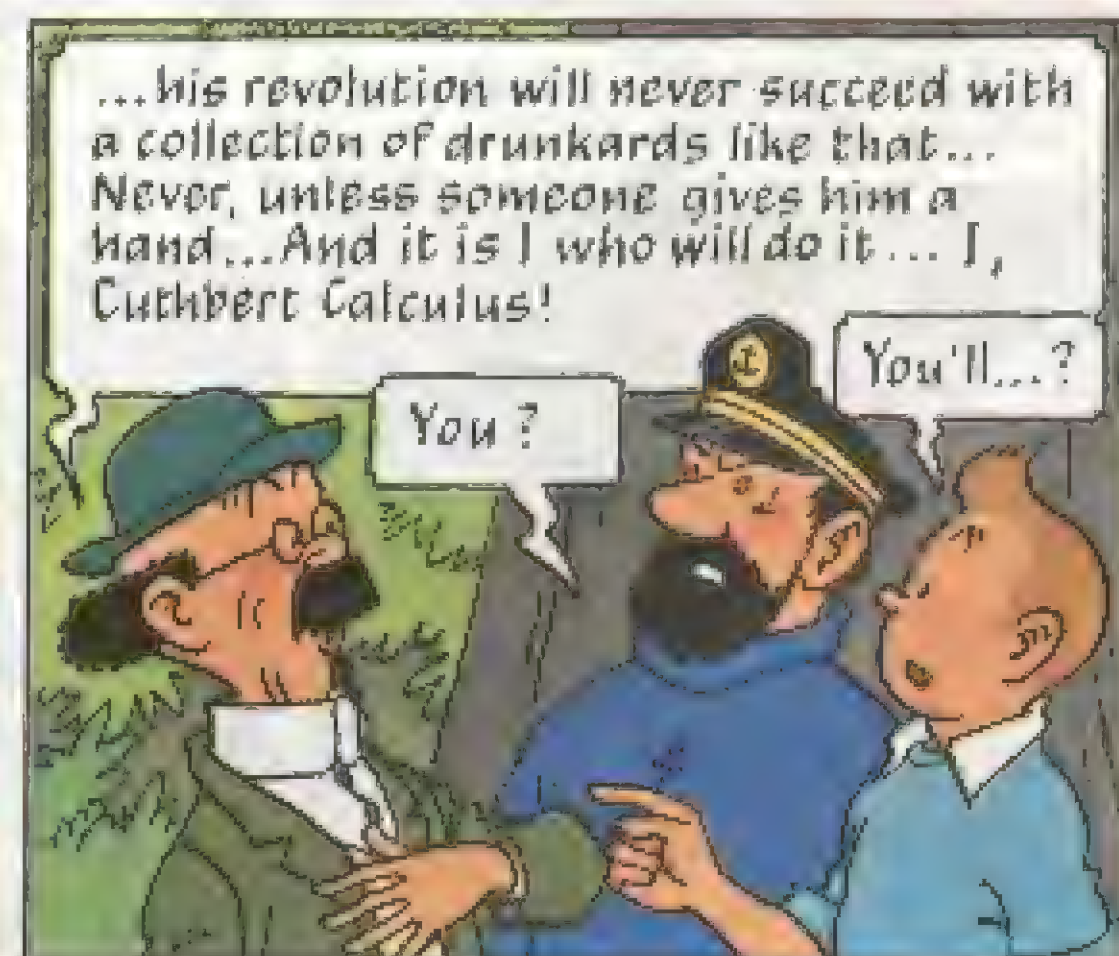
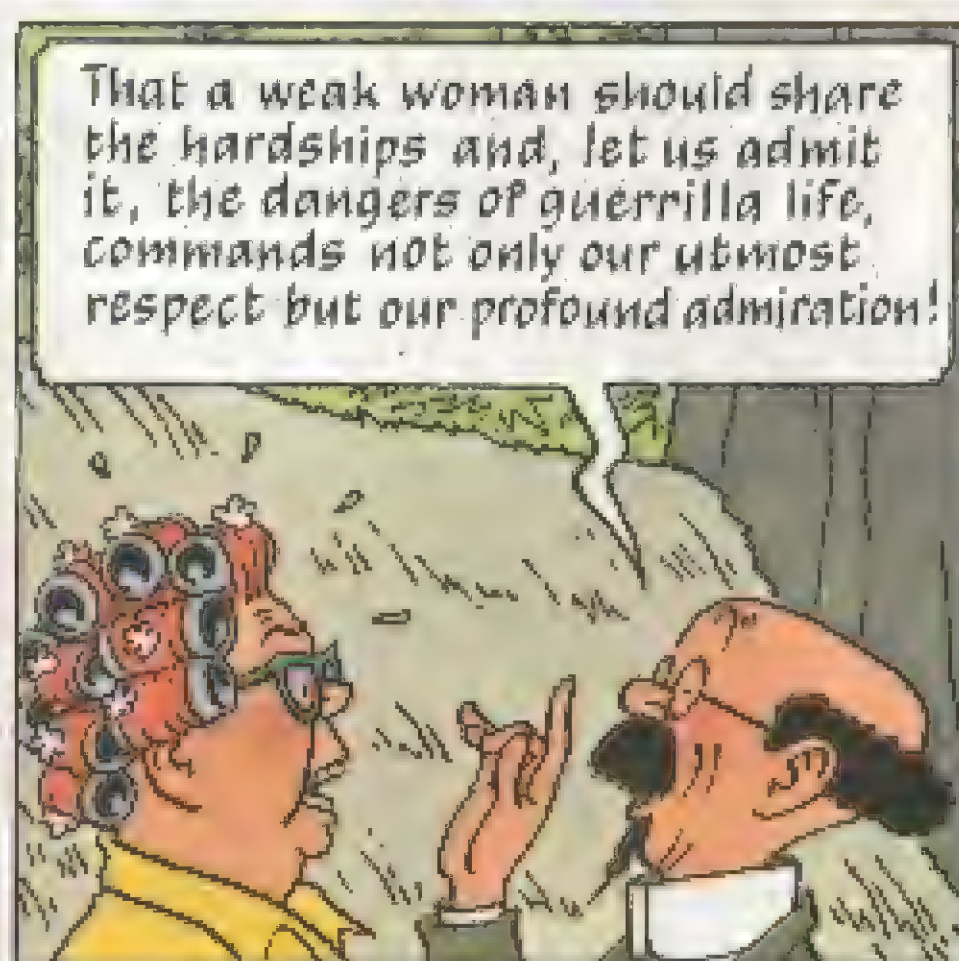
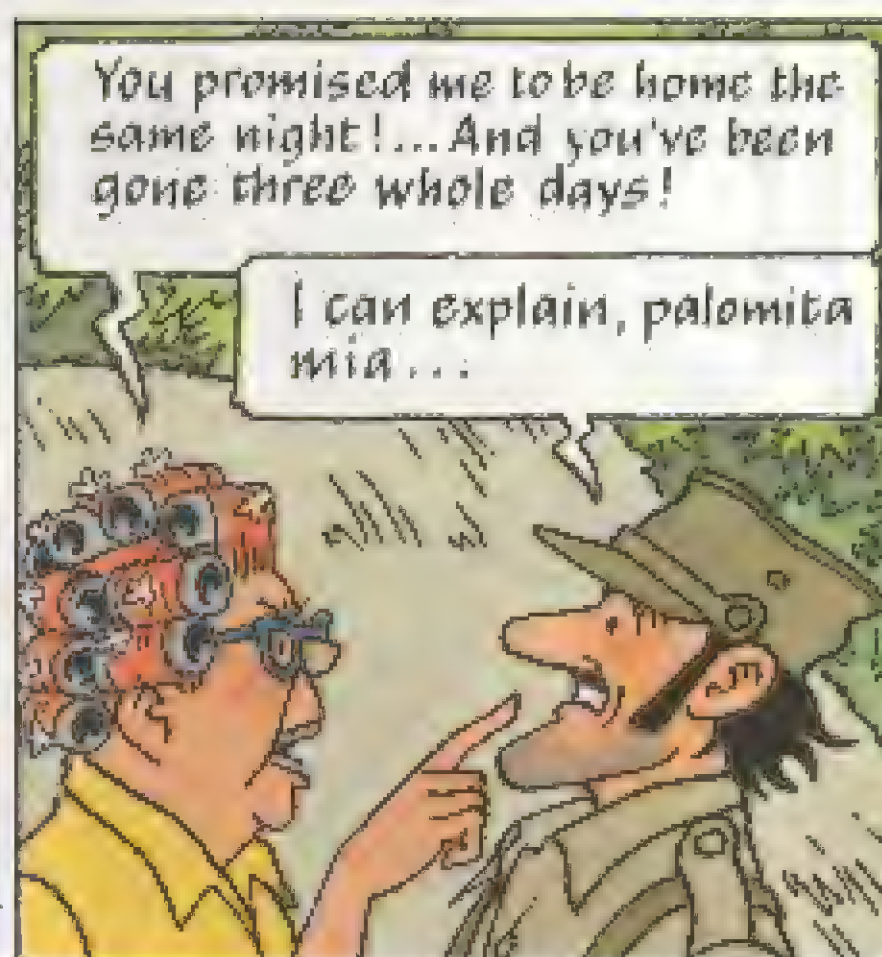


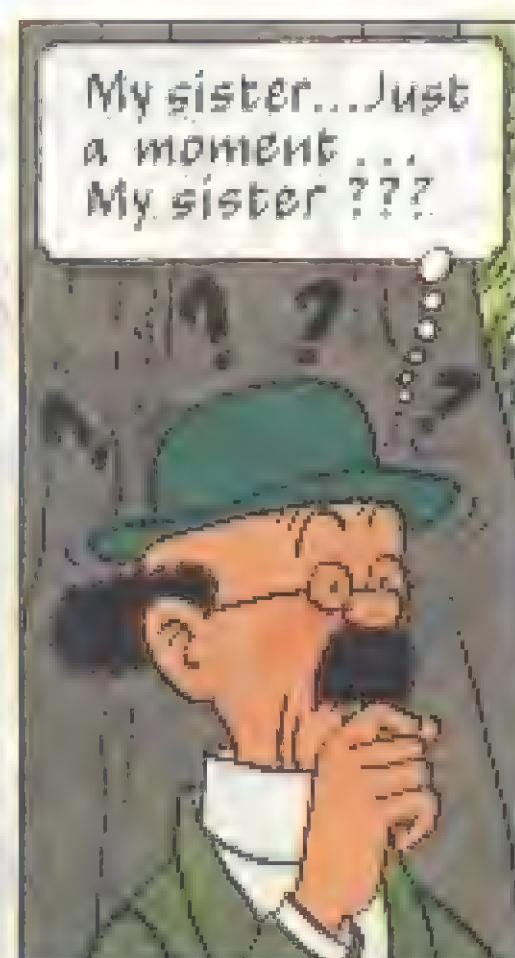
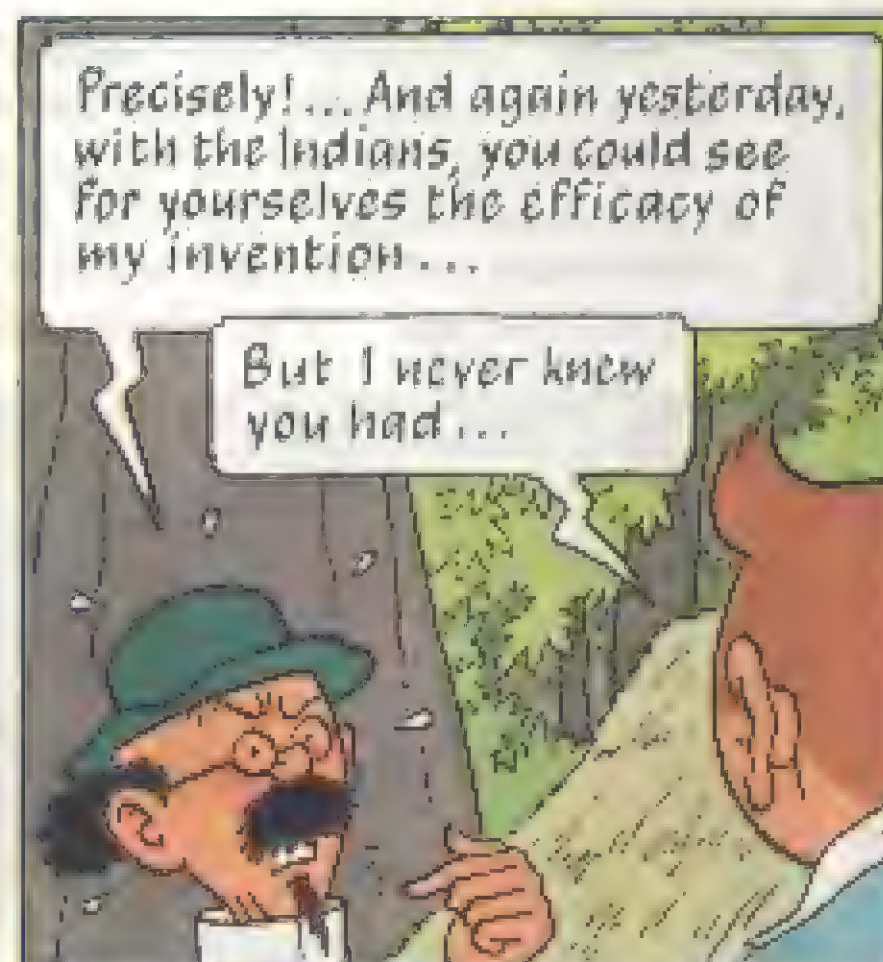
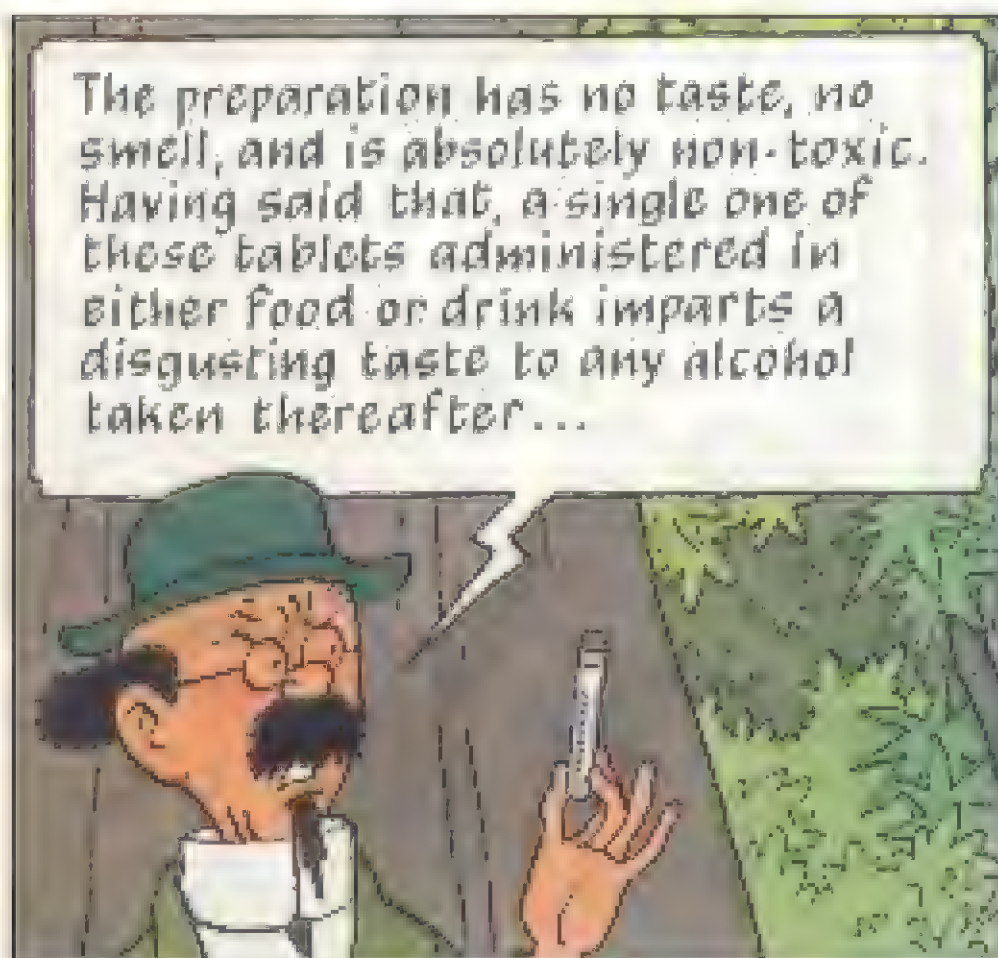
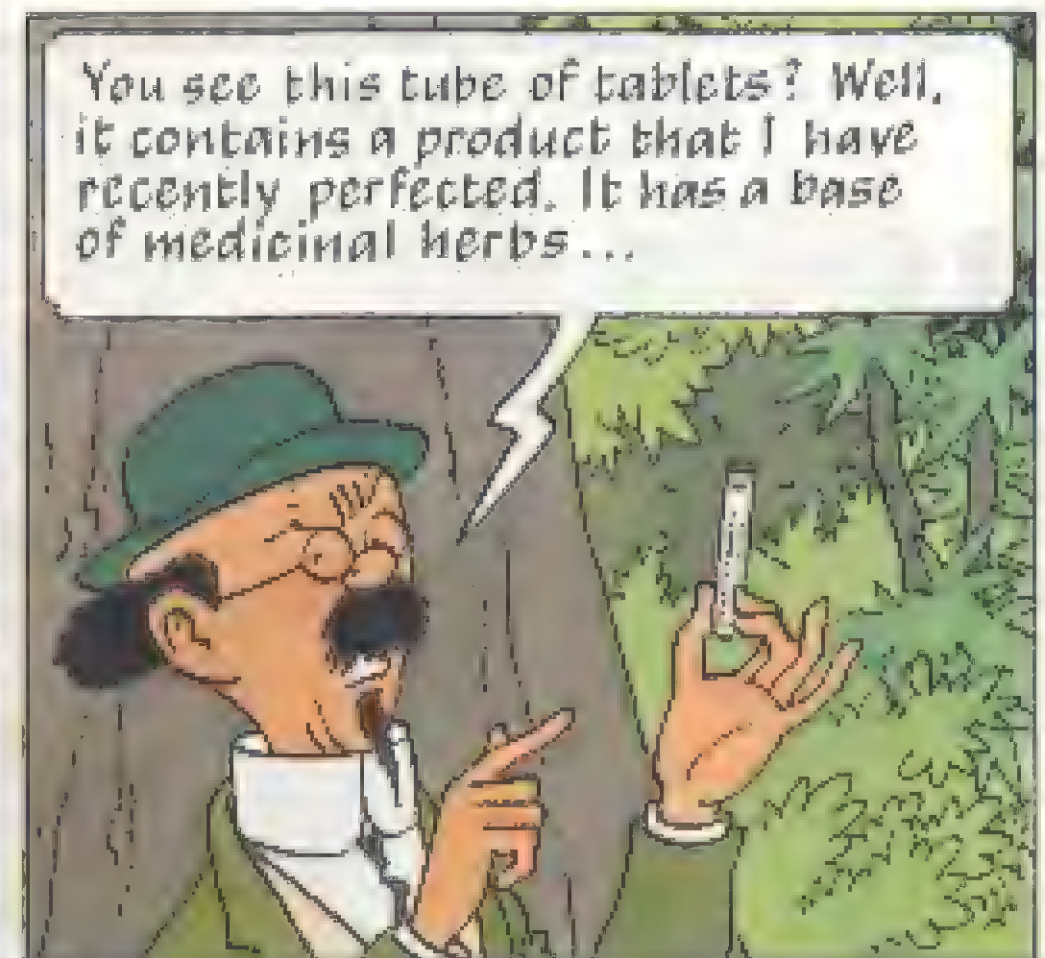
Tapioca succeeded all too well with his parachute drops of whisky!... Caramba! How can one mount a revolution with that bunch of drunks?

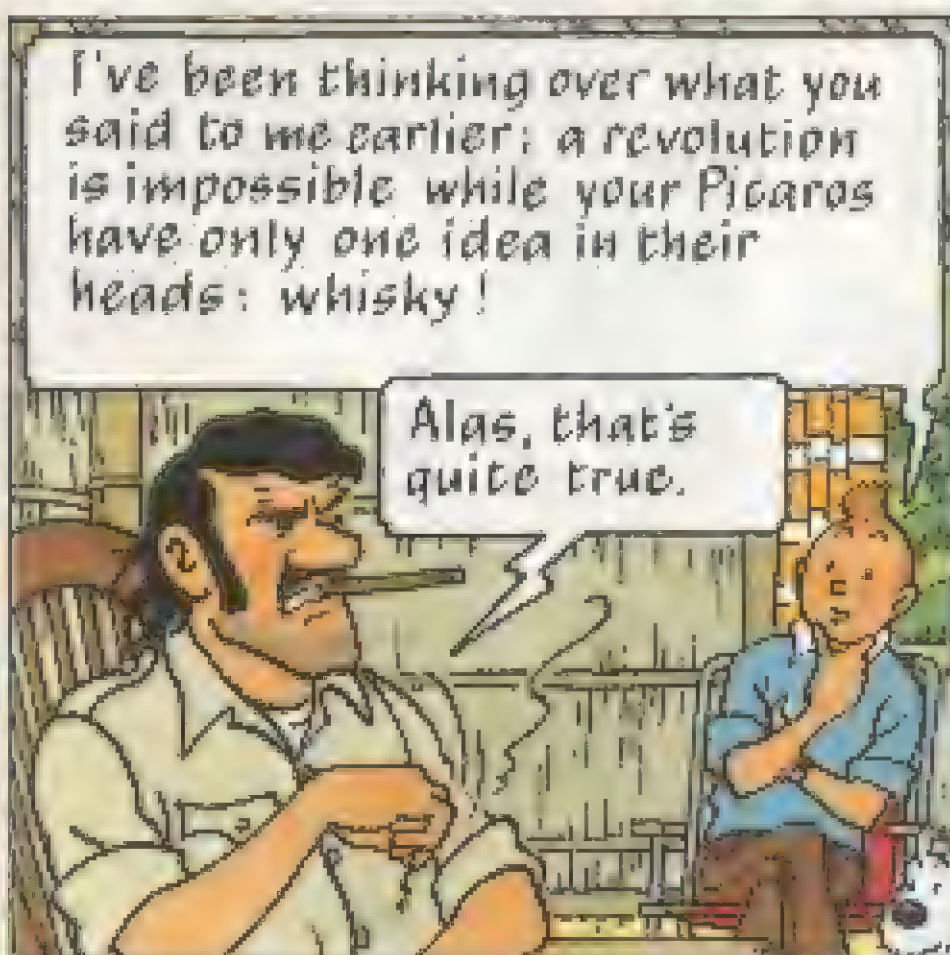
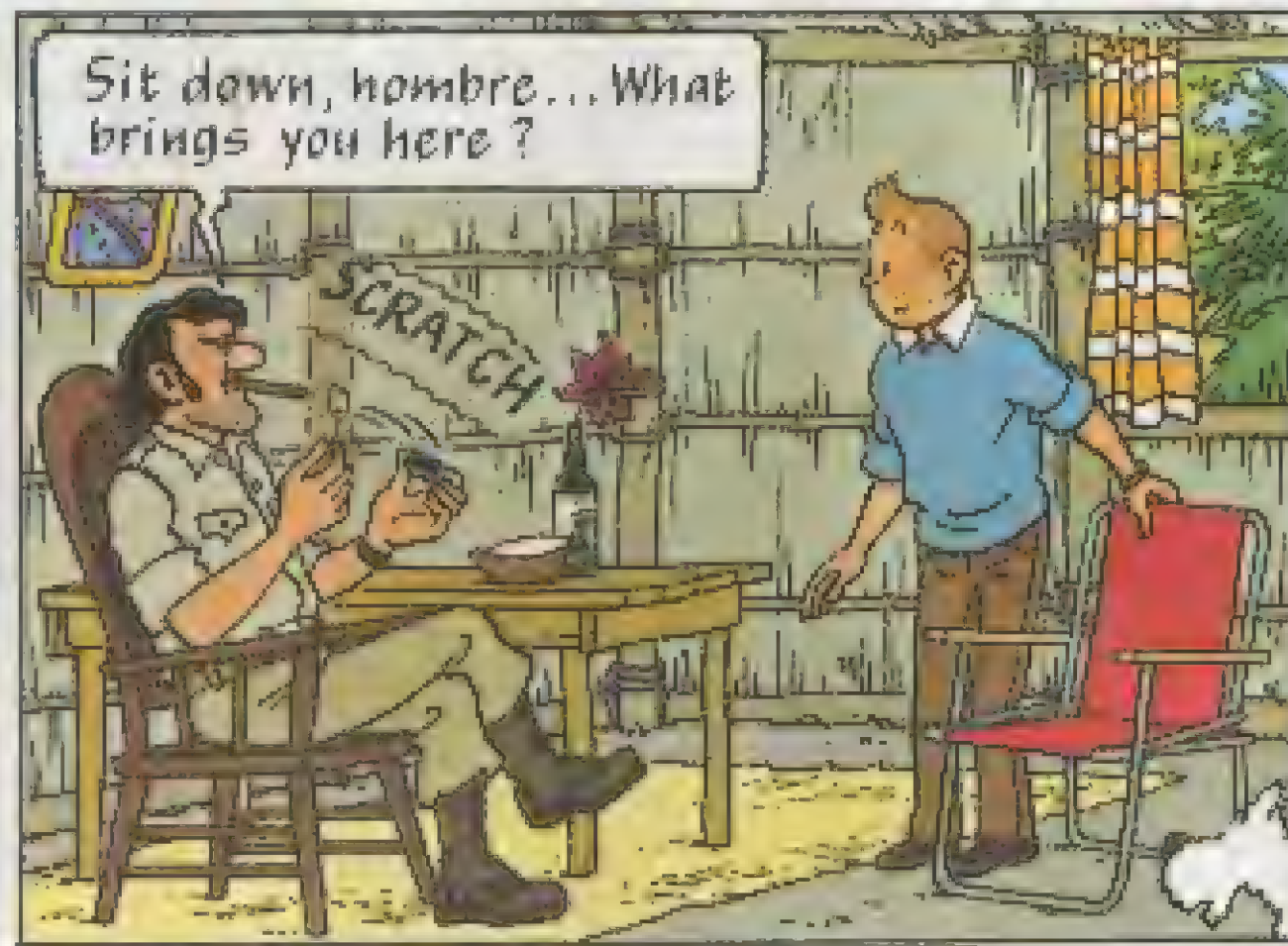
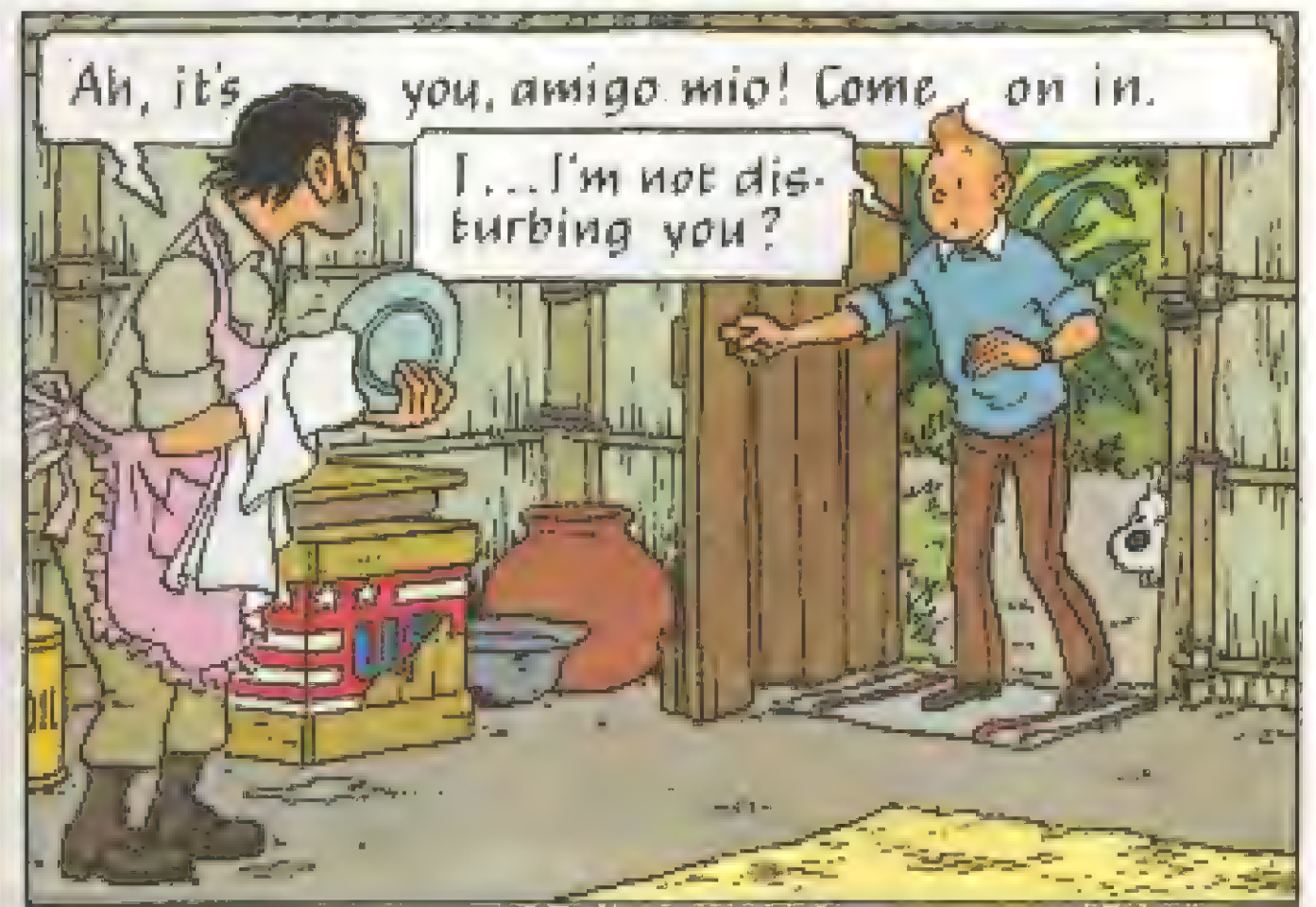


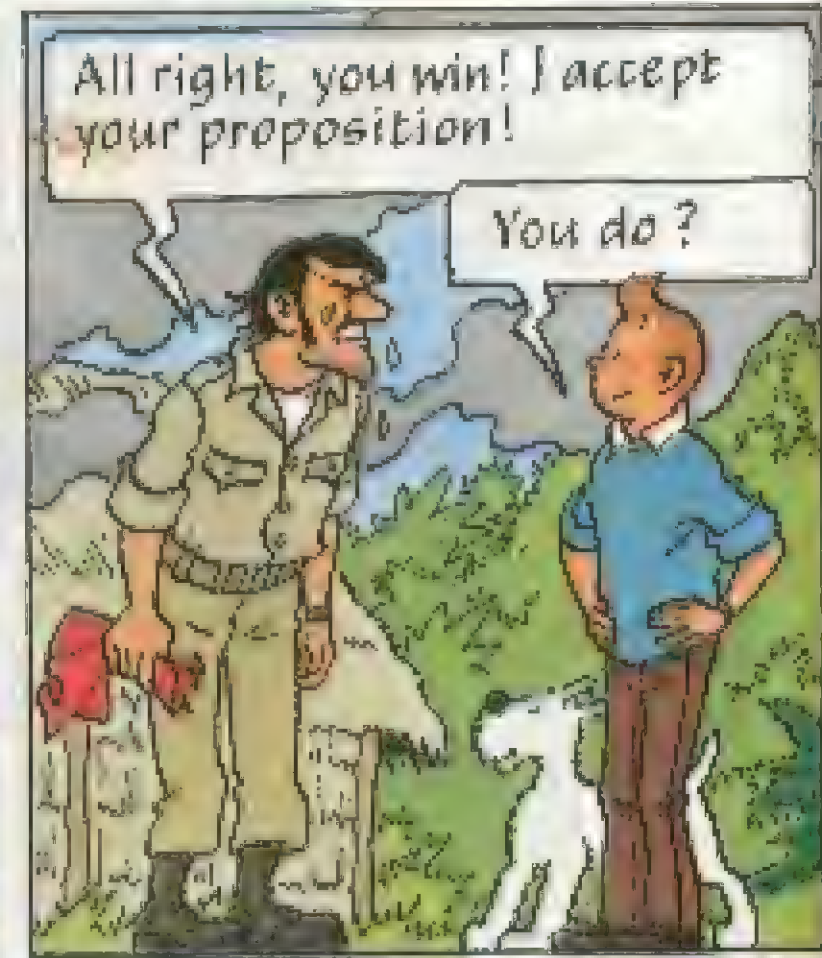
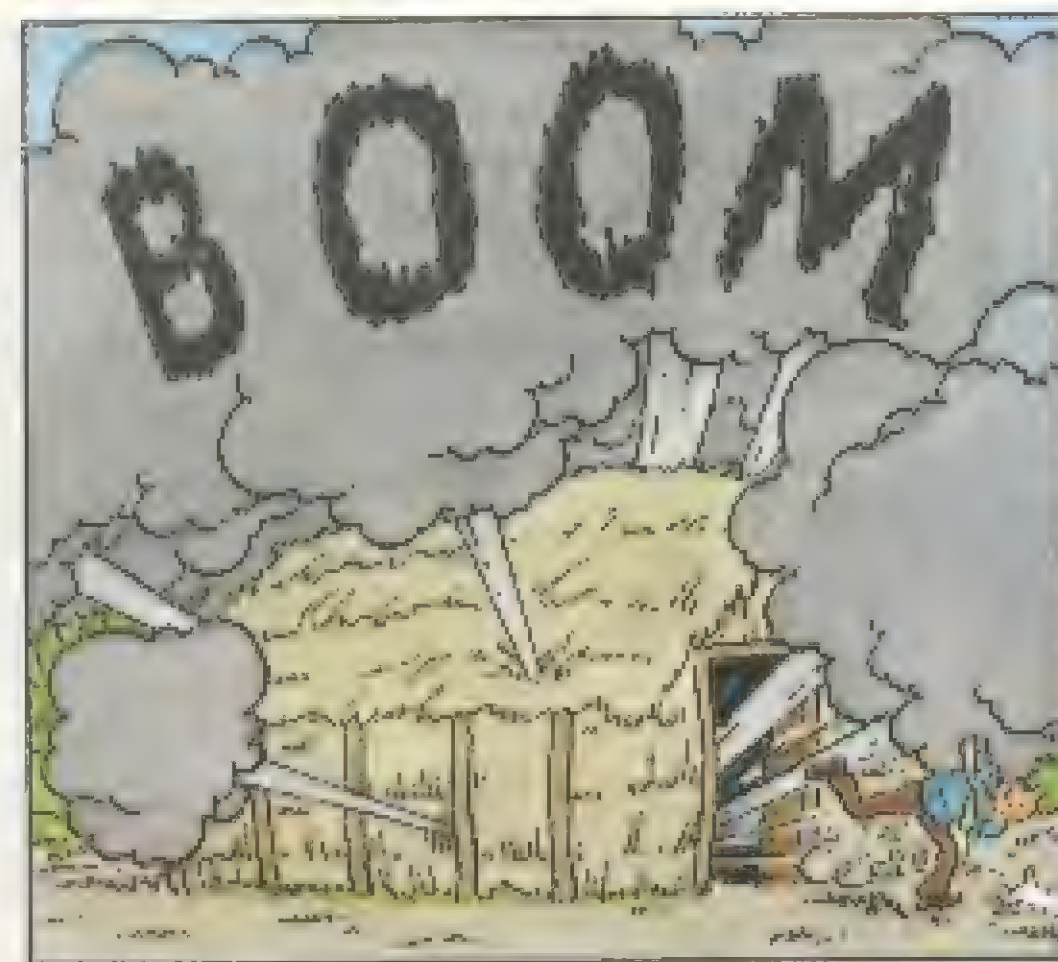
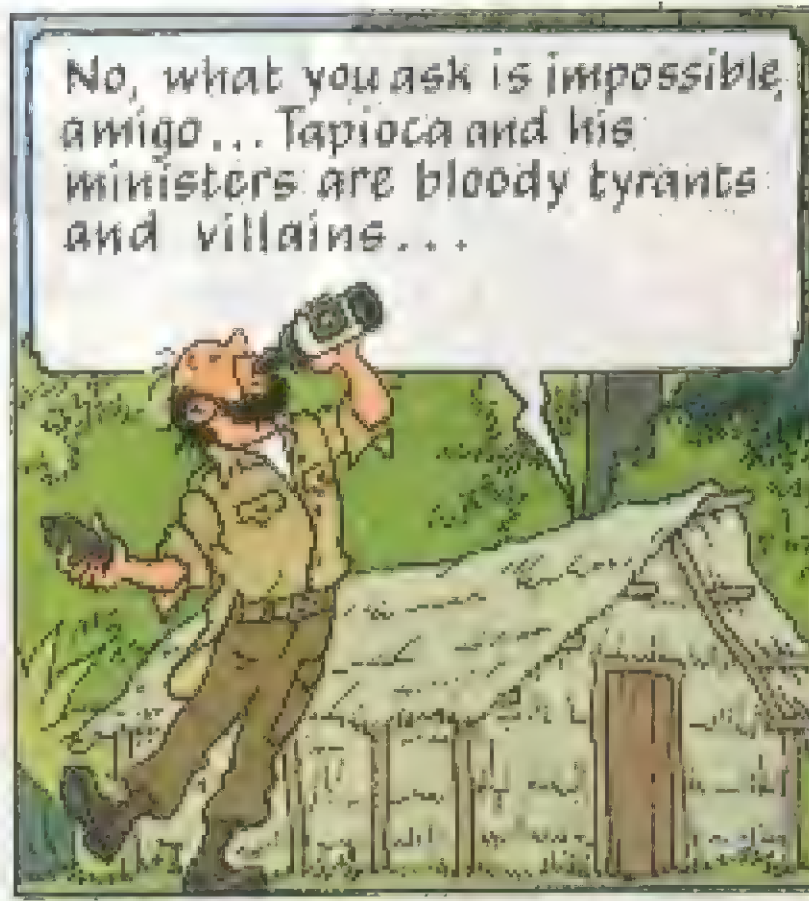
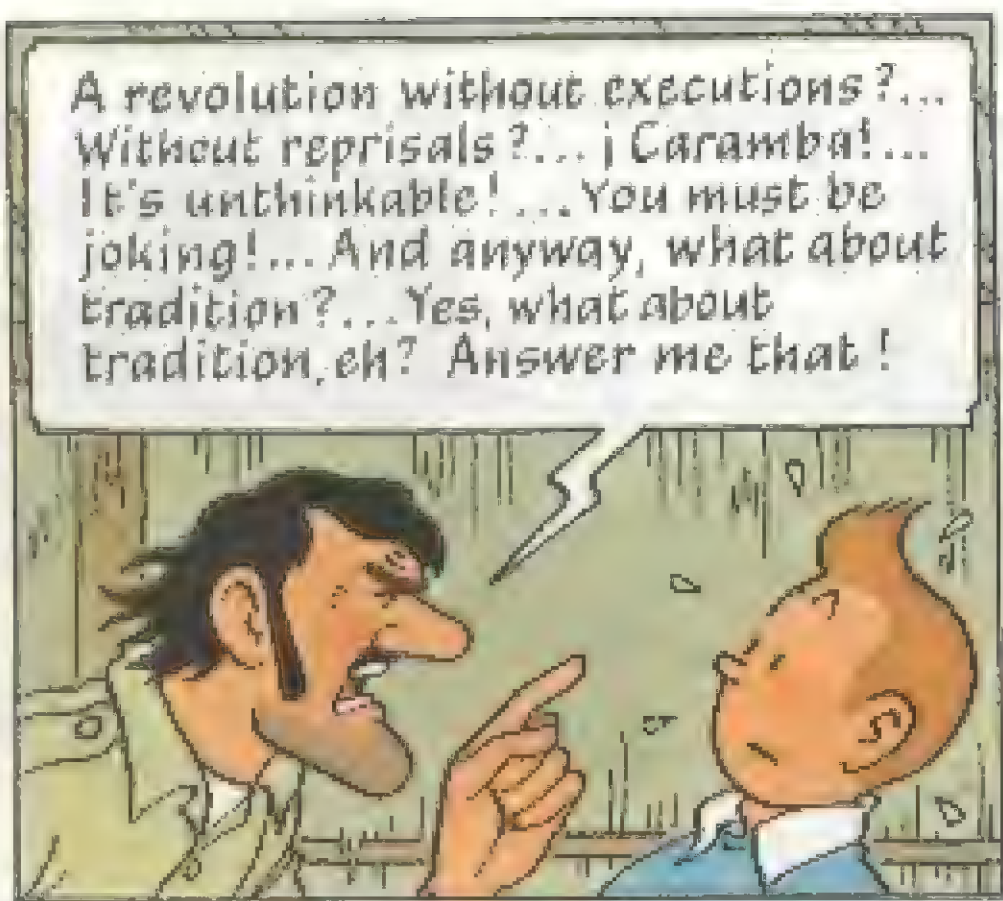
Alcazar!... So you decided to come back at last, did you?

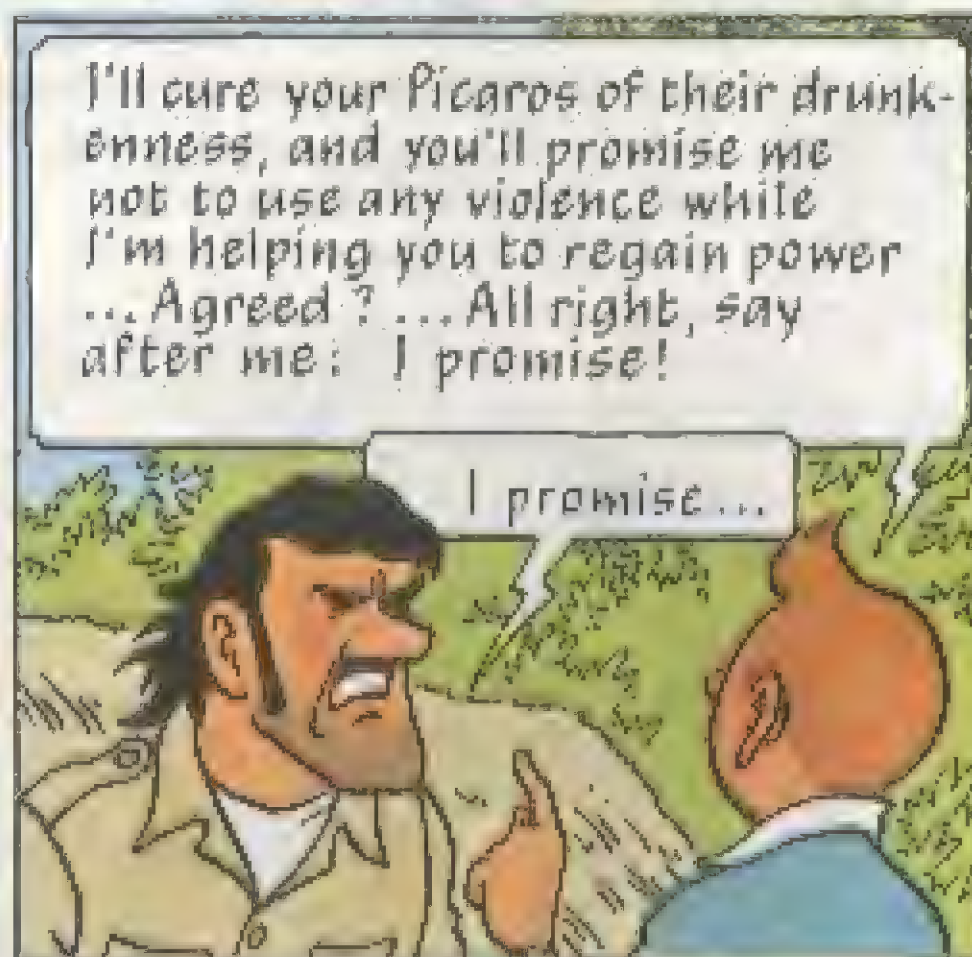
¡AY!

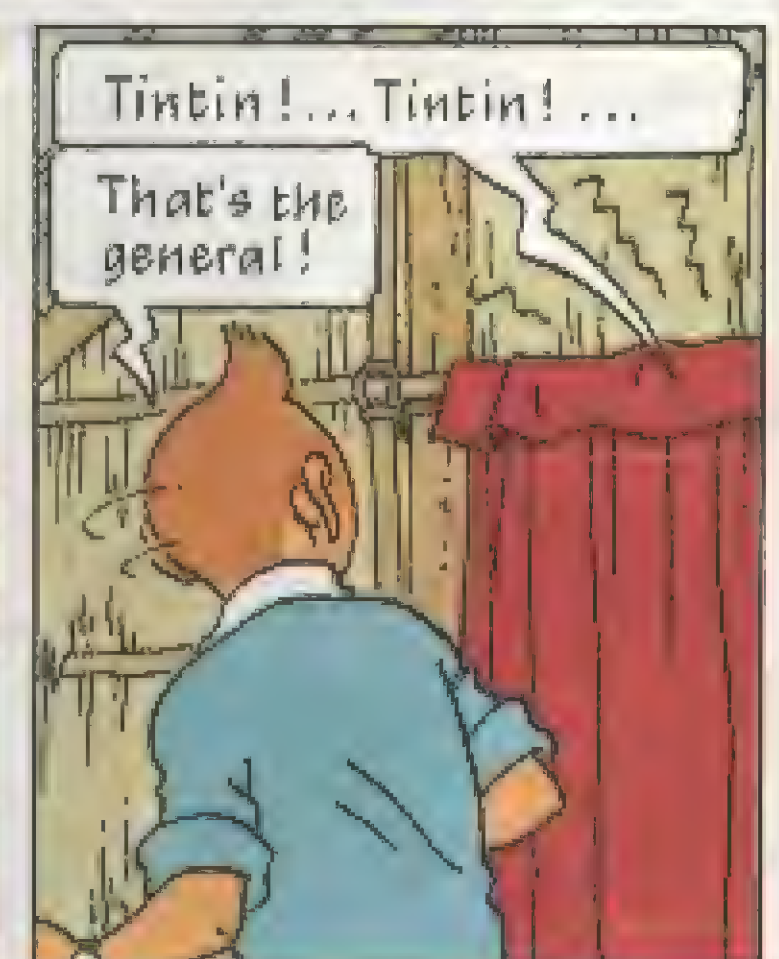
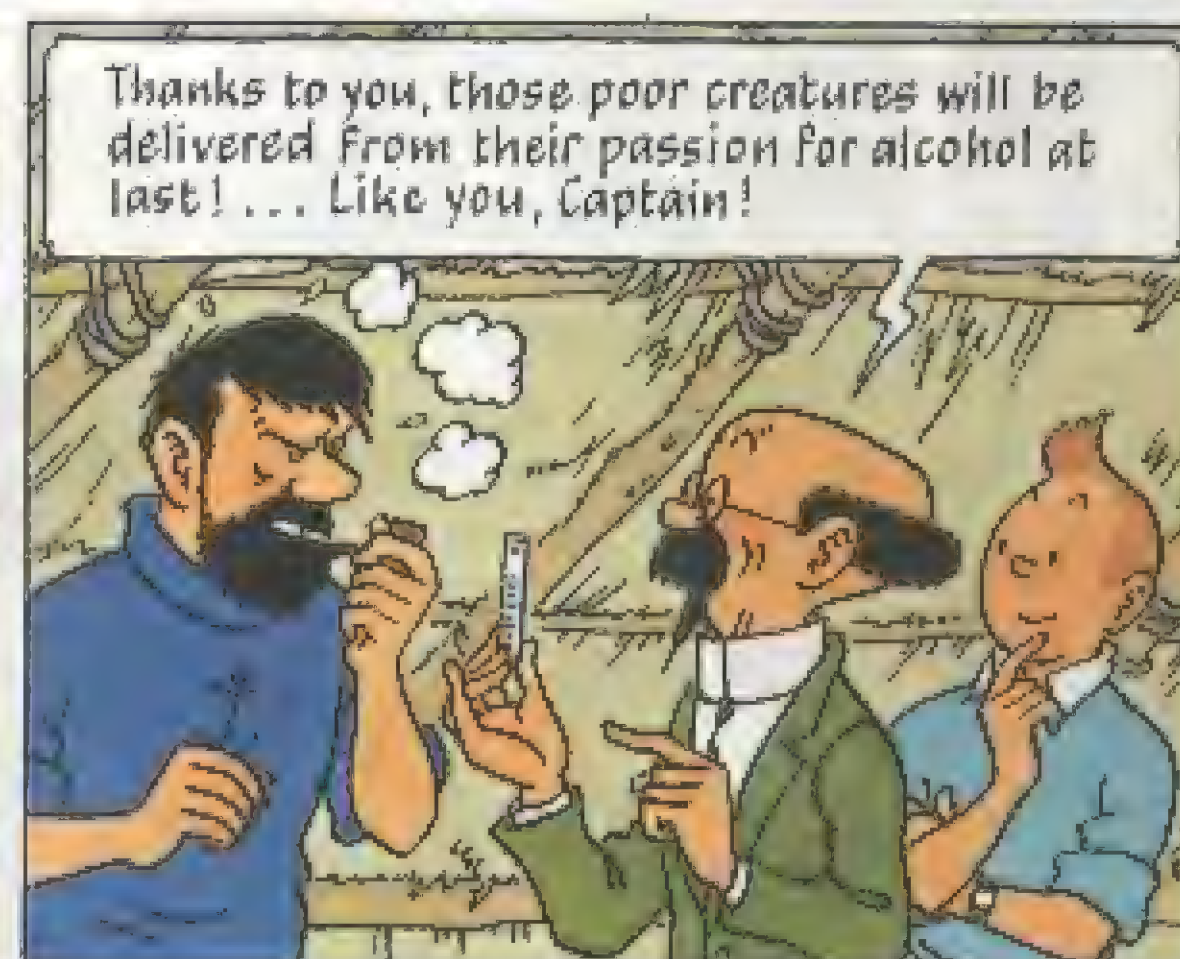
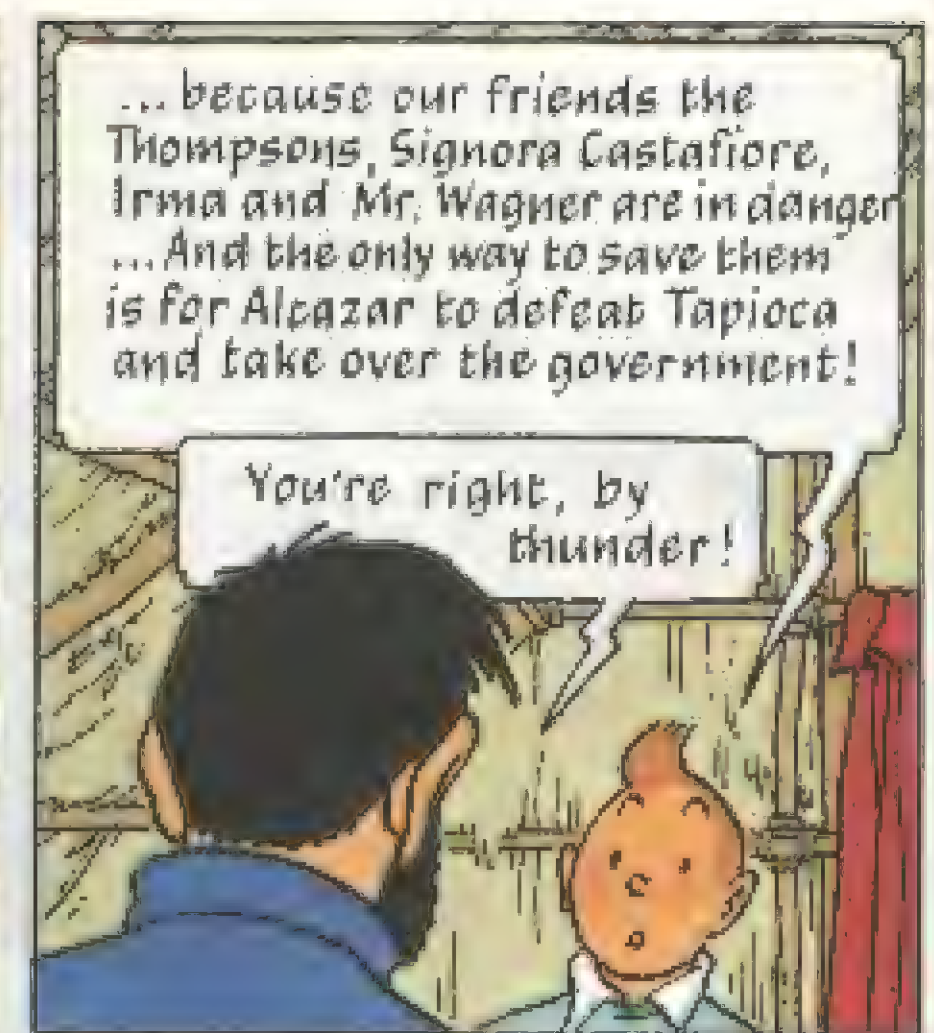












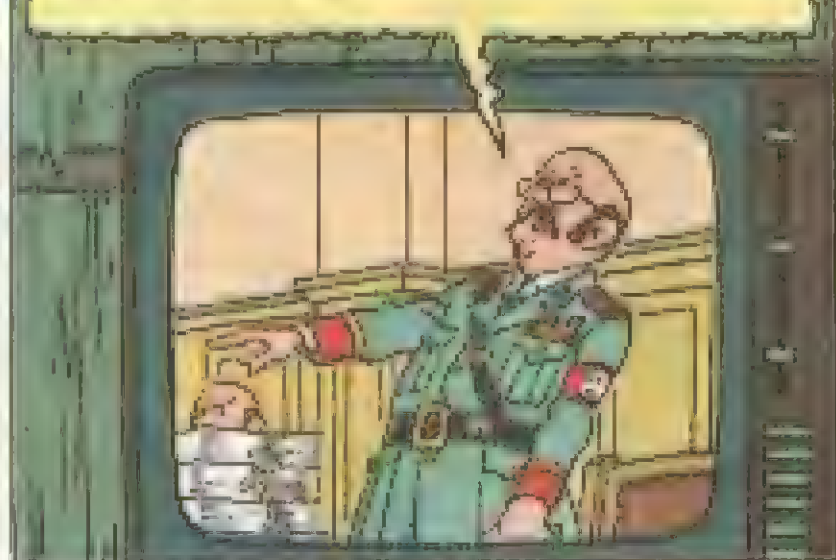
Recently, our beloved President generously invited Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus and the reporter Tintin to our country to put their case. He guaranteed their freedom. And how did they repay him? With cold cynicism! They took the first opportunity to flee into the jungle and join their accomplice Alcazar and his villainous Picaros!



This action alone is enough to prove that the grave accusations against the three defendants are entirely justified. But over now to the Palace of Justice where the Public Prosecutor is putting the case for the Republic...



... You have before you, gentlemen, two sinister characters who, more easily to accomplish their evil purpose... Do I need to remind you of it? ...



...to assassinate our beloved President... did not hesitate to pass themselves off as honest policemen! ... But their monstrous subterfuge deceived no one! Look at their low brows, their furtive glances!



...In short, look at their brutish faces! Policemen? Them? ... Cheats! Imposters! Assassins!



... Men who, to appear as loyal supporters of General Tapioca and the noble ideology of Kürvi-Tasch, carried their duplicity so far as to grow moustaches!



That's a lie! ... We've been wearing moustaches since we were born!

To be precise: we're worn bearing them!



Silence! ... You will speak when you are spoken to!



...Gentlemen, for these two wretches, who can have no claim to extenuating circumstances, I demand the **DEATH PENALTY!**

You see? None of your fancy scruples there, eh?



The death penalty!! ... He certainly doesn't mince his words... He means to go the whole hog!

To be precise: his words certainly mean he's going to mince the hog whole!

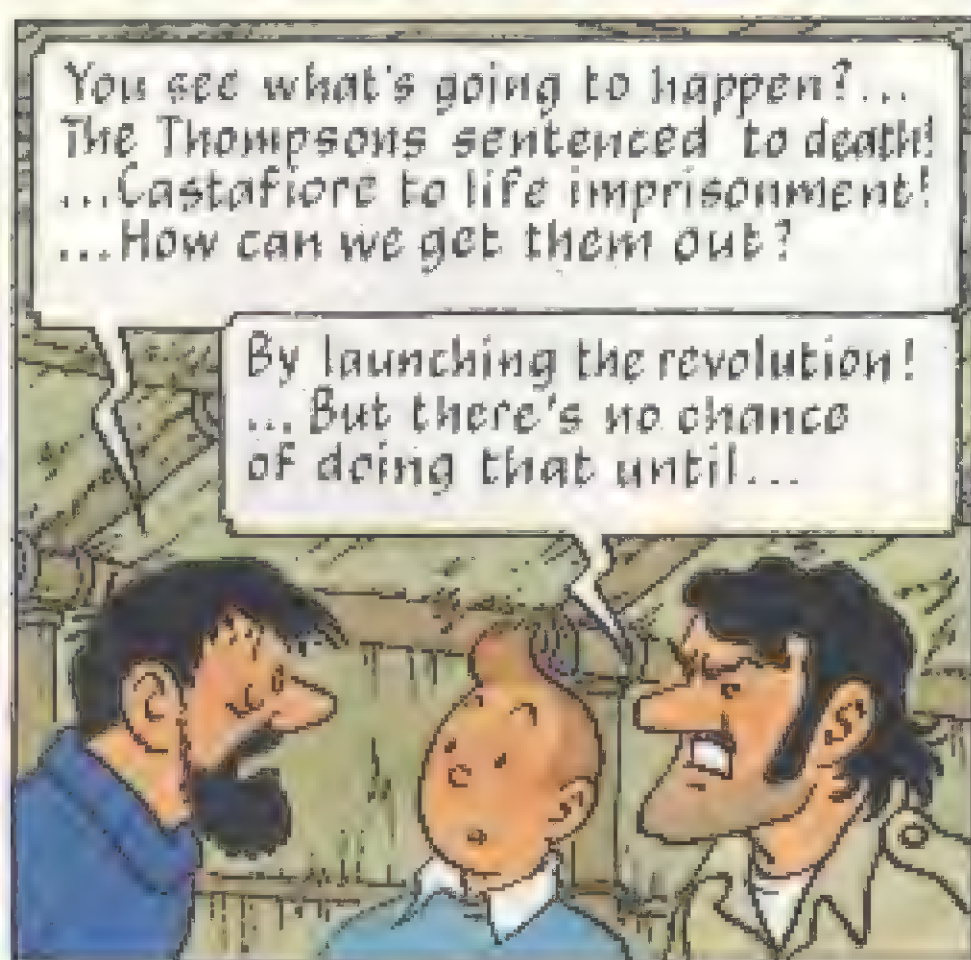
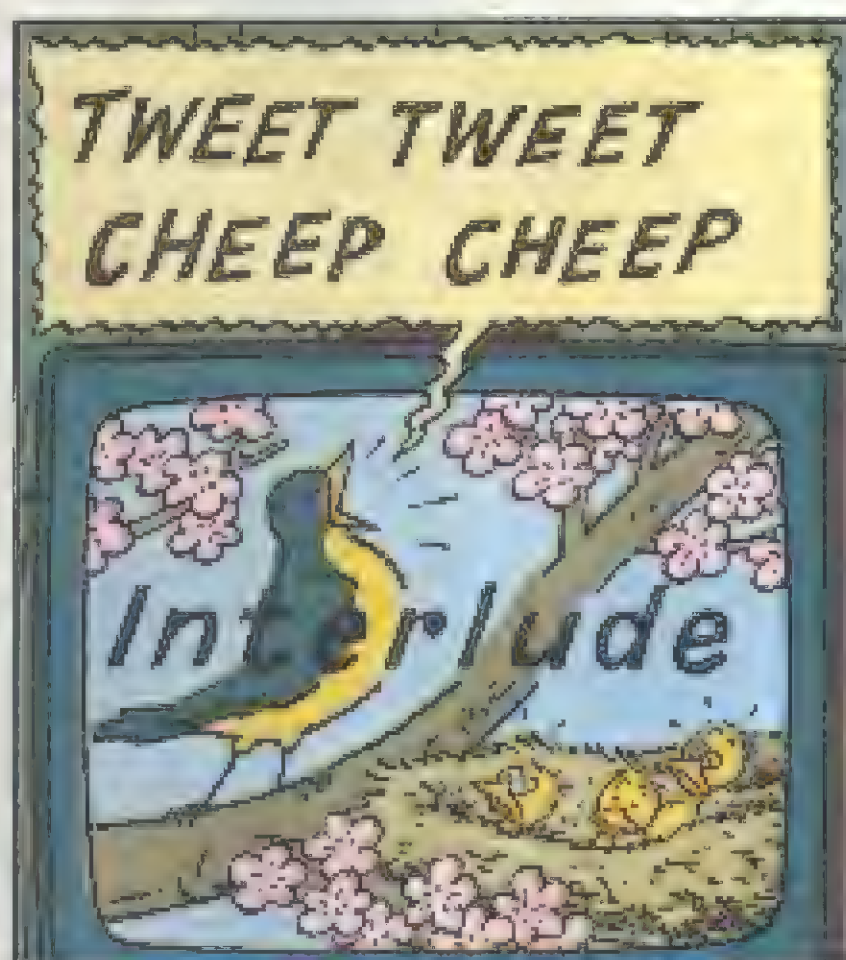
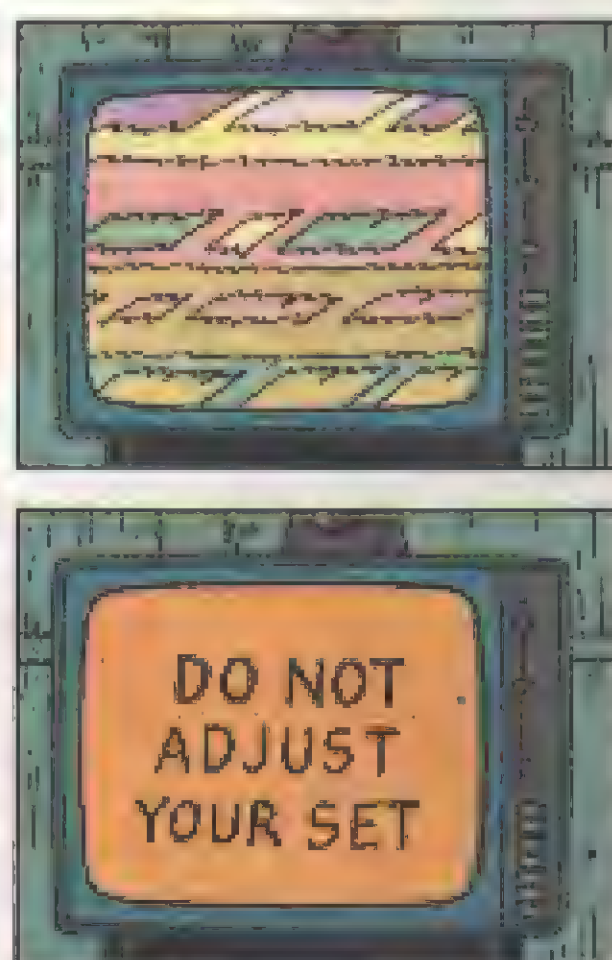
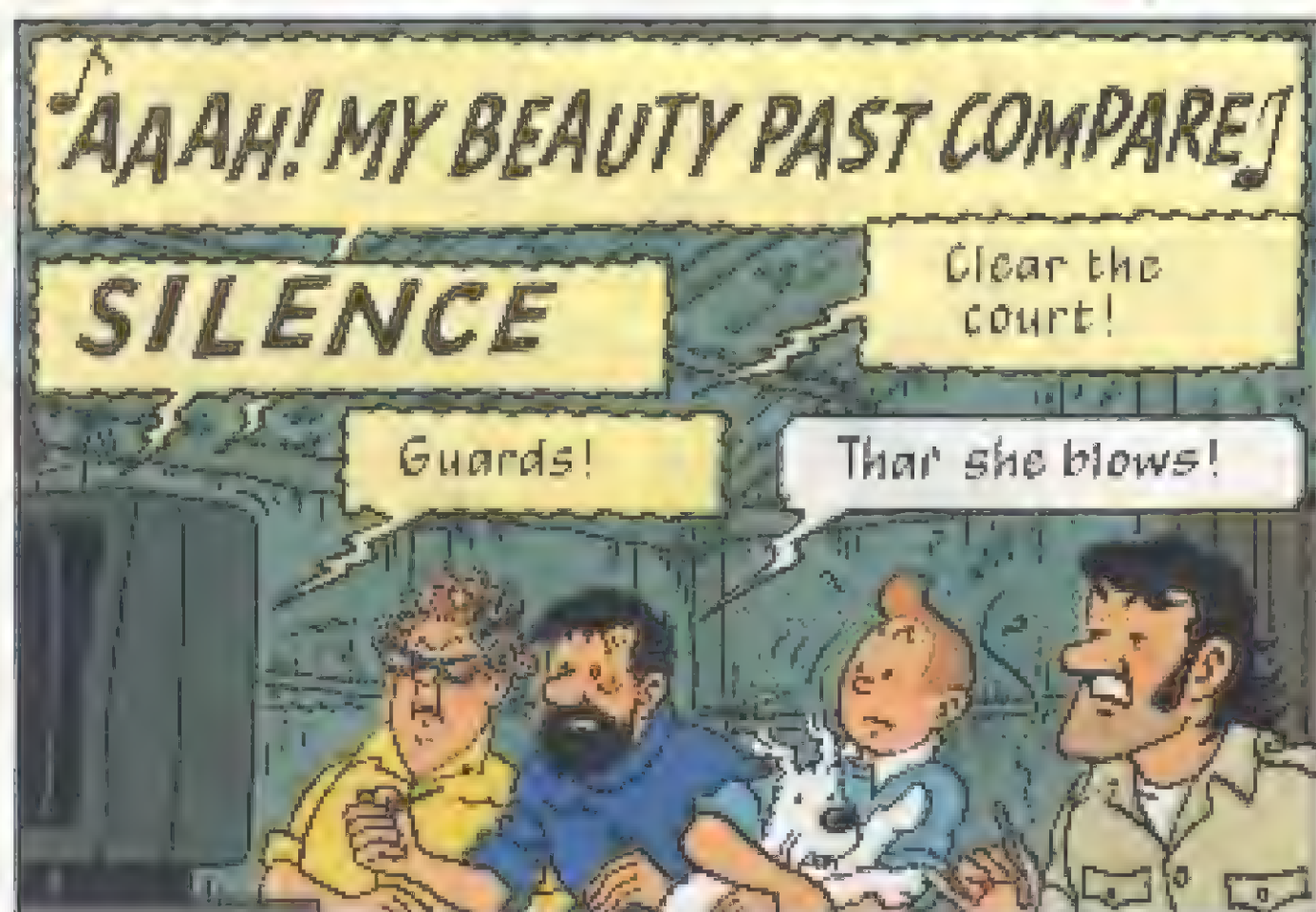
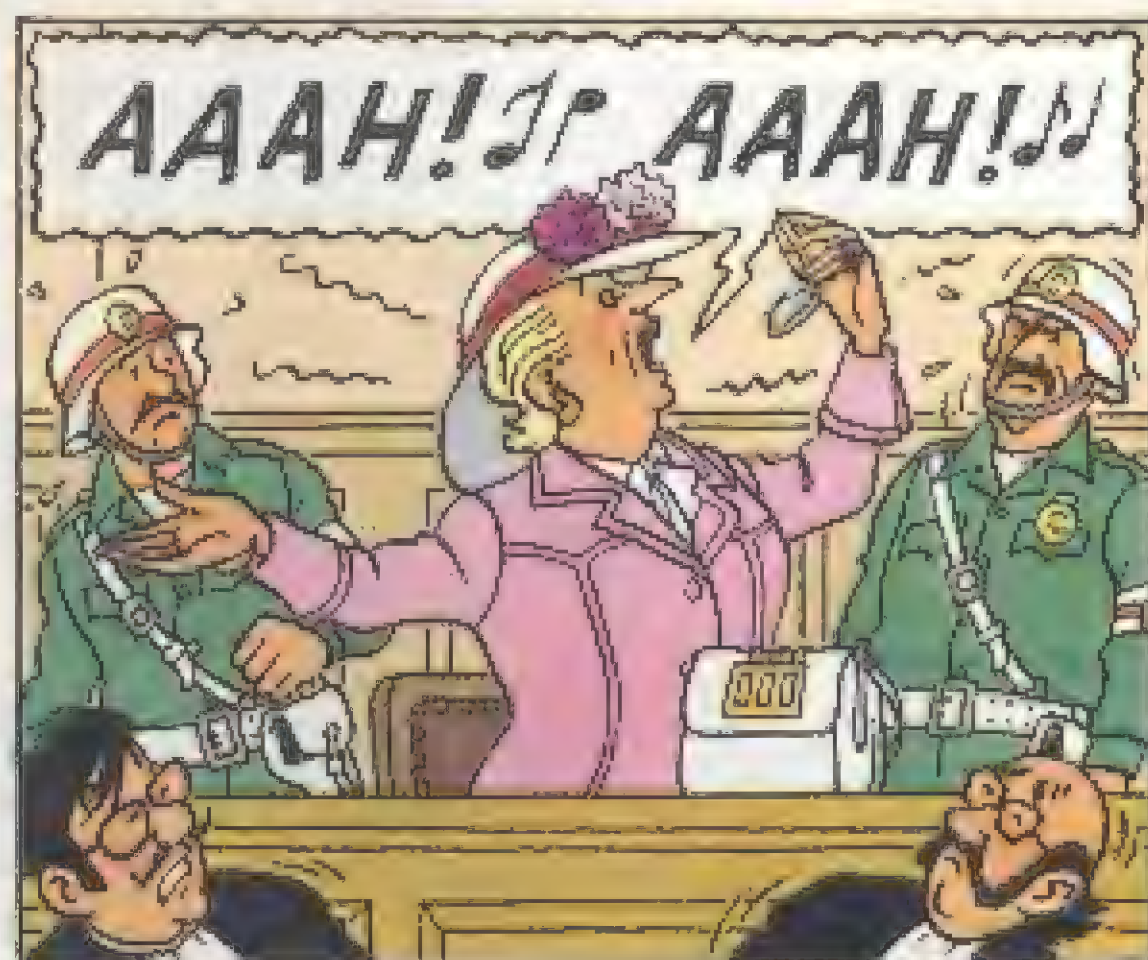
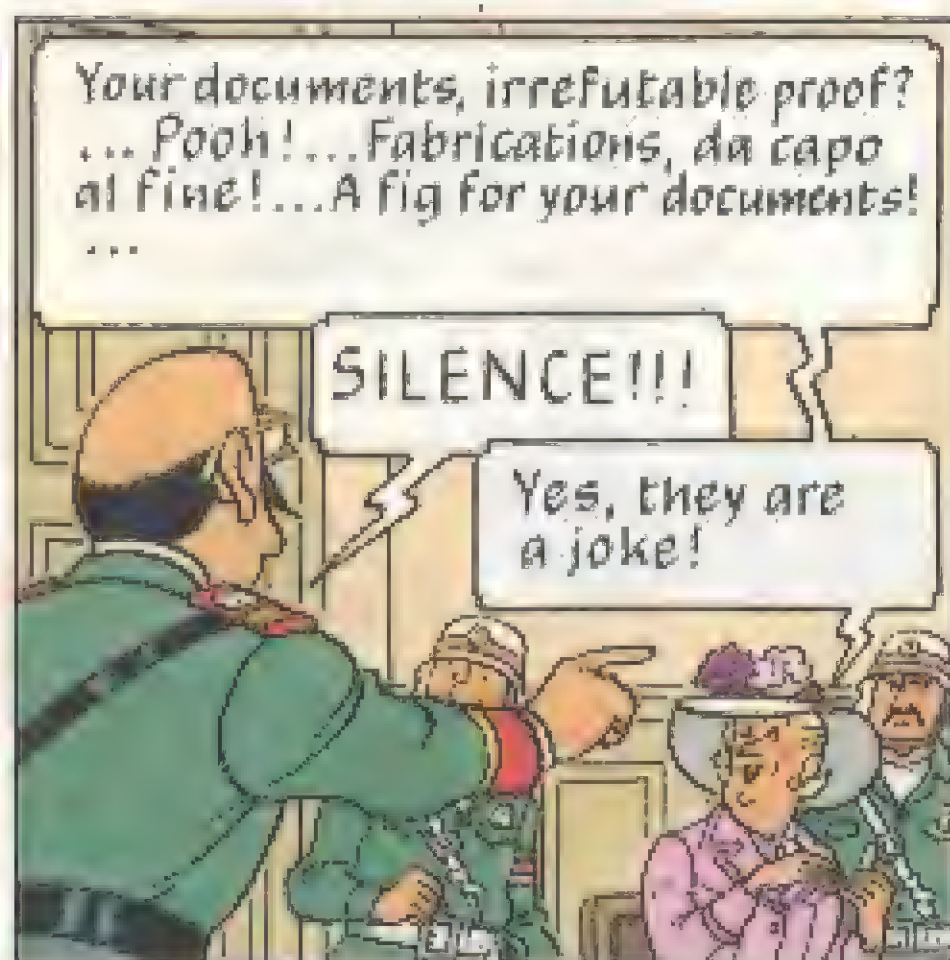
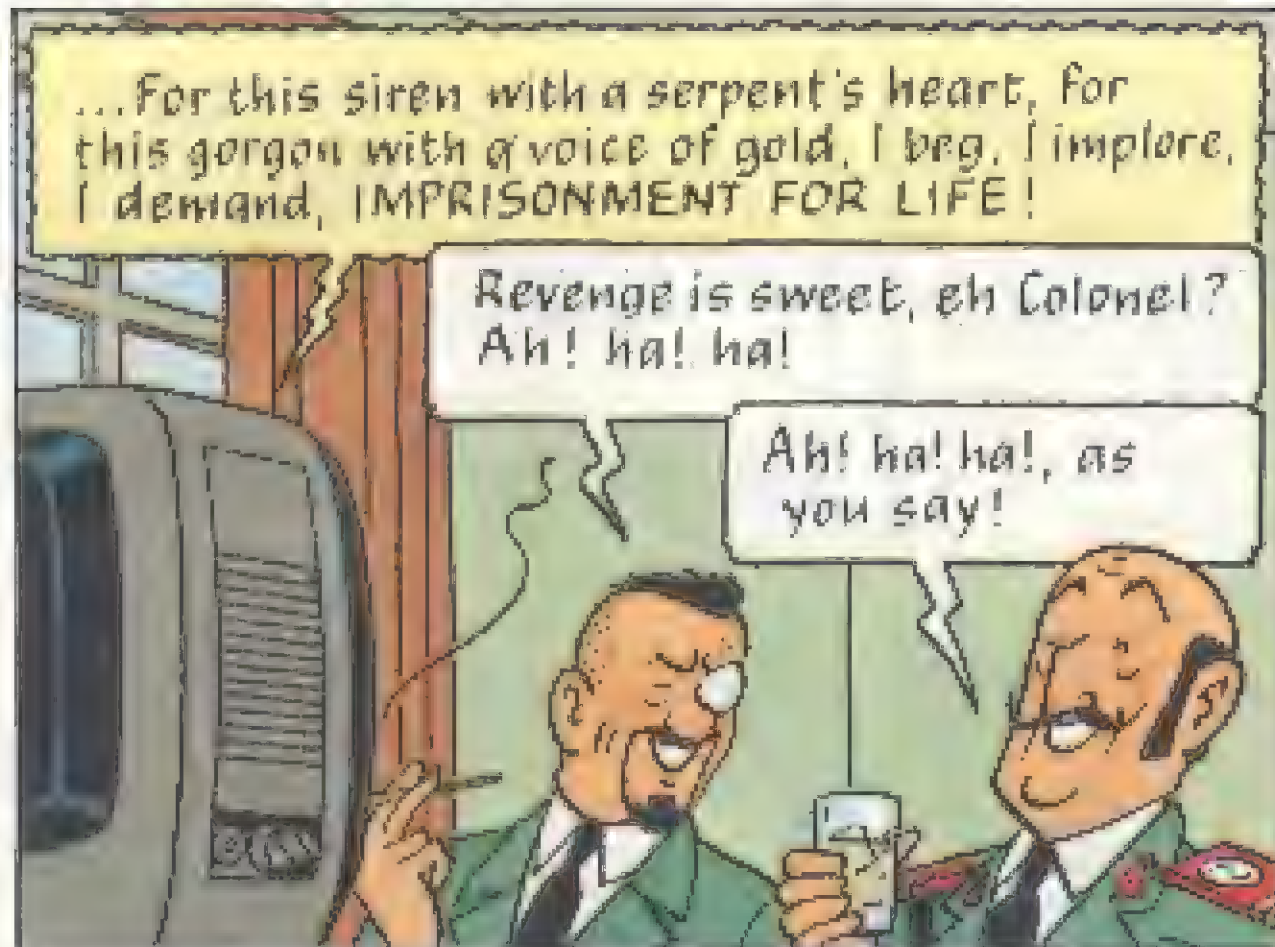


But the real brains behind the plot... and we have here documents which prove it irrefutably... are those of a woman!!!



A woman... or should we call her a monster? ... who lent her talents, her undoubted talents, to a criminal cause: her name is Bianca Castafiore, "the Milanese Nightingale"!







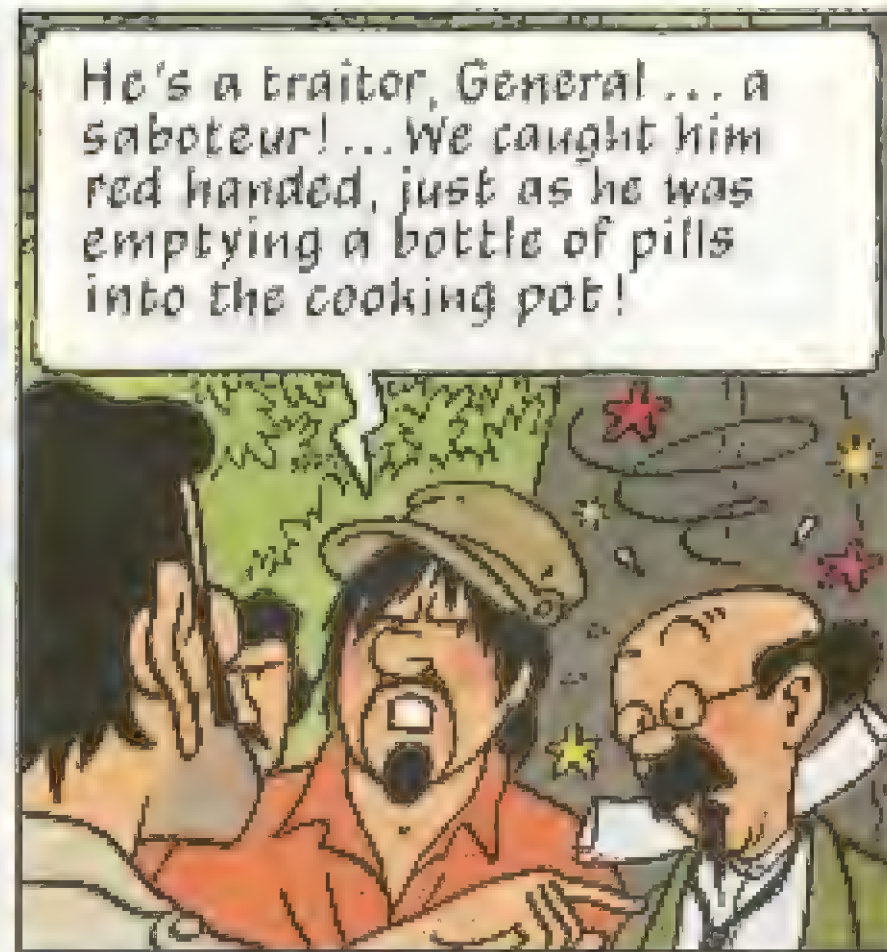
Help!...Help!... Save me!

The Professor!



Kill the traitor!

Hang him!



He's a traitor, General... a saboteur!... We caught him red handed, just as he was emptying a bottle of pills into the cooking pot!



There's no doubt about it... he was trying to poison us!... Let's shoot the nasty little reptile!

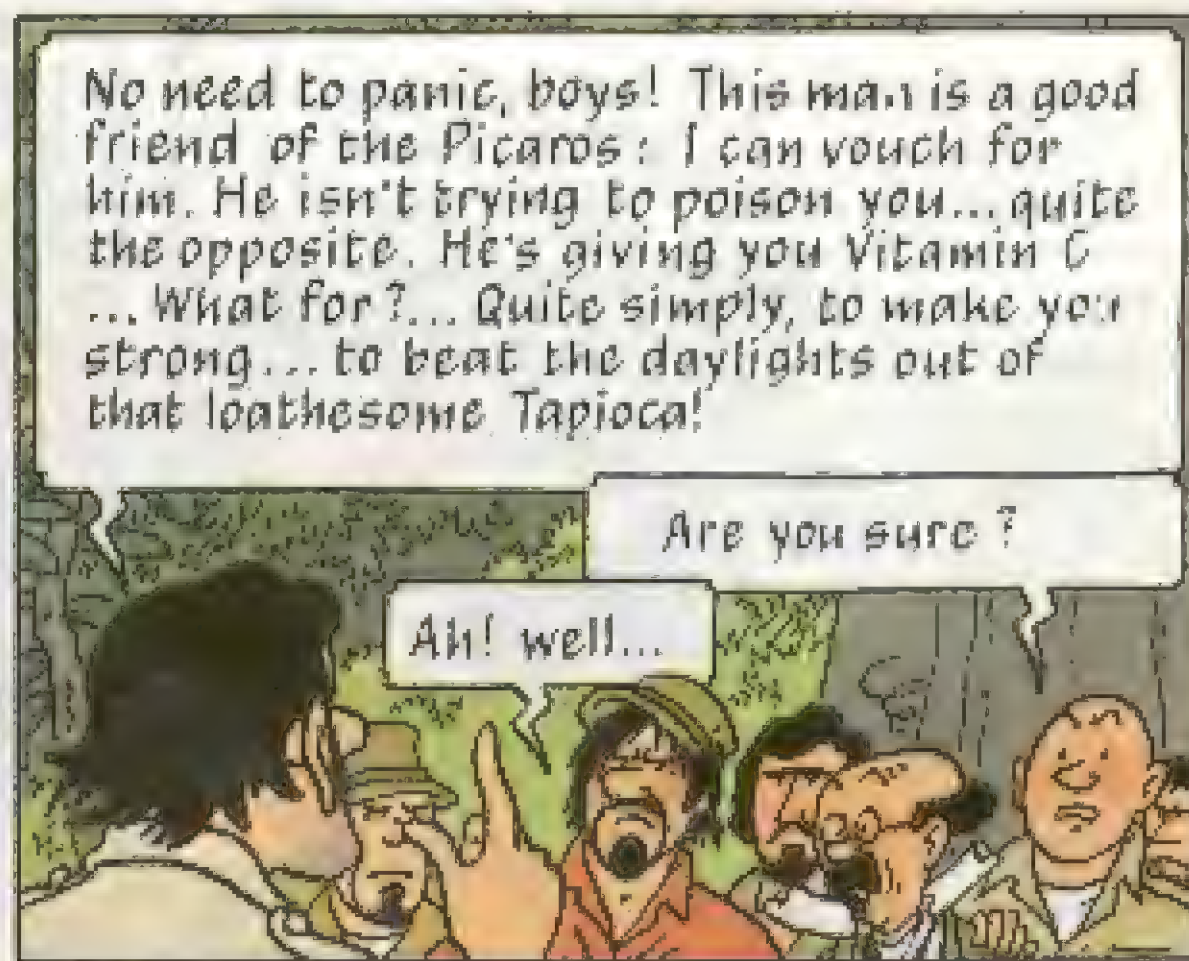


General?

Yes?



.....?



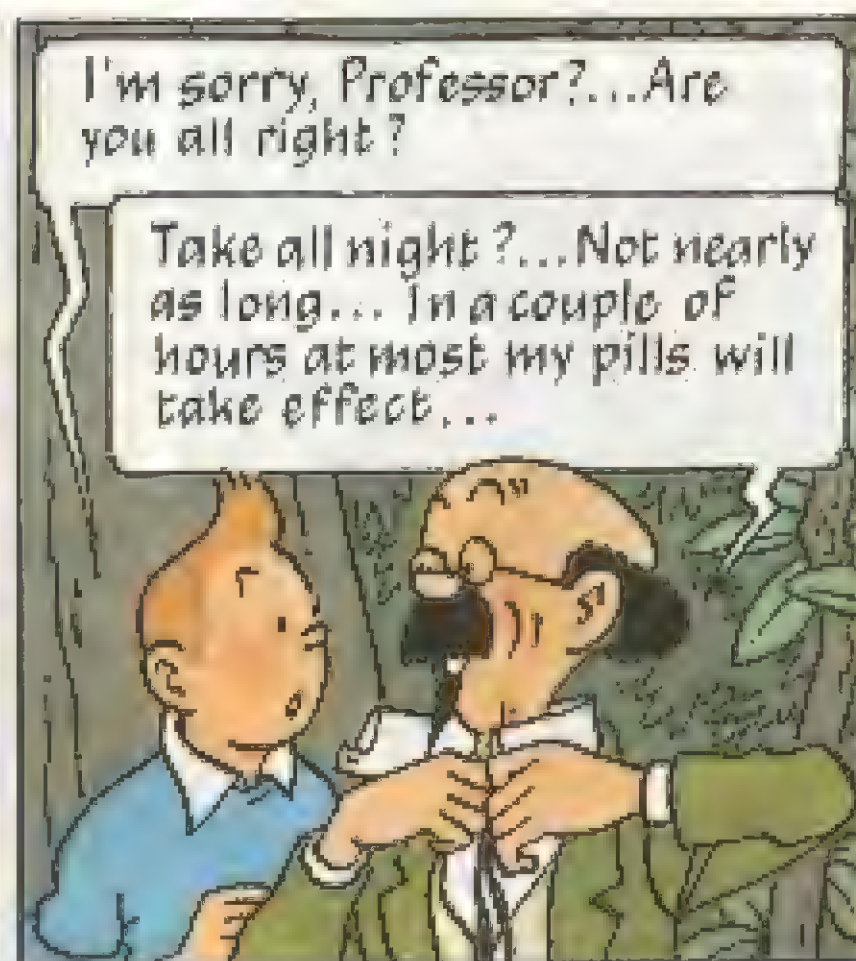
No need to panic, boys! This man is a good friend of the Picaros: I can vouch for him. He isn't trying to poison you... quite the opposite. He's giving you Vitamin C... What for?... Quite simply, to make you strong... to beat the daylights out of that loathesome Tapioca!

Are you sure?

Ah! well...



Sure as I stand here!... Eat away!... I give you my solemn word... you won't come to any harm!



I'm sorry, Professor?... Are you all right?

Take all night?... Not nearly as long... In a couple of hours at most my pills will take effect...



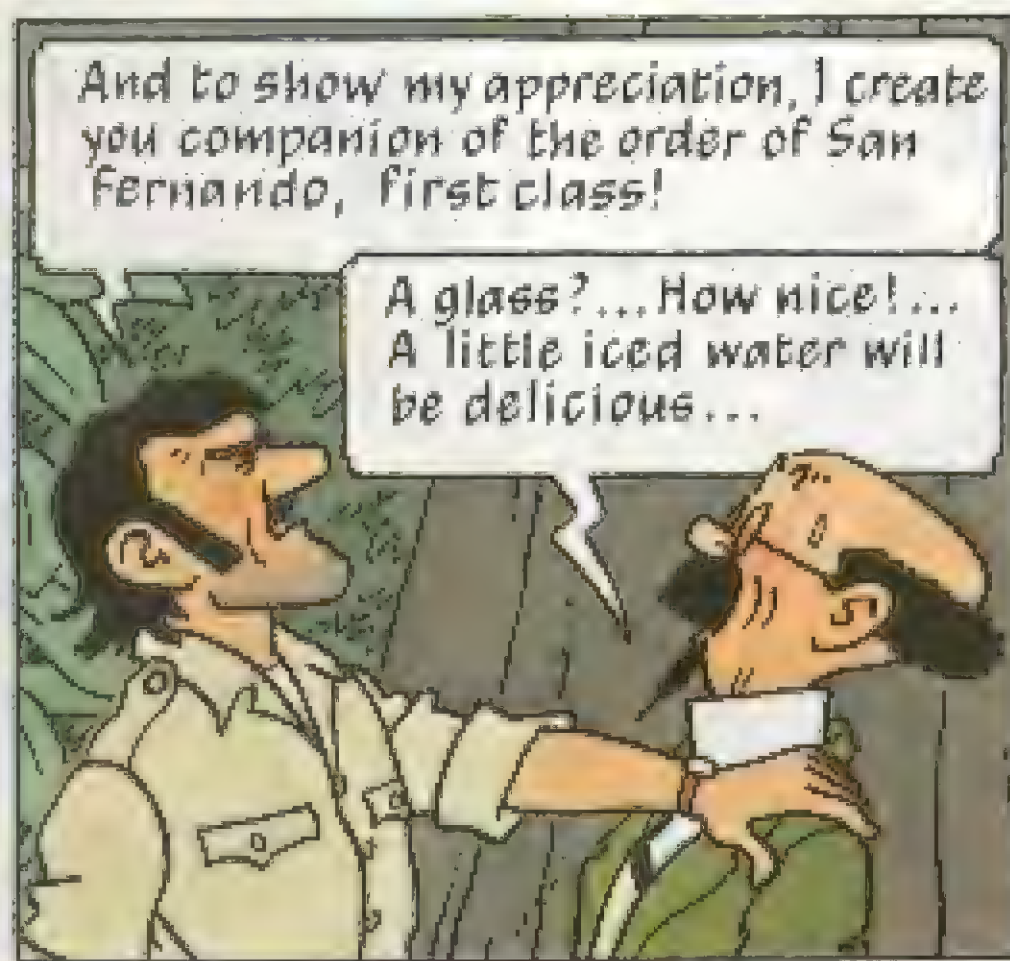
From that moment, none of those men will be able to stomach a single drop of alcohol!... Just like you, Captain!... Isn't that marvelous?

GNNNN!



¡Gracias, hombre, gracias!

MBLL...



And to show my appreciation, I create you companion of the order of San Fernando, first class!

A glass?... How nice!... A little iced water will be delicious...



Whatever the general may say, I'm not eating that stuff...

These new-fangled chemicals... you never can tell...

Look at them, Captain... They're obviously suspicious... And if they don't eat that food they'll go on drinking... So the revolution will fail... and our friends the Thompsons will be shot!



There's the dog... He belongs to the gringos. I'm going to give him some of that vitaminized stew... If he eats it, we will too... Otherwise...

He's right!

I agree!



Doggy woggy?... Come come come come...

Hello, what does he want me for?



Come come come!... Yummyyum!... Looky dere!... Looky dere, good for little dogsy wogsies!...

He must be daft, talking like that...

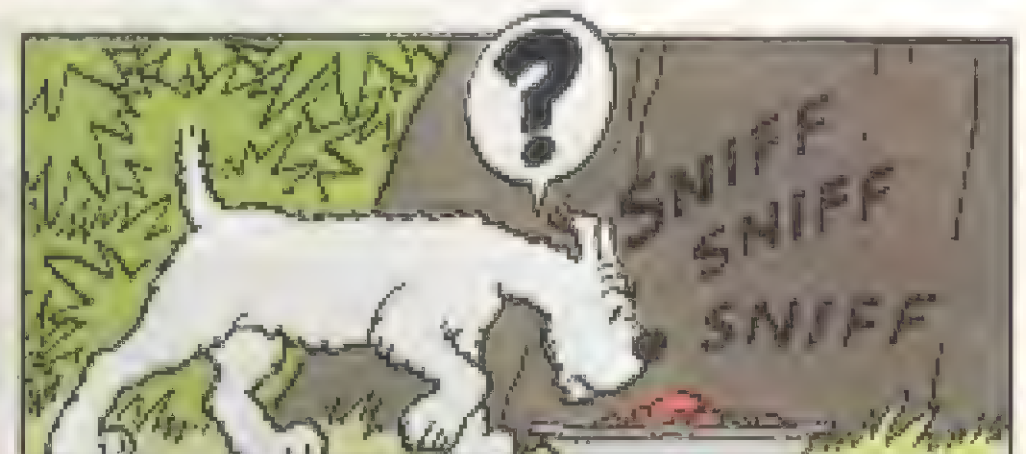


Let's hope... let's hope he'll eat the food...



?

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF



YEEK!



You saw that, boys?... Are we going to eat what even a dog won't touch?

You're right!

We won't eat that muck!



Go back at once, Snowy, and eat it!

But...



That slop! It's full of pimentos!



SCHLOOP
SLURP
GLUP
SCHLOP



Hey, boys! Look!... He's changed his mind!... Now we can have some too!

¡Bueno! I'm hungry!

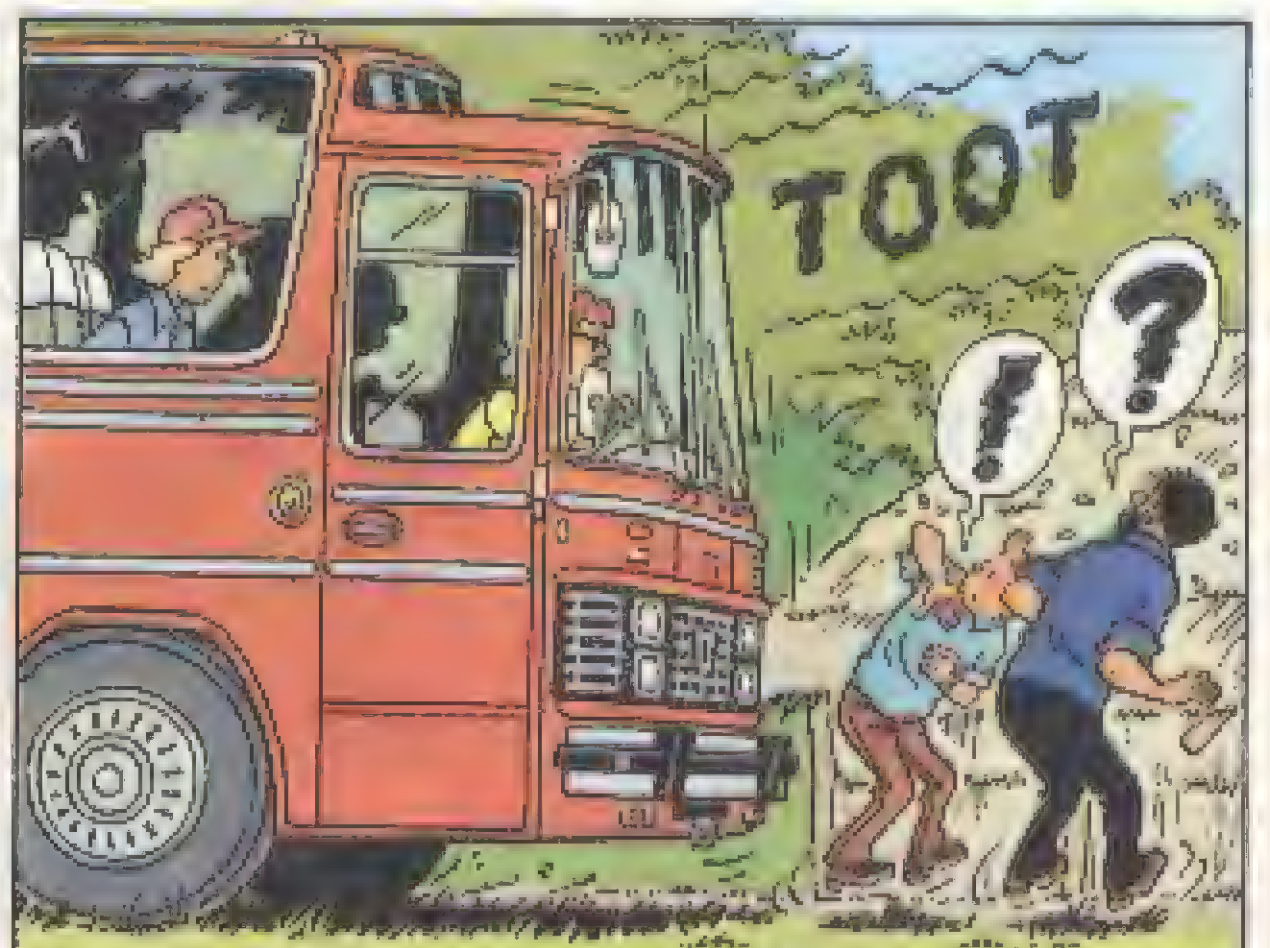


They're eating it! Now we can save our friends!



TOOT

!





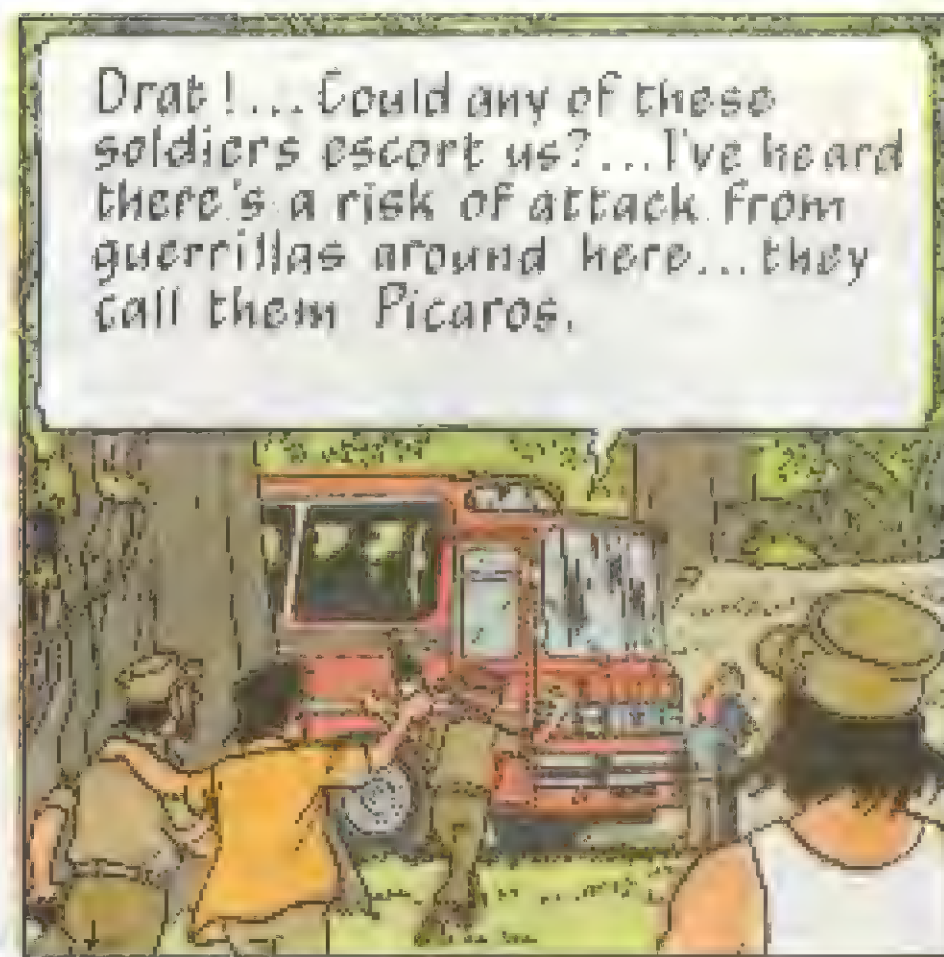
Hello, a b-b-b-... hic... bus!

Ah! Not a pink elephant today, then?



Is it far to Tapiocapolis, chum?

Tapiocapolis?... Great snakes, you're hopelessly off the road.

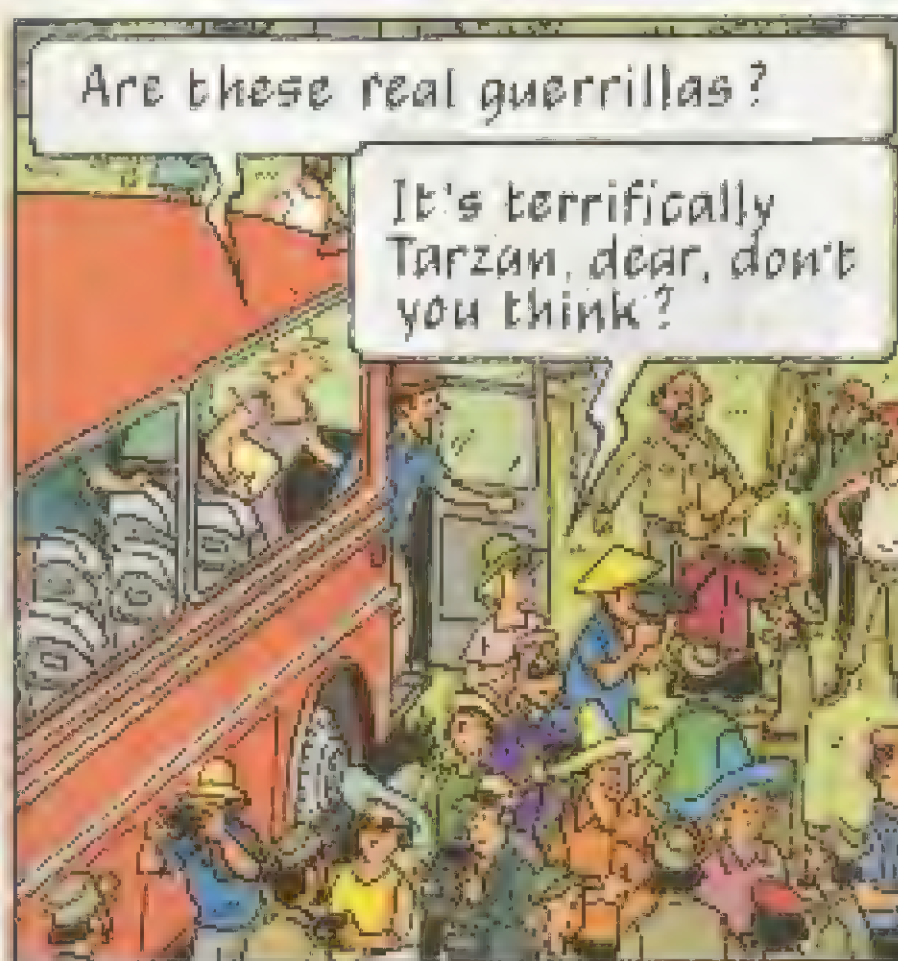


Drat!... Could any of these soldiers escort us?... I've heard there's a risk of attack from guerrillas around here... they call them Picaros.



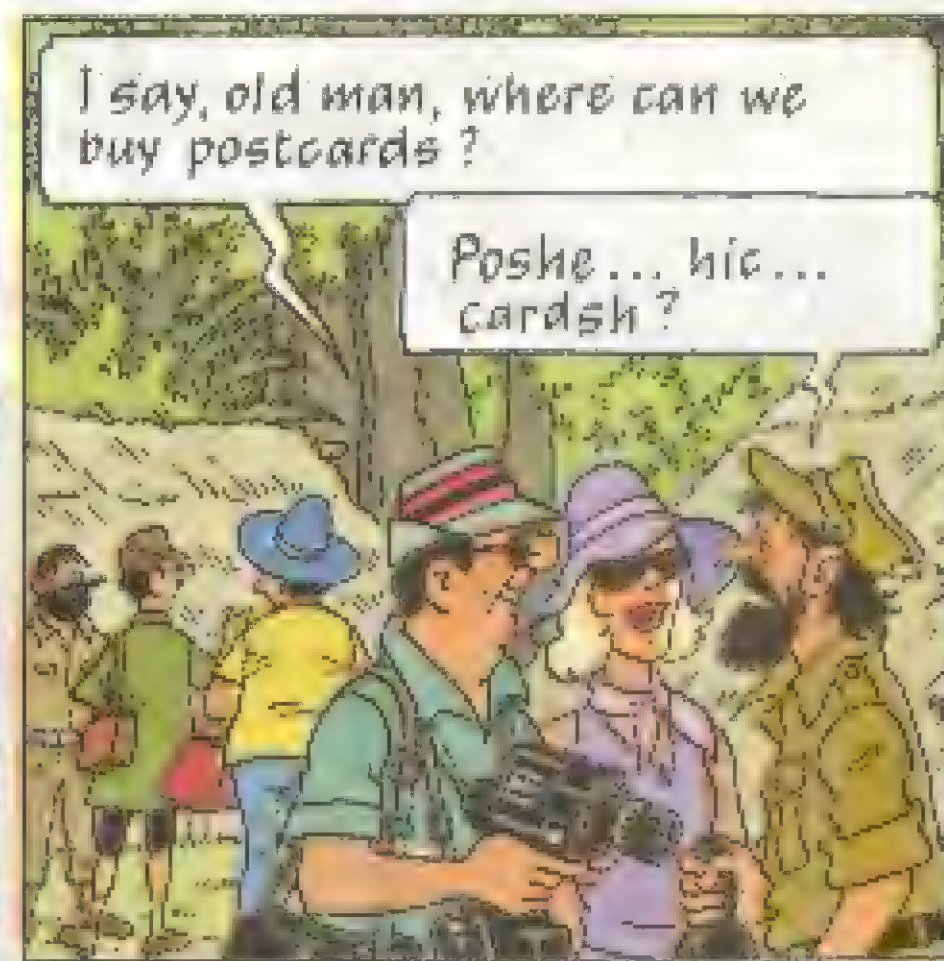
That's exactly where you are: among the Picaros!

No kidding?



Are these real guerrillas?

It's terrifically Tarzan, dear, don't you think?

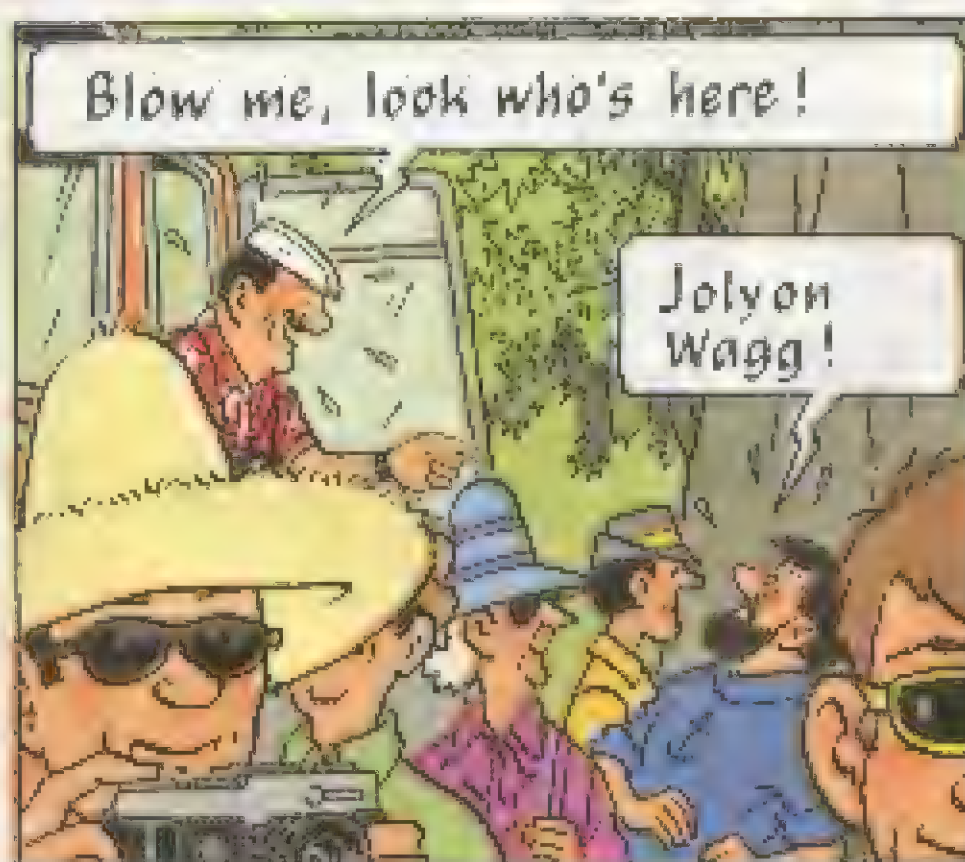


I say, old man, where can we buy postcards?

Poshe... hic... cardsh?

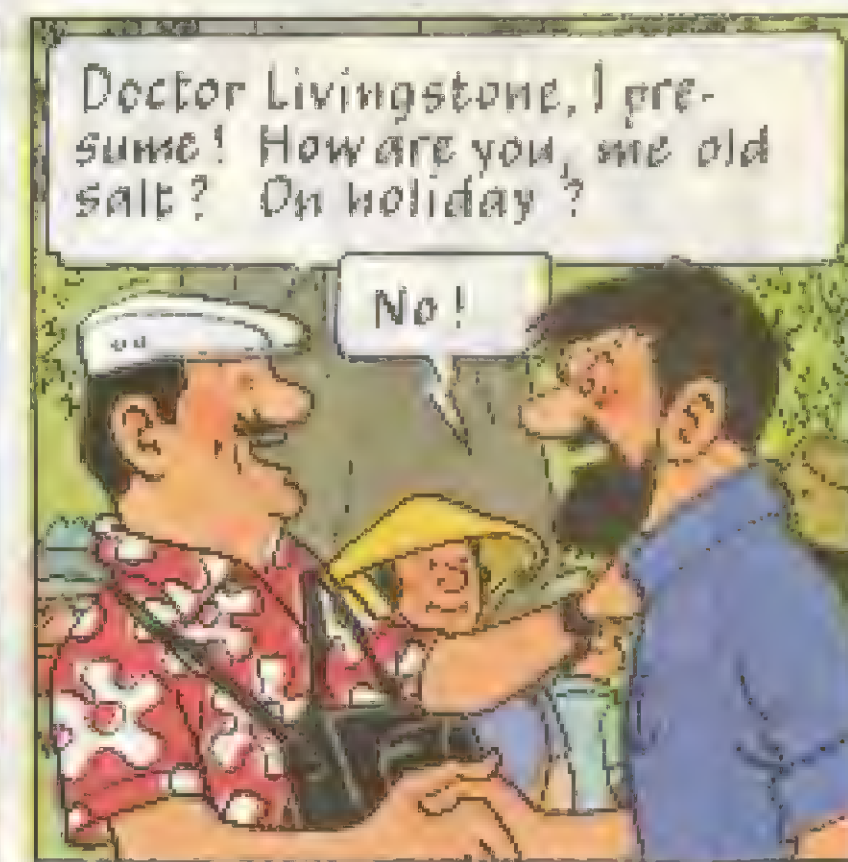


They must have a souvenir shop somewhere about the place...



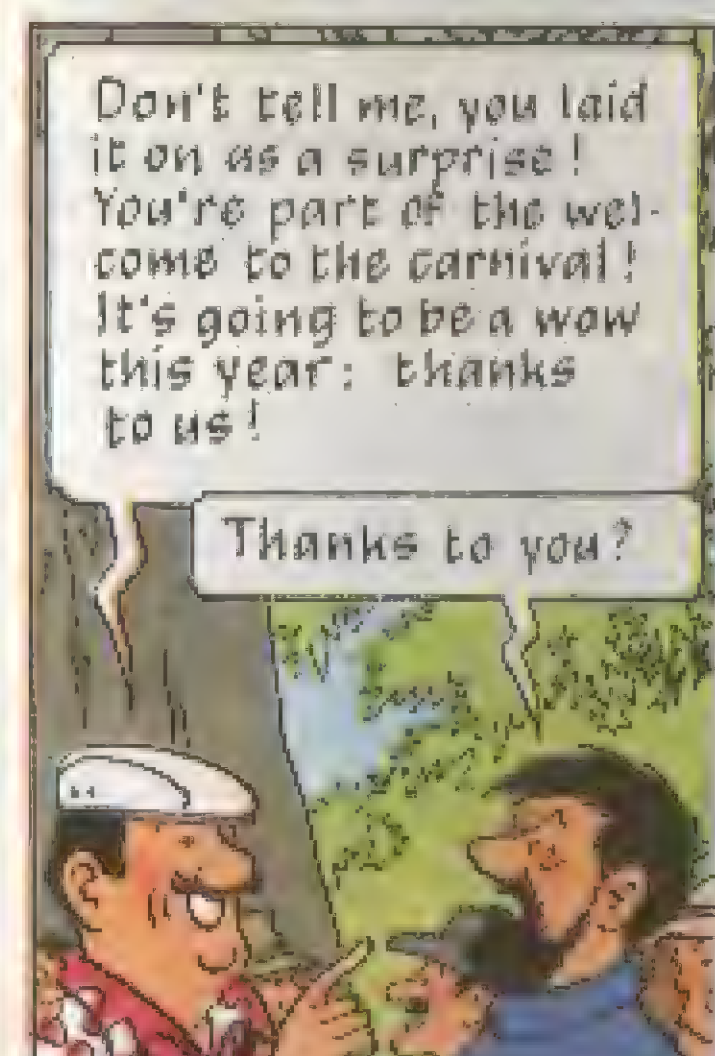
Blow me, look who's here!

Jolyon Wagg!



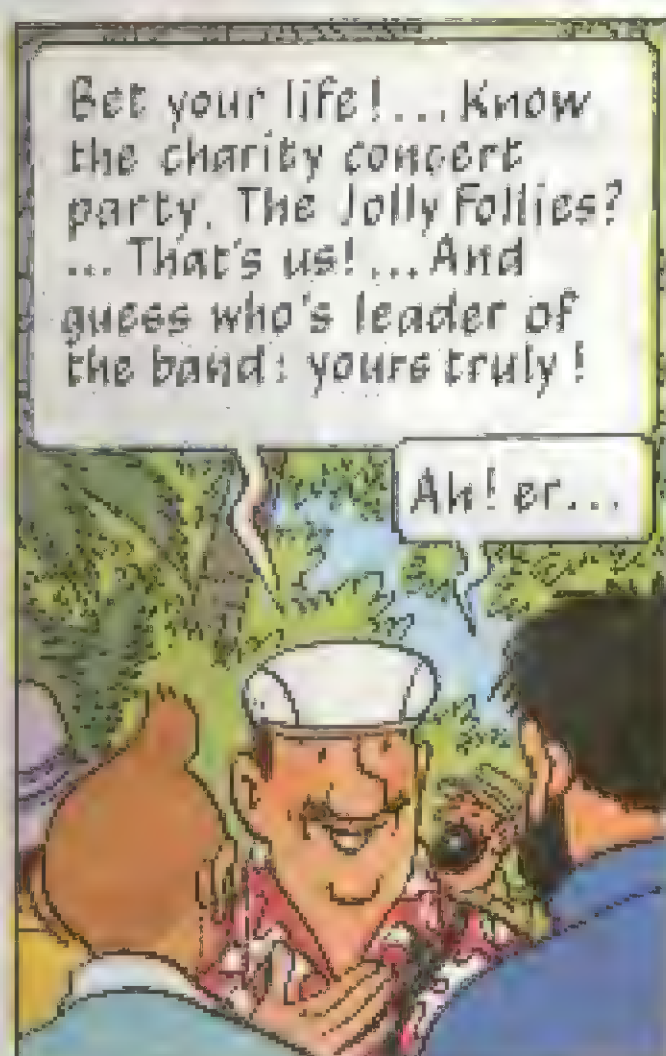
Doctor Livingstone, I presume! How are you, me old salt? On holiday?

No!



Don't tell me, you laid it on as a surprise! You're part of the welcome to the carnival! It's going to be a wow this year: thanks to us!

Thanks to you?



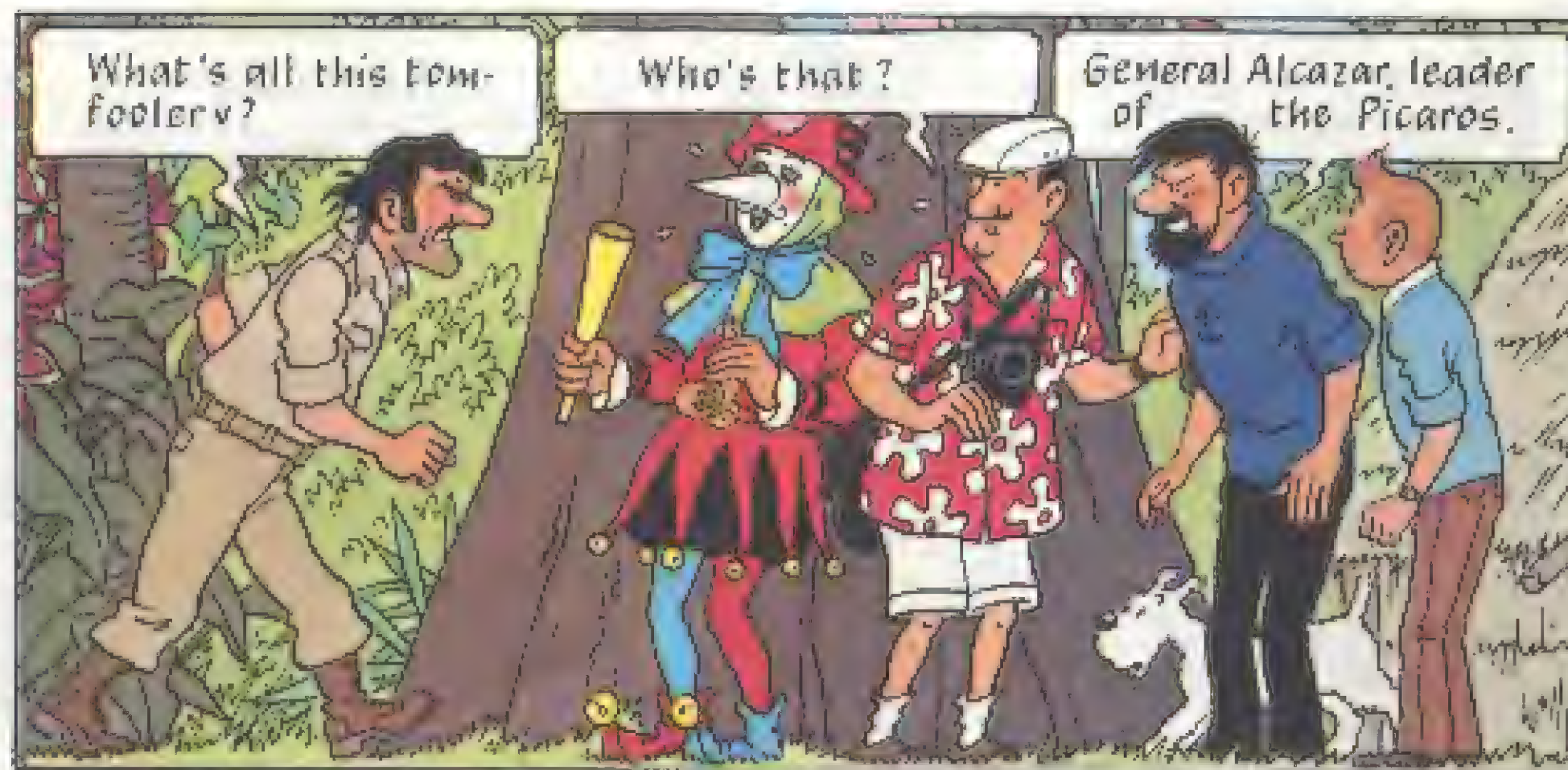
Bet your life!... Know the charity concert party, The Jolly Follies? ... That's us! ... And guess who's leader of the band: yours truly!

Ah! er...



Sunny Jim designed their costumes, oo... Smashing, eh?

Very... original!



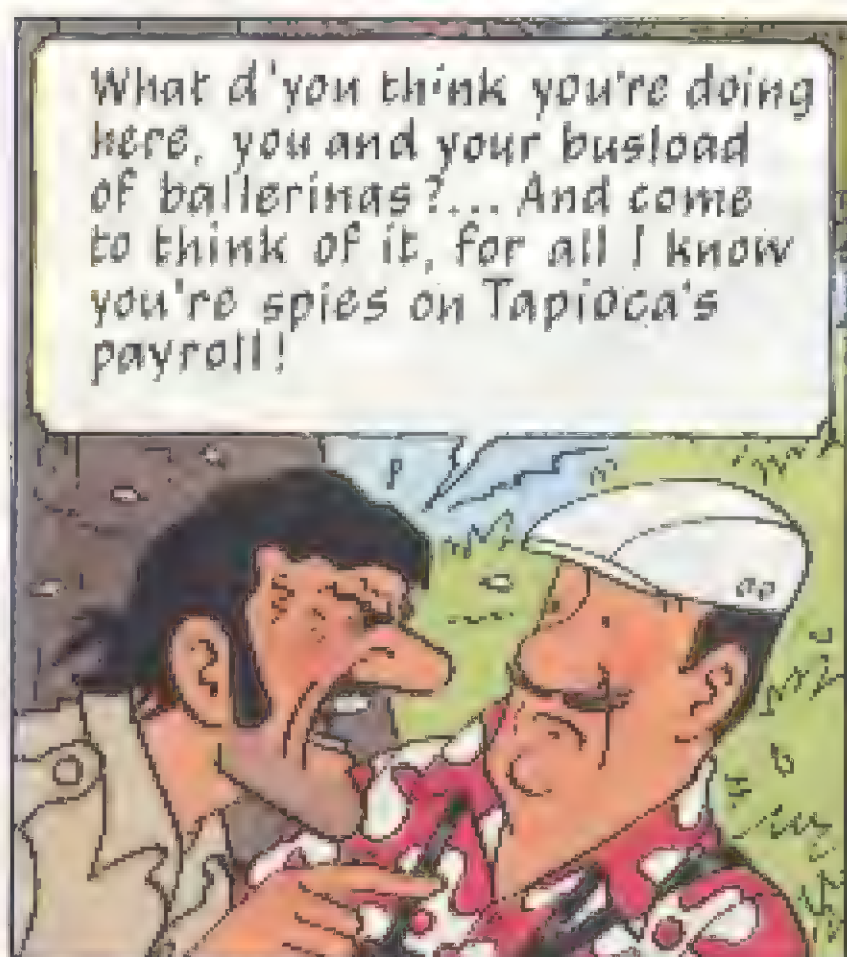
What's all this tomfoolery?

Who's that?

General Alcazar, leader of the Picaros.



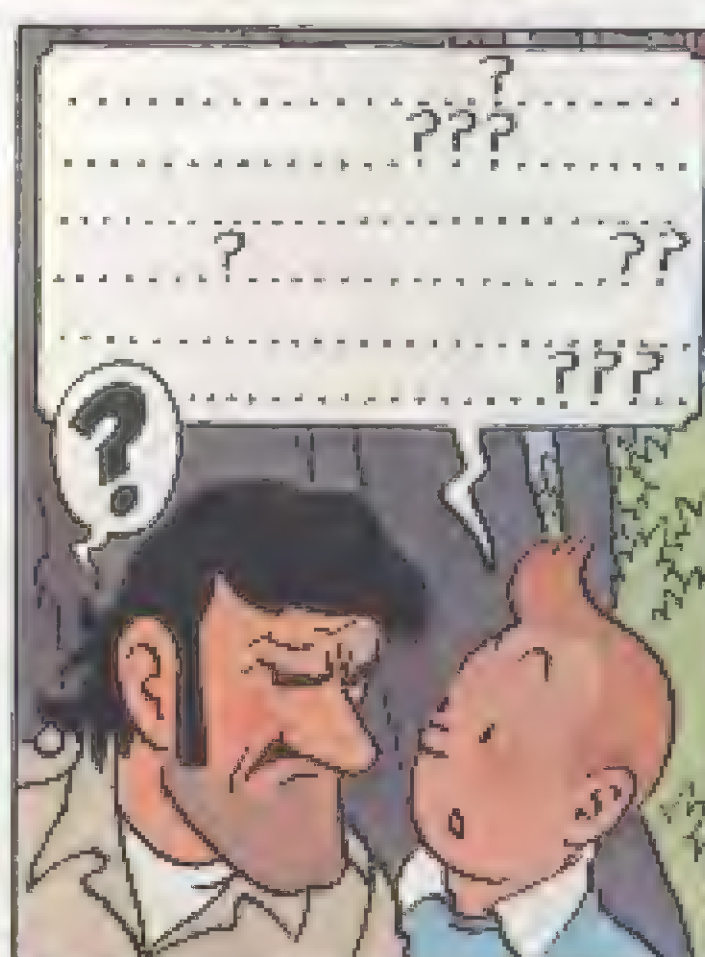
Hi there, me old Field Marshal! ... So you're the top brass for these boozy brigands!



What d'you think you're doing here, you and your busload of ballerinas?... And come to think of it, for all I know you're spies on Tapioca's payroll!



A word with you, General, if I may...



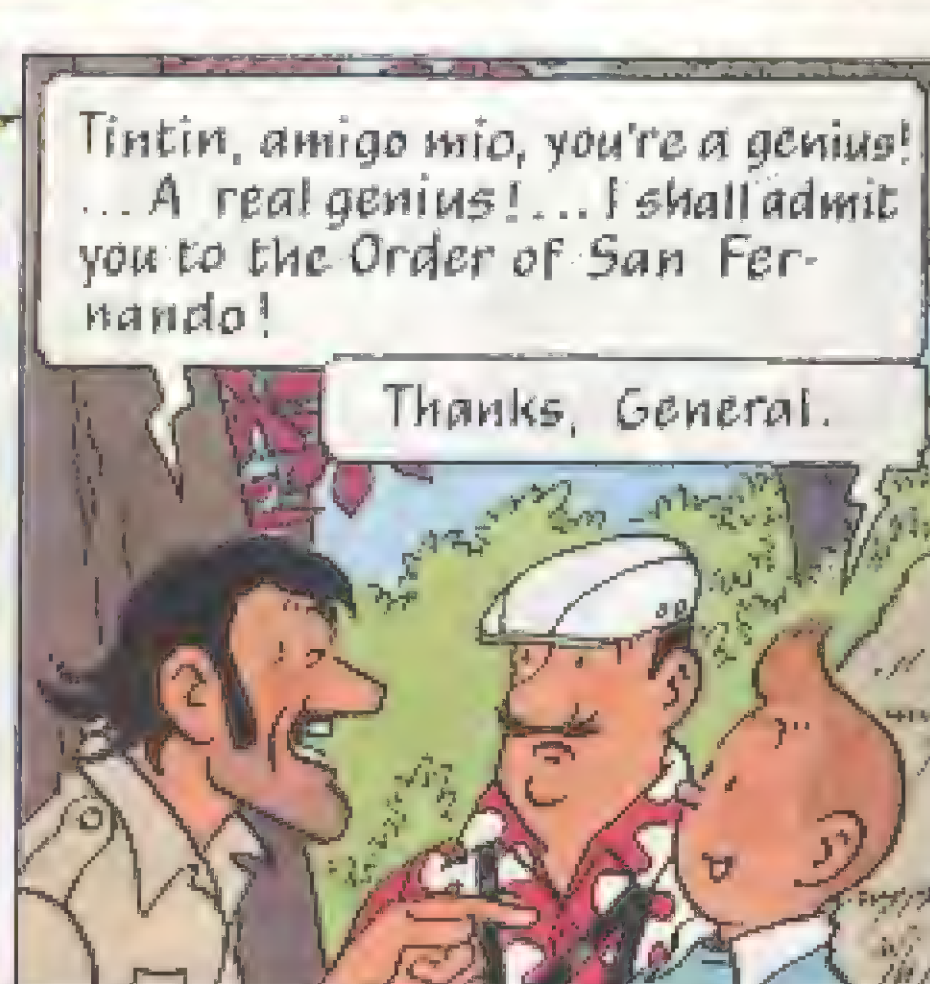
...???



CLAC... TR2TRRR...
RR... TING 1/2 CLANG
m 2 2... CLICK?
x 3. 1416...!!!!



CLICK

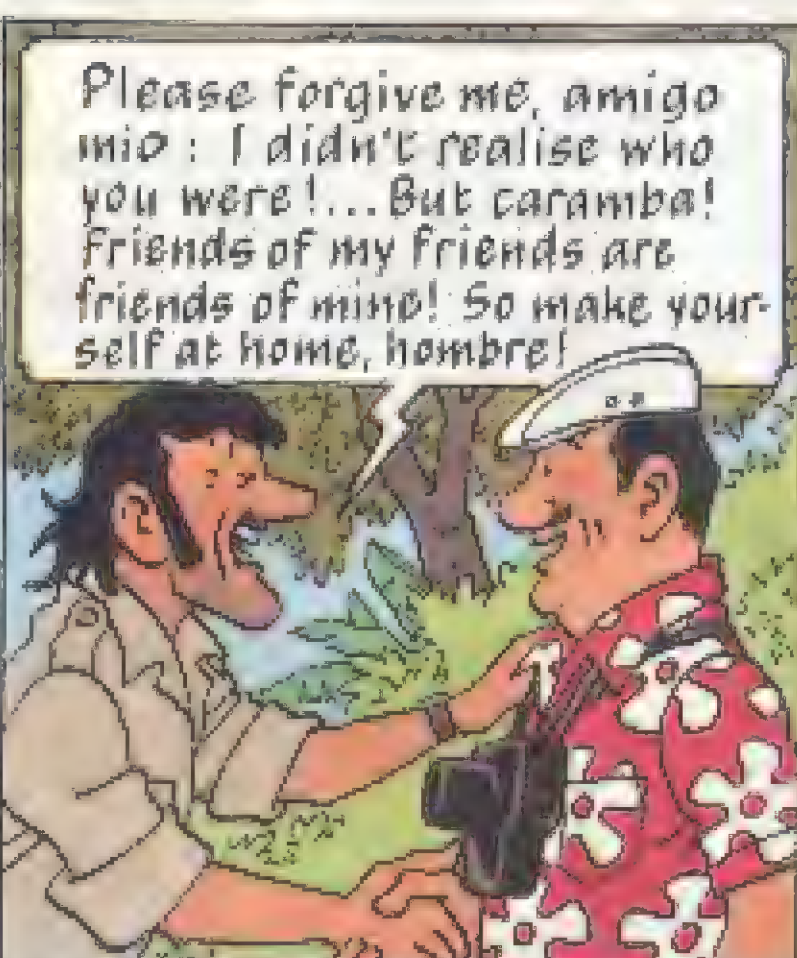


Tintin, amigo mio, you're a genius! ... A real genius! ... I shall admit you to the Order of San Fernando!

Thanks, General.



Welcome to the Picaros, señor.



Please forgive me, amigo mio: I didn't realise who you were! ... But caramba! Friends of my friends are friends of mine! So make yourself at home, hombre!



And this evening, amigo, you and all your Follies will be my guests! Si, si! We'll have a grand fiesta, with whisky by the gallon! Just you wait!



What did you say to him?

You'll see in due course!



That night...

What's the matter with this whisky?...It's simply disgusting!

PFOUAGH!

You must be cuckoo, it's super!

WE'RE THE JOLLY JOLLY FOLLIES...
HEY NONNY NO... HEY NONNY NO...



The morning after...



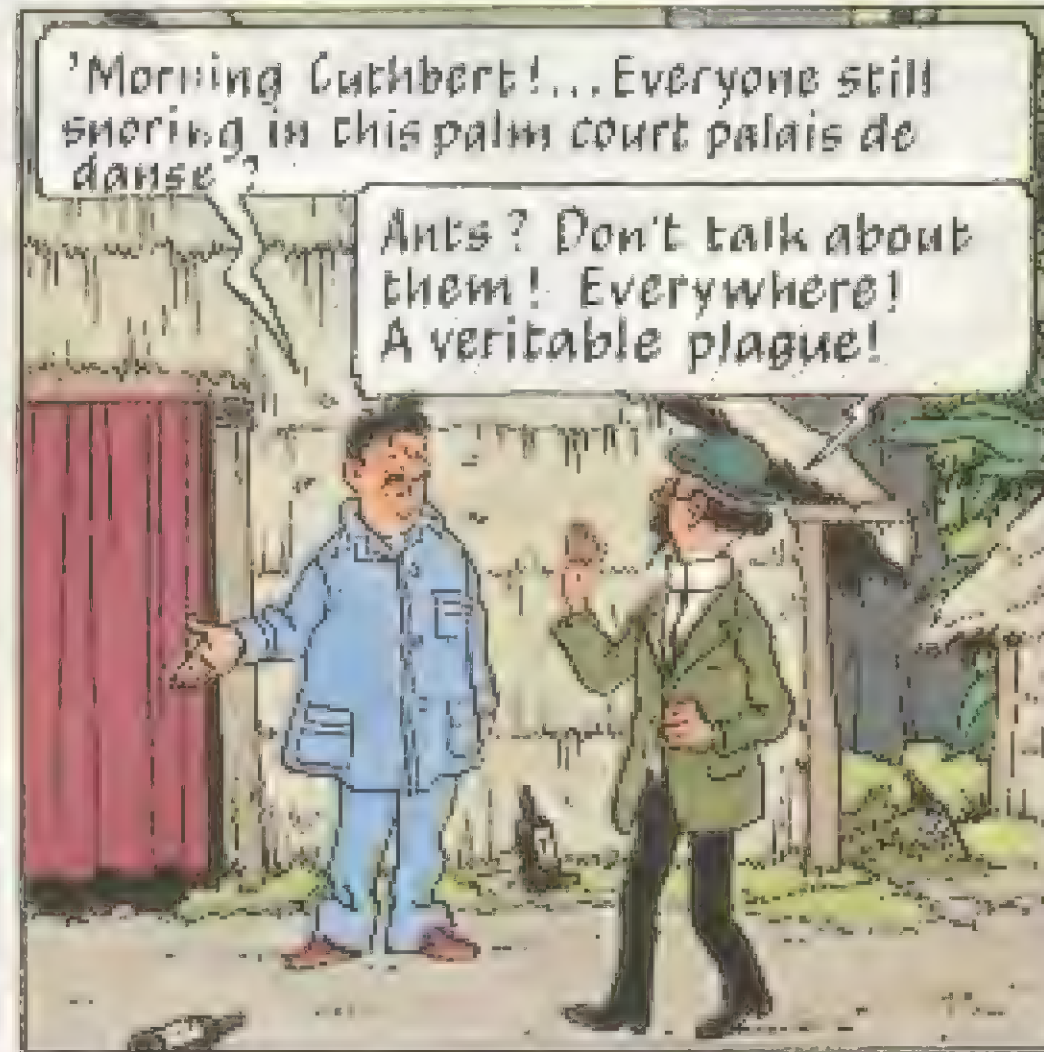
Alcazar! ...Alcazar! ...Time for you to fix breakfast!



Alcazar?...Where are you?... Answer me this minute!



Alcazar! ... Answer me! ... I am not amused!



'Morning Cuthbert! ... Everyone still snoring in this palm court palais de danse?

Ants? Don't talk about them! Everywhere! A veritable plague!

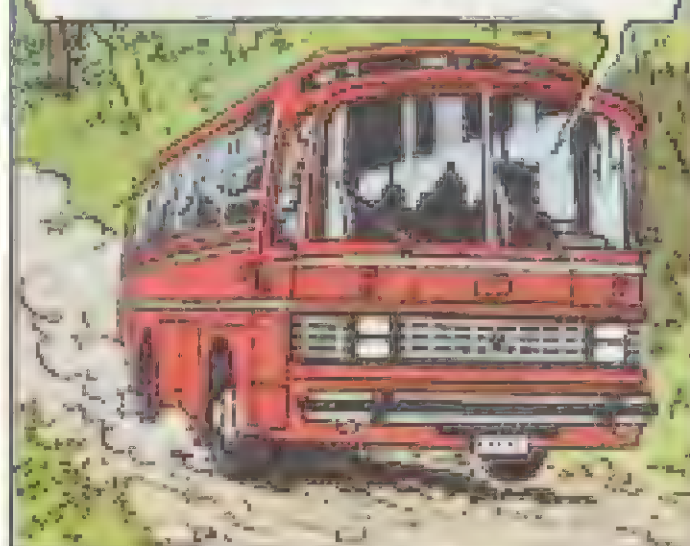


Yiiiiiiiiiiiiii!
THE MONSTER!
HE'S GONE!

My dove,
I've gon to start the revo-
lushun against the vial
Tapioca. Wen its over you
will have the pallis witch
I've promist you.
Much luv from your
Zazar
I've borrowd the golyfoliz
buss and have left sum
Picaros to look after you.
Z.



¡Caramba! These Jolly Follies were sent from heaven!... Thanks to them and to your friend Calculus I'll soon be back in power...



It's a shabby way to treat those poor people, sneaking off with their bus and their costumes. But it's the only way to save our friends...



Never mind, I'll be able to reward them with appropriate generosity as soon as I've chucked out that vile Tapioca: I'll admit them all to the Order of San Fernando!



Tomorrow afternoon we'll arrive in Tapiocapolis... and that'll soon be re-named Alcazaropolis. It's the opening day of the carnival. Before we reach the city we'll rehearse our plans to the very last detail...



We'll be dressed in the Jolly Follies costumes, with our guns at the ready...

With orders not to use them!



The next afternoon...

This is it, my brave Picaros! We're here! ... Now each of you guys: remember what you have to do...



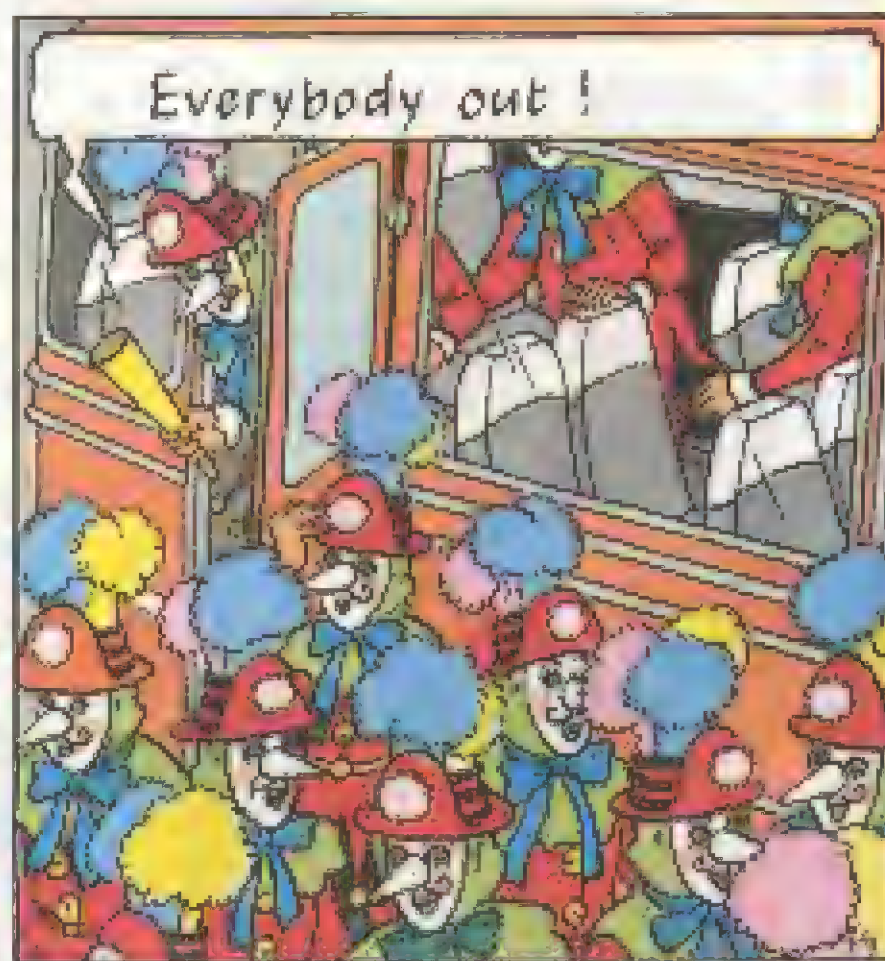
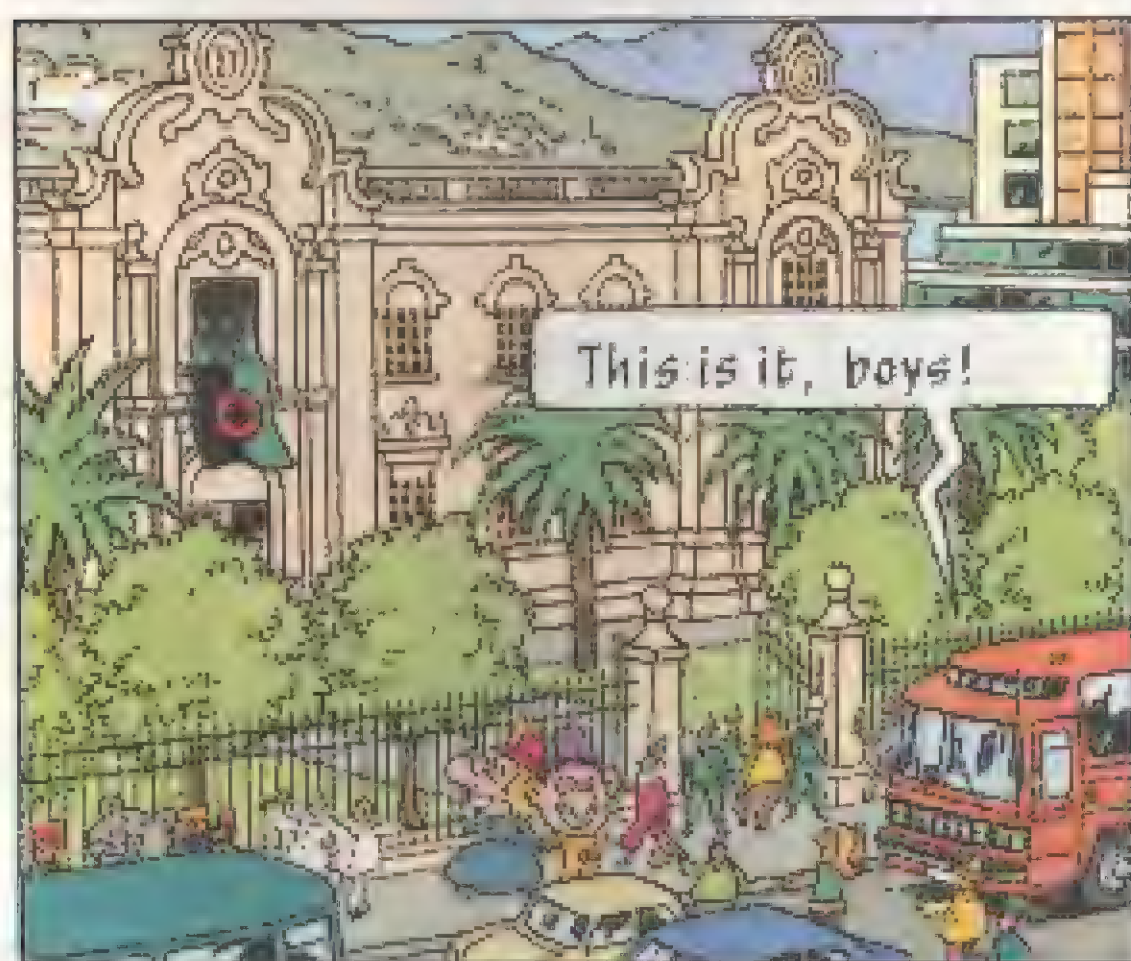
Meanwhile...

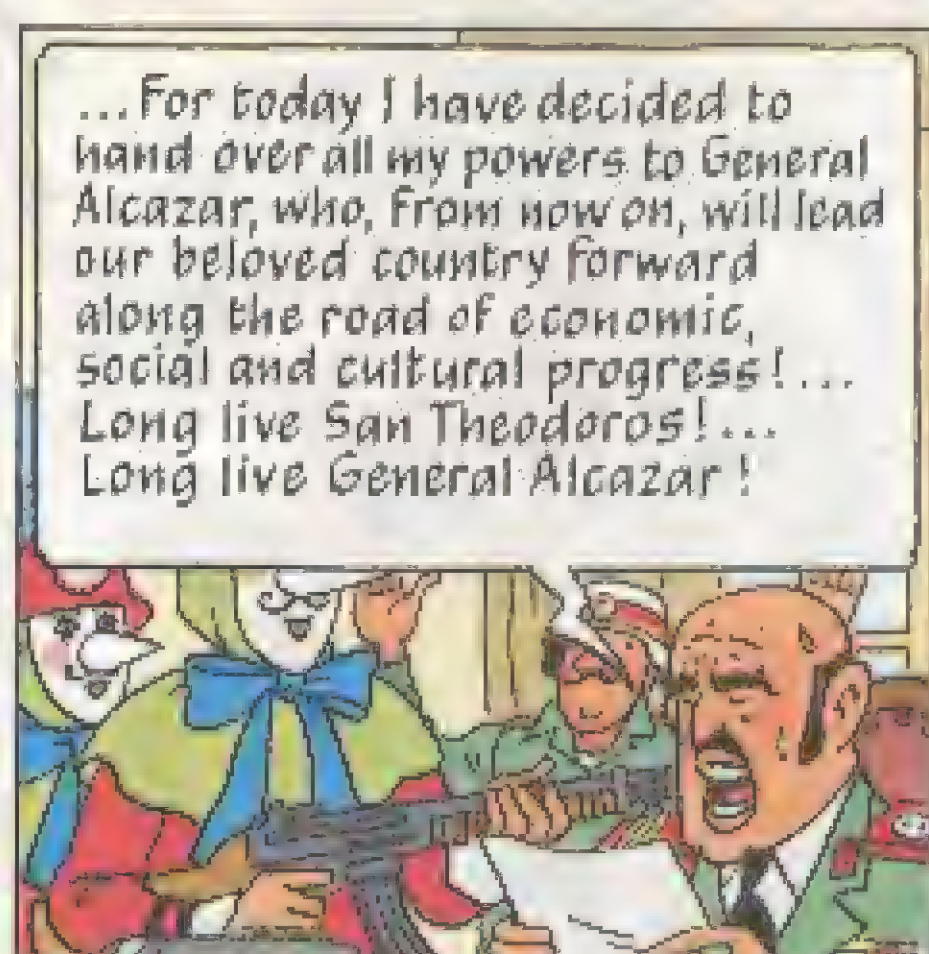
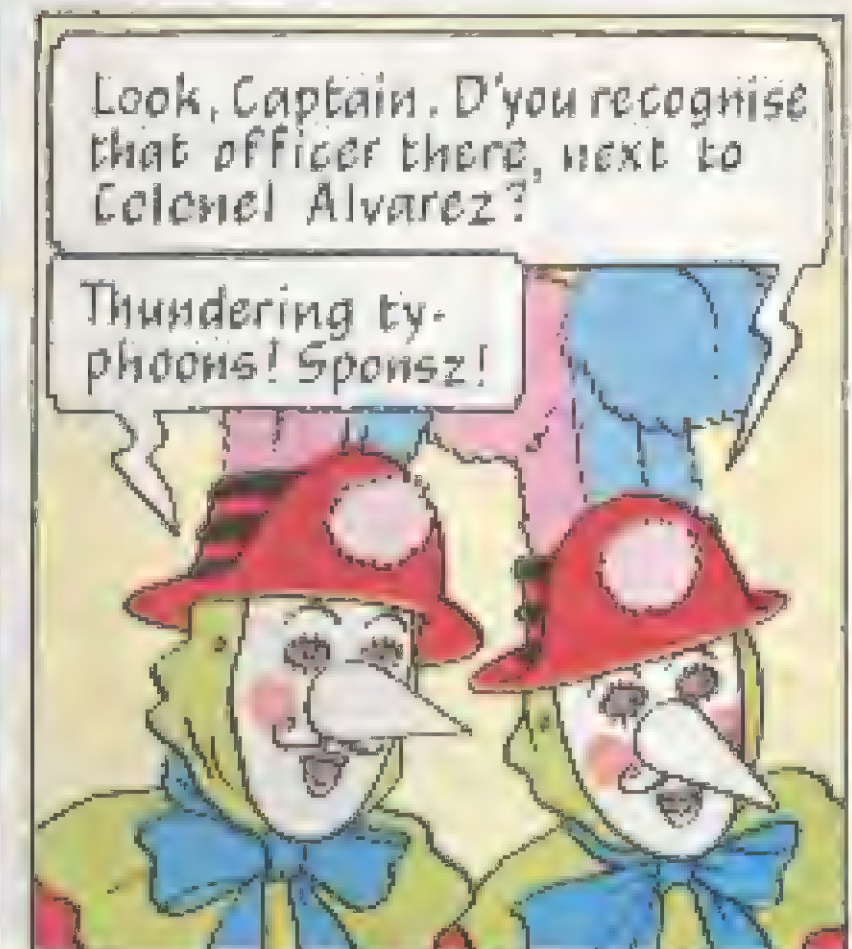
Are you sure it isn't dangerous, General, letting all these people assemble in front of the windows? You'll be a sitting target for the first Picaro...

No danger, Colonel...

... Even if by some extraordinary chance armed Picaros managed to infiltrate the crowd, they'd be far too drunk to shoot straight! ... As you know, my parachute drops of whisky have been a total success.

My spies have been quite definite: Alcazar's men are never sober... And they'd be quite incapable of engaging in any serious action, poor fools...

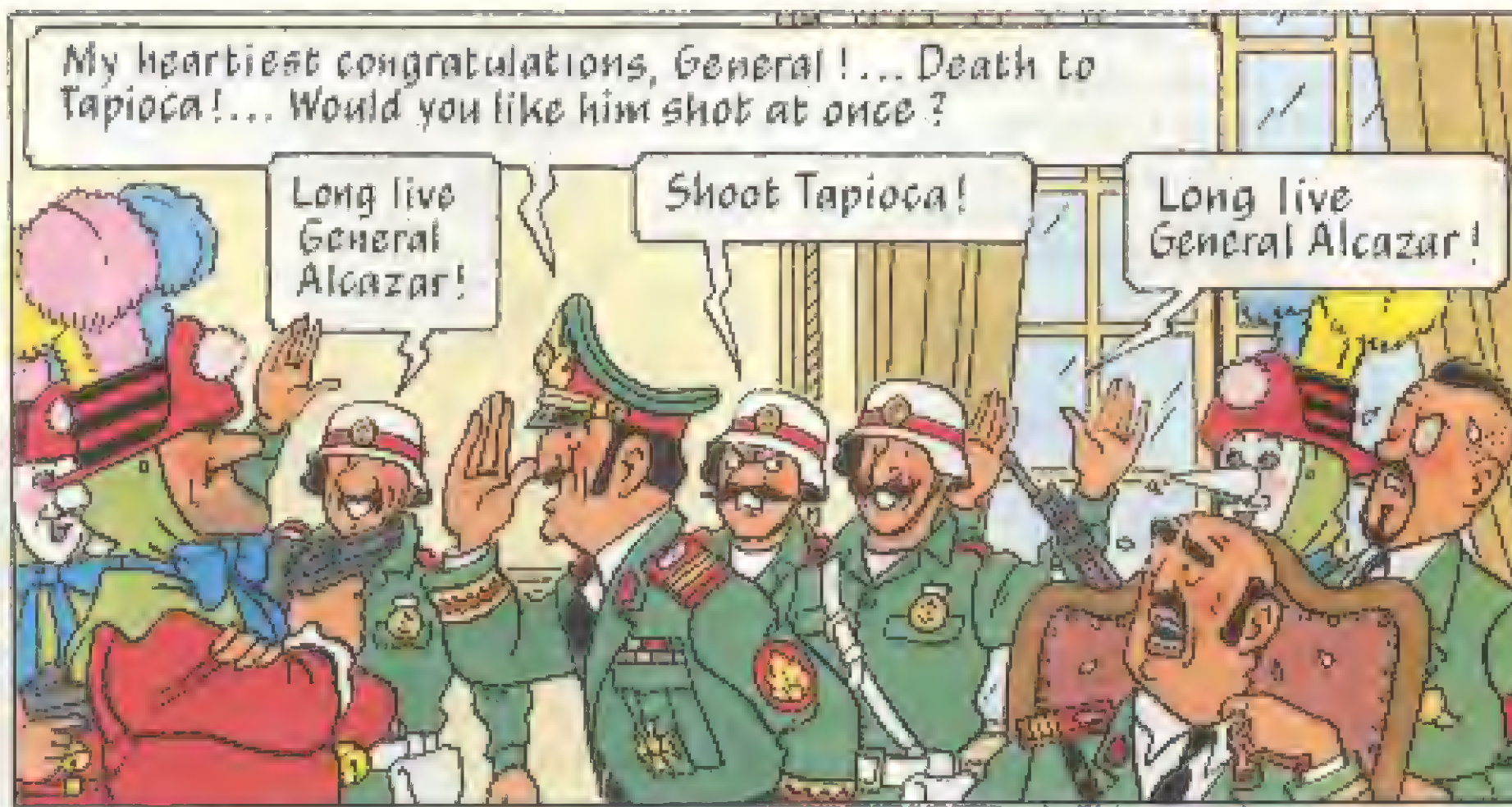






There it is... in the bag!... Pedro, you and your section hop along to the Radio Building and see this statement is broadcast immediately... Understand?

Si!

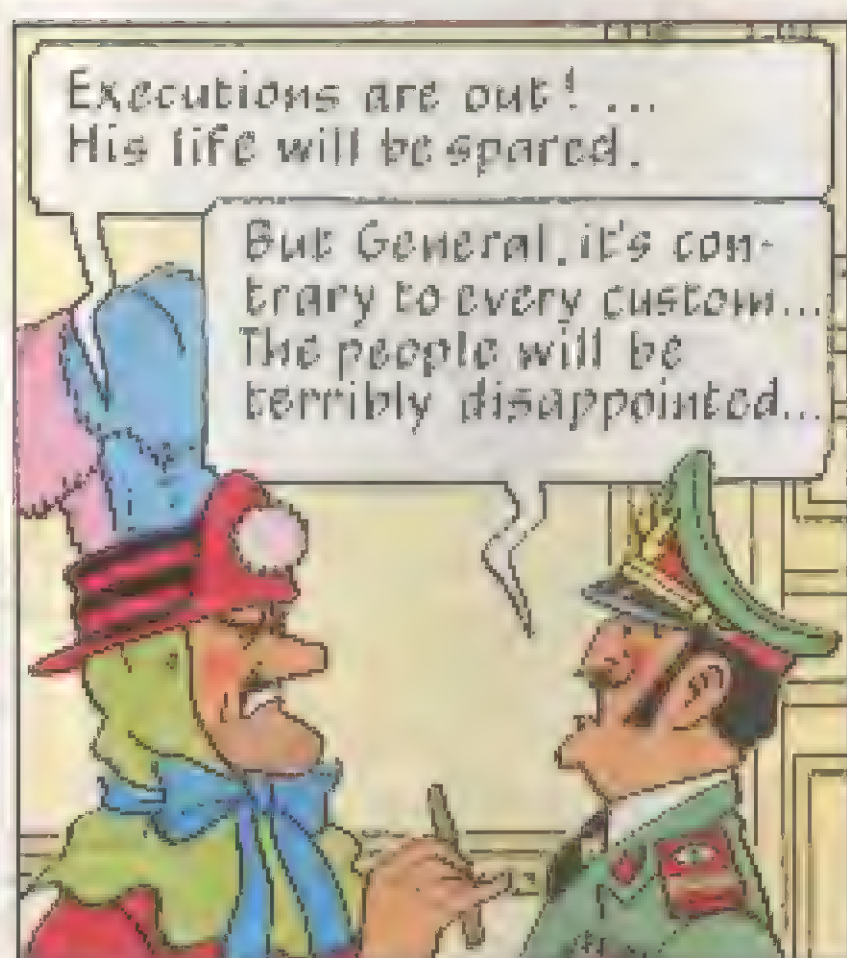


My heartiest congratulations, General!... Death to Tapioca!... Would you like him shot at once?

Long live General Alcazar!

Shoot Tapioca!

Long live General Alcazar!



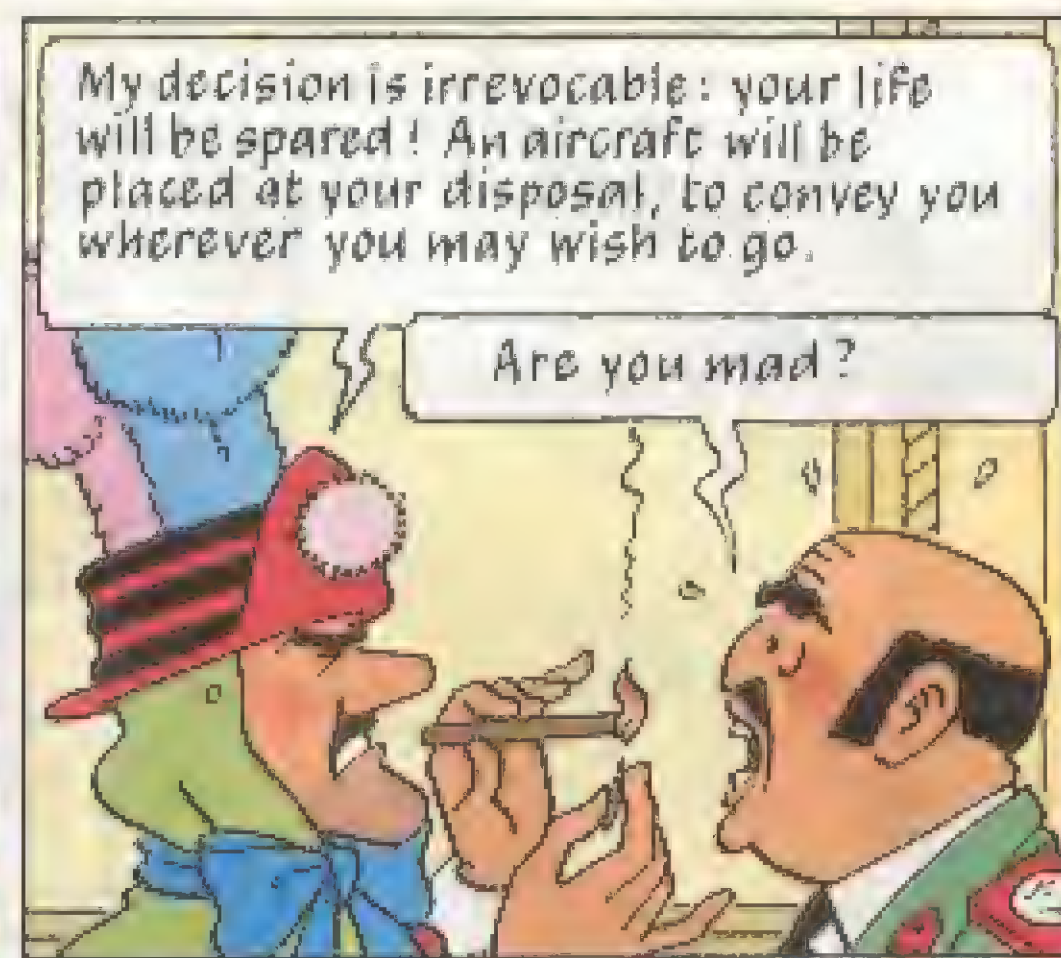
Executions are out!... His life will be spared.

But General, it's contrary to every custom... The people will be terribly disappointed...



The colonel is right, General... For pity's sake don't pardon me! Do you want me completely dishonoured?

Permit me to insist, General!



My decision is irrevocable: your life will be spared! An aircraft will be placed at your disposal, to convey you wherever you may wish to go.

Are you mad?



No, I'm not... But he is!... This muchacho made me give my word that the coup would be bloodless!... I'm desperately sorry...

Come on, let's greet old Sponz...



Ah, an idealist, is he?... Young chaps nowadays have absolutely no respect for anything... Not even the oldest traditions!

We live in sad times!



We meet again, Colonel Sponz!



Don't worry, Sponz, even you have nothing to fear. They're pining for you in Borduria, so your ticket to Szohöd is booked for the morning...



We caught this joker trying to escape...

It's Tintin!... I'm finished!

Pablo!



Mercy, Señor Tintin, mercy! Please don't shoot me!

That's less than you deserve, you subtropical sea-louse!

Don't be afraid, Pablo; no one is going to hurt you. You once saved my life, and I haven't forgotten that... You are free to go... Adios, Pablo!



You made a mistake there, Tintin, and you'll live to regret it. You're making a rod for your own back... To be precise...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

The Thompsons, General!... The Thompsons!... They could be shot while we stand here talking!



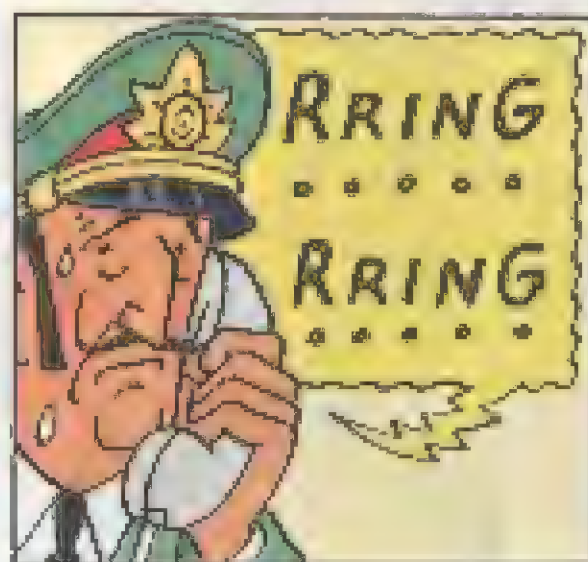
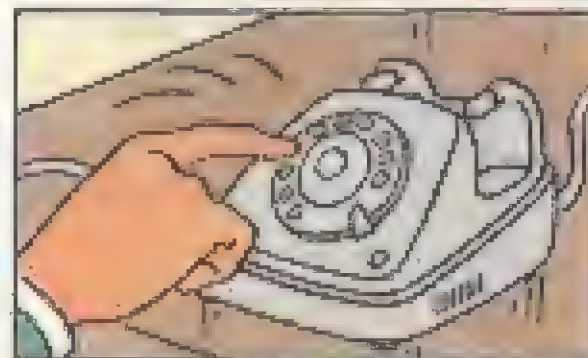
Ah, yes... you think so?

Yes, General. The execution is due to take place in twenty-two minutes, precisely!



¡Mil bombas! Quick, call the prison and cancel the execution!

At once, General!



...fifty seconds... Pip Pip Pip ... At the third stroke it will be five thirty-eight precisely ... Pip Pip Pip... At the third...



You did it on purpose! Dial the right number this time, or I'll have you shot!



RRRRRING
RRRRRING



...precisely... Pip Pip Pip ... At the third stroke it will be five forty and ten seconds.



If it doesn't work this time, I'll personally shoot the Minister of Telecommunications!!



The number you have dialled does not exist. Please consult your directory.



Only one thing to do: dash to the prison and save them ourselves!

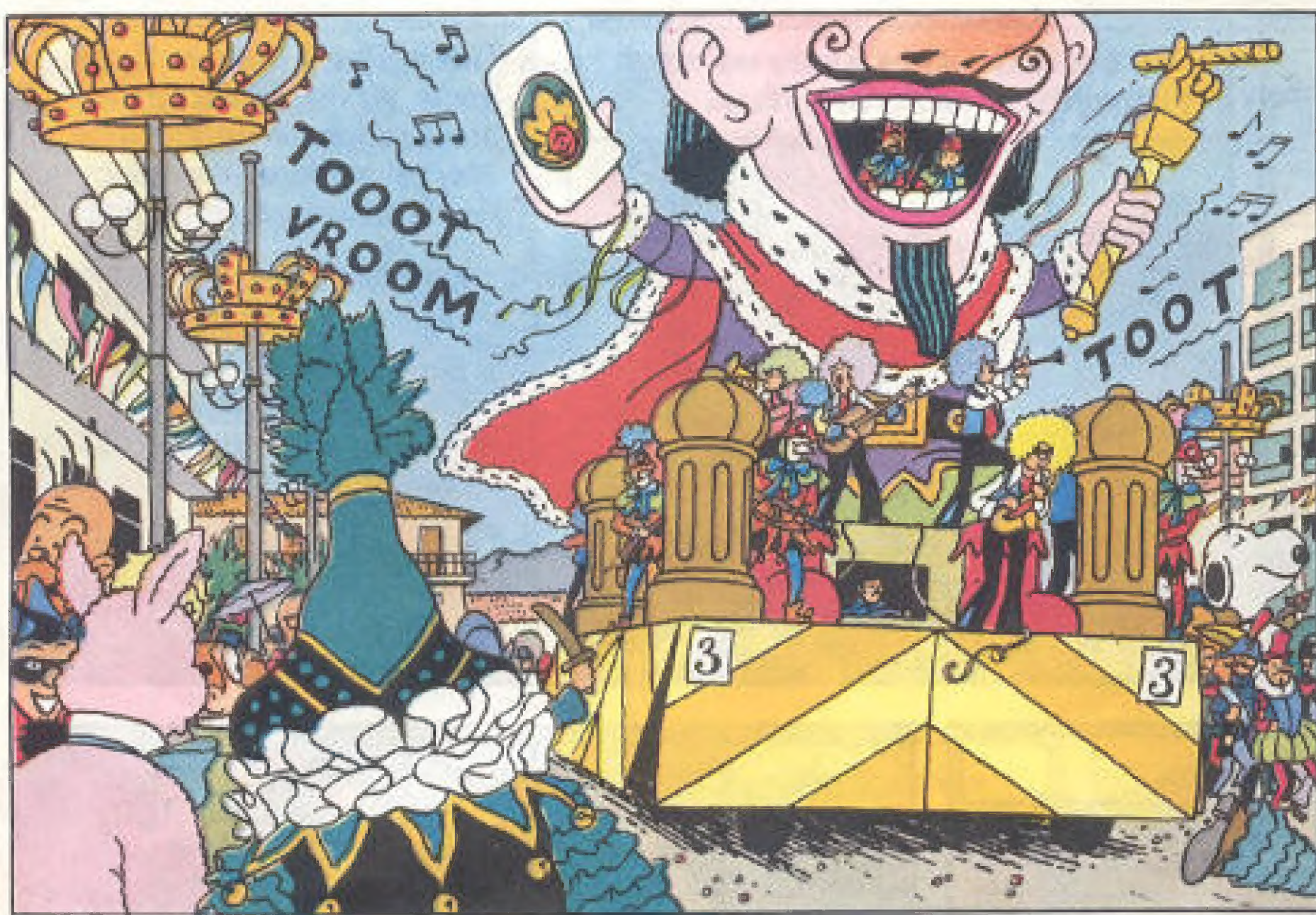
Take B Section with you! The colonel will guide you! I'll have his head if you're too late!



¡Rápido!... ¡Rápido... por Dios!







Meanwhile ...

Blindfolds? Certainly not!
... A Thompson looks death
straight in the face!

To be precise : A Thomson
with a straight face looks
like death!



It's your lucky day. The music adds a little
gaiety to the party, doesn't it?



We simply must
be in time!

Squ-a-a-a-d!... Ready!



Can you perhaps think of
some famous last words?

Er... What about, "Kiss
me, Thompson"
Will that do?



Squad! Take aim! ...



Hold your fire! ... Hands up, the
lot of you! ... Drop your guns!



A few minutes later...

Saved by the bell, eh? ...

Oh? I didn't hear it,
with the music...

And the friends of these
gentlemen... Where are they?

I'll take you there at
once, Colonel!

They've been very well treated,
Colonel. They'll tell you so themselves...

I hope so, for your sake!

This is Signora Castafiore's
cell. They've just taken in
her lunch...

...and I'm telling you for
the last time!

... I want my pasta cooked properly,
d'you hear? ... "al dente", as we say
at home in Italy!

Ah, Madonna!...
Captain Hemlock!

Come, caro mio!... Come to my arms!

No!!

I knew you'd come to rescue me
from this dreadful place!

Ahem!... Here is Señor
Igor Wagner, señora ...

... and your maid ...

Ah, my dear Irma,
how I have missed you!

Ah, what joy to be all together again!
I simply must sing!

No! No!

No!

Not that!

Next morning...

The army, the navy and the air force have come over to me! ¡Mil bombas! It's an overwhelming triumph!



And it's partly due, of course, to you... Si, si, si!... Alcazar is not ungenerous: you will be decorated with the order of San Fernando!... As for your five per cent...

Please forget that, General!



General, the bus you sent to the camp to fetch Señora Alcazar and the Jolly Follies has returned.

Good! Show them in here...

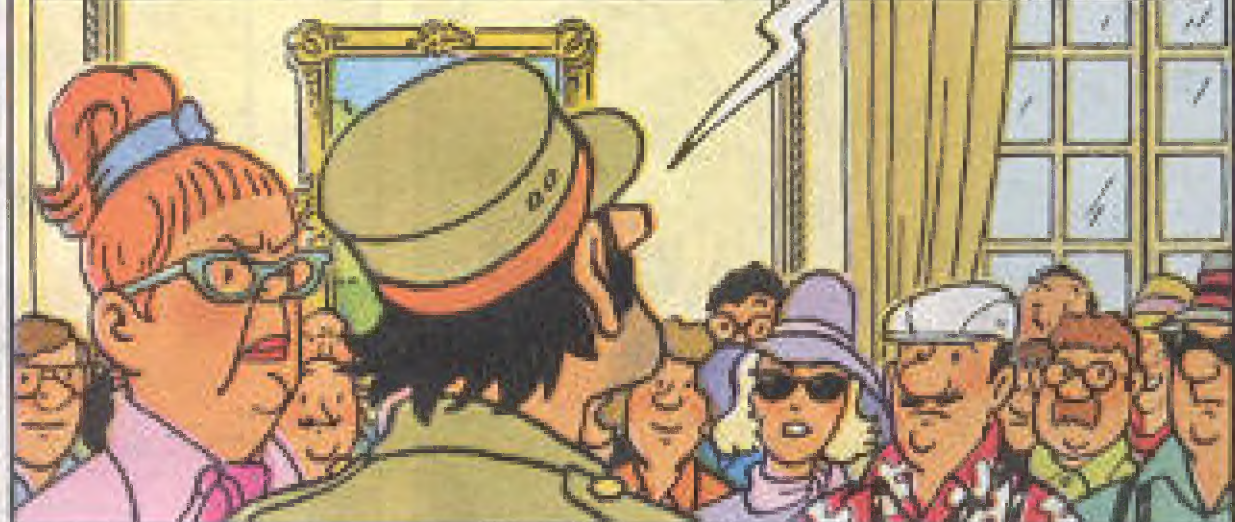


So there you are, Alcazar! What's the game, eh? You've been absent without leave again!

I can explain, palomita mia...



Señor Wagg, allow me to express the deep gratitude of the San Theodorian people for the help you have given to our cause. I therefore appoint you and your Jolly Follies to the order of San Fernando, and invite you to next year's carnival.



And Señor Professor... In recognition of the magnificent role you played, I appoint you Knight Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando, with Oak Leaves.

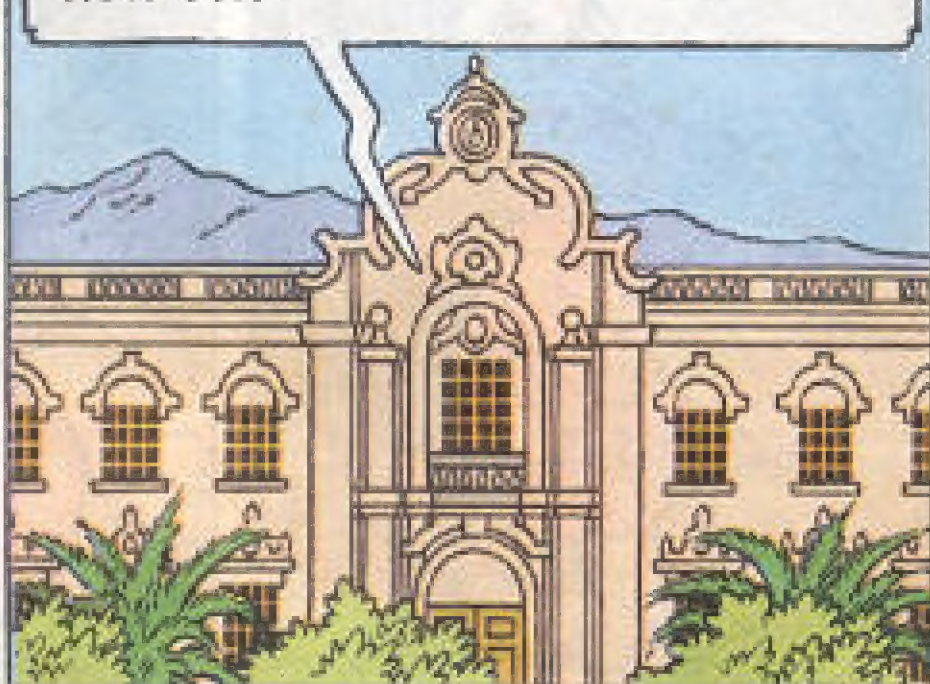
No thank you, my friend. Never between meals.



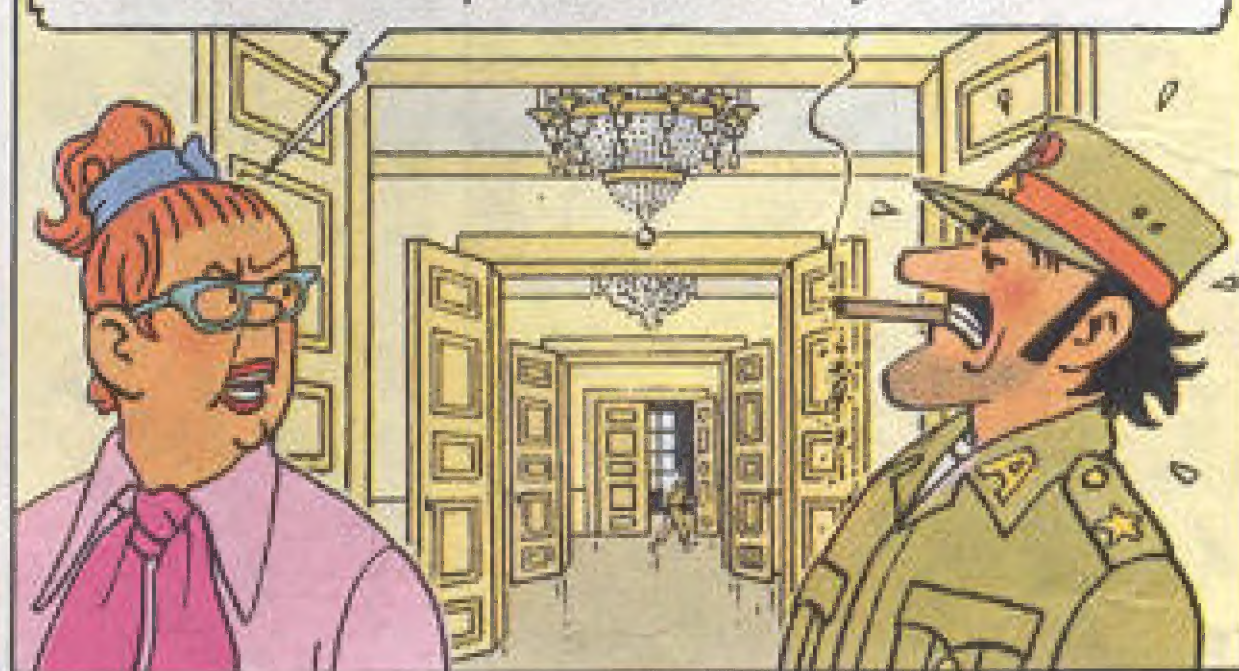
Good old Alcazar! Give him a big hurrah!



As for you, my dove... I promised you a palace. Bueno, I keep my word. This is all yours, from now on.



Fine and dandy!... Anyone can see it isn't you who's expected to keep this dump clean... So for a start, stop dropping cigar ash all over the place!... You get me?



Two days later...

Blistering barnacles, I shan't be sorry to be back home in Marlinspike...

Me too, Captain...



Me too, but with a little mustard if you please.



**THE
END**

